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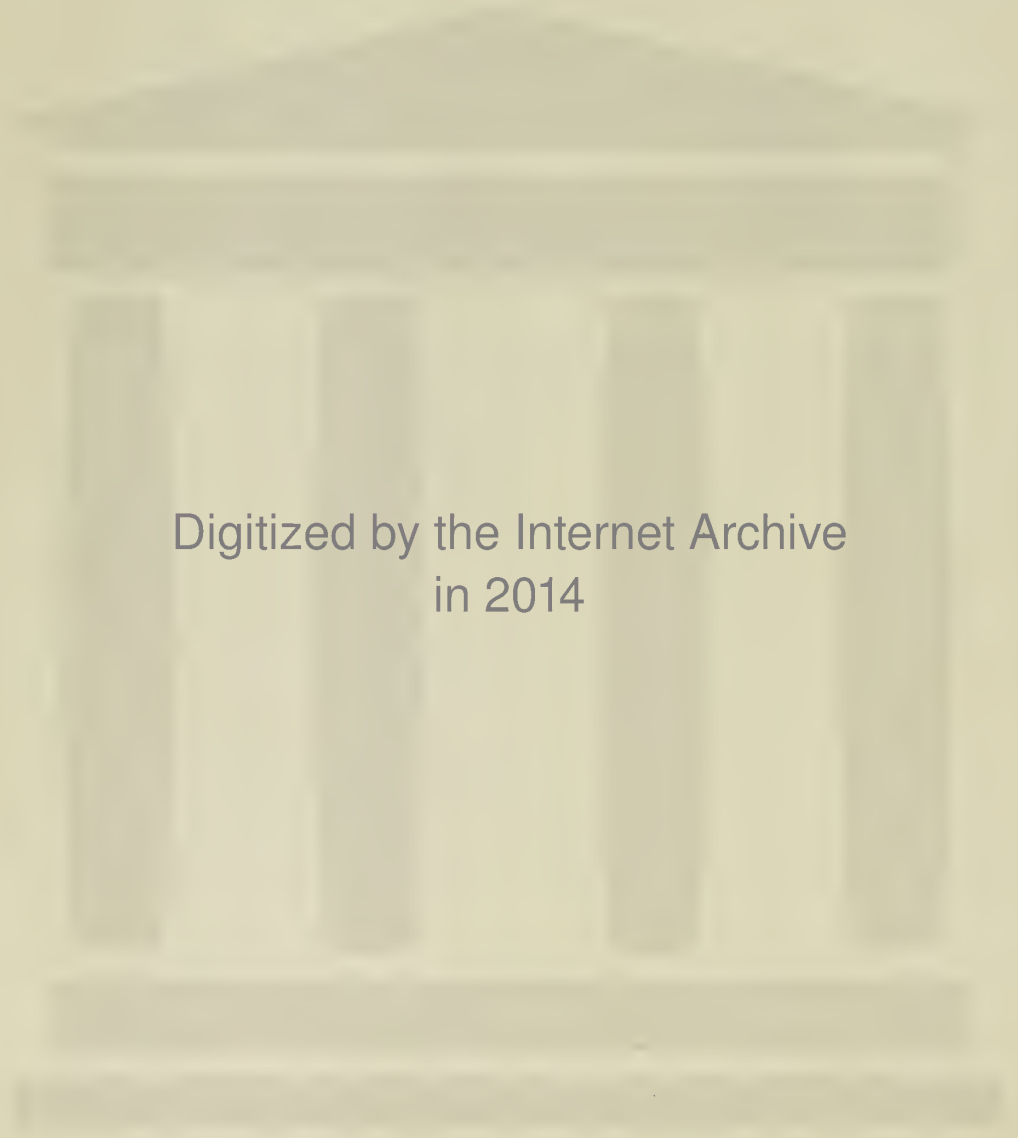
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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

VOLUME *the* THIRD.

CONSISTING OF

HISTORICAL PLAYS.

LONDON:

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PLAYS *contain'd in this Volume.*

KING *LEAR.*
KING *JOHN.*
KING *RICHARD* II.
KING *HENRY* IV. Part I.
KING *HENRY* IV. Part II.
KING *HENRY* V.

THE

LIFE and *DEATH*

OF

KING *LEAR*.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEAR, *King of* Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Glo'ſter.
Earl of Kent.
Edgar, *Son to* Glo'ſter.
Edmund, *Baſtard Son to* Glo'ſter.
Curan, *a Courtier.*
Doctor.
Fool.
Steward to Gonerill.

Gonerill,
Regan,
Cordelia,
} *Daughters to* Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE *lyes in* Britain.

KING

KING *LEAR.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Palace.*

Enter Kent, Glo'ſter, *and* Edmund *the Baſtard.*

KENT.

Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany* than *Cornwall.*

Glo. It did always ſeem ſo to us: but now in the diviſion of the kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values moſt; for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your ſon, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round-womb'd, and had indeed, Sir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a husband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glo. But I have a ſon, Sir, by order of law, ſome year elder

than this; who yet is no dearer in my account, though this knave came ſomewhat ſawcily to the world before he was ſent for; yet was his mother fair, there was good ſport at his making, and the whorſon muſt be acknowledg'd. Do you know this nobleman, *Edmund?*

Baſt. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of *Kent*;
Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Baſt. My ſervices to your lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.

Baſt. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy your deſerving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he ſhall again. The King is coming.

SCENE II.

To them, Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, *and attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of *France* and *Burgundy*.

Glo. I ſhall, my Liege. [*Exit.*

Lear. Mean time we ſhall expreſs our darker purpoſe.
Give me the Map here. Know, we have divided
In three, our kingdom; and 'tis our intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our age,
Conferring them on younger ſtrengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl tow'rd death. Our ſon of *Cornwall*,
And you, our no leſs loving ſon of *Albany*,
We have this hour a conſtant will to publiſh
Our daughters ſev'ral Dow'rs, that future ſtrife
May be prevented now. The Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their am'rous ſojourn,
And here are to be anſwer'd. Tell me, daughters,

Since

Since now we will diveſt us, both of rule,
Int'reſt of territory, cares of ſtate;
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth love us moſt?
That we our largeſt bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*
Our eldeſt born, ſpeak firſt.

Gon. I love you Sir,
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No leſs than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* [a] do? love and be ſilent. [*Aſide.*

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, ev'n from this line to this,
With ſhadowy foreſts and with champions rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and *Albany*'s iſſue
Be this perpetual ----- What ſays our ſecond daughter,
Our deareſt *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*? ſpeak.

Reg. I'm made of that ſelf-metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me at her worth. In my true Heart,
I find ſhe names my very deed of love:
Only ſhe comes too ſhort, that I profeſs
My ſelf an enemy to all other joys,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe [b] poſſeſſes,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highneſs' love.

Cor. Then poor *Cordelia*! [*Aſide.*
And yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,

No

[a] *ſpeak.* [b] *profeſſes,*

No leſs in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Than that confer'd on *Gonerill.* ---- Now our joy,
Although our laſt, [c] not leaſt; to whoſe young love,
The vines of *France*, and milk of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be int'reſt: what ſay you to draw
A third, more opulent than your ſiſters? ſpeak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, ſpeak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majeſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſs.

Lear. How, how, *Cordelia?* mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return thoſe duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters husbands, if they ſay
They love you, all? hap'ly when I ſhall wed,
That lord whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
[d] To love my father all -----

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and ſo untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the ſacred radiance of the ſun,
The myſteries of *Hecate*, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs From

[c] *and.* [d] *Theſe words reſtor'd from the firſt edition, without which the ſenſe was not compleat.*

From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be;
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever. The barb'rous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation, meſſes
To gorge his appetite; ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my ſometime daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege-----

Lear. Peace, *Kent!*
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my ſight!---- [*To* Cor.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her; Call *France*; who ſtirs?
Call *Burgundy*----- *Cornwall* and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dowres, digeſt the third.
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.
I do inveſt you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majeſty. Our ſelf by monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns: only retain
The name and all th' addition to a King:
The ſway, revenue, execution,
Beloved ſons, be yours; which to confirm
This Cor'onet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*

Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I have ever honour'd as a King,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs-----

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad: what would'ſt thou do, old man?
Think'ſt thou that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak
When pow'r to flatt'ry bows? to plainneſs Honour
Is bound, when Majeſty to folly falls.
Reſerve thy State; with better judgment check
This hideous raſhneſs; with my life I anſwer,
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty-hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reverbs no hollowneſs.
Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt [e] thy foes; nor fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my ſight!
Kent. See better, *Lear*, and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now by *Apollo* -----
Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vain.
Lear. O vaſſal! miſcreant!--- [*Laying his hand on his ſword.*
Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.
Kent. Kill thy phyſician, and thy fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe; revoke thy doom,
Or whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou doſt evil.
Lear. Hear me recreant!
[f] Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,
Which we durſt never yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power,

Which

[e] *thine enemies, ne'er* [f] *That*

Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency make good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for proviſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world,
And on the ſixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom; if the tenth day following
Thy baniſh'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: away. By *Jupiter*,
This ſhall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, King, ſith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and baniſhment is here;
The gods to their dear ſhelter take thee, maid,
That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid;
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may ſpring from words of love:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll ſhape his old courſe in a country new. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Glo'ſter, *with* France *and* Burgundy, *and Attendants.*

Cor. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of *Burgundy*,
We firſt addreſs tow'rd you, who with this King
Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at leaſt
Will you require in preſent dowre with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of love?

Bur. Moſt royal majeſty,
I crave no more than what your highneſs offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſs.

Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was dear to us we held her ſo,
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,

If ought within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure pierc'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and ſhe is yours.

Bur. I know no anſwer.

Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dowr'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sir.
Election makes not up on ſuch conditions.

Lear. Then leave her Sir, for by the pow'r that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.---- For you, great King, [*To* France.
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beſeech you
T' avert your liking a more worthy way
Than on a wretch whom nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is moſt ſtrange!
That ſhe, who ev'n but now was your beſt object,
Your Praiſe's argument, balm of your age,
Deareſt and beſt; ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſt'rous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour! ſure th' offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
As monſtrous is; or your fore-voucht affection
Could not fall into taint; which to believe of her
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beſeech your majeſty,
If (for I want that glib and oily art,
To ſpeak and purpoſe not, ſince what I well intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak) that you make known

It

It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte action, or diſhonour'd ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm richer,
A ſtill ſolliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I am glad I've not, though not to have it
Hath loſt me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadſt not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke
That it intends to do? my lord of *Burgundy*,
What ſay you to the lady? love's not love
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtand
Aloof from th' intire point. Say will you have her?
She is her ſelf a dowry.

Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which your ſelf propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing------I've ſworn.

Bur. I'm ſorry then you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that reſpect and fortunes are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

France. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich, being poor,
Moſt choice, forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon,
Be't lawful I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.

Thy

Thy dowreleſs daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France:*
Not all the Dukes of wat'riſh *Burgundy*,
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.
Bid them farewel, *Cordelia*, though unkind,
Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou haſt her, *France*, let her be thine, for we
Have no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again; therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benizon:
Come noble *Burgundy*. [*Flouriſh.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

France. Bid farewell to your ſiſters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are,
And like a ſiſter am moſt loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your [g] profeſſing boſoms I commit him;
But yet, alas, ſtood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Preſcribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your ſtudy
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortunes alms; you have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at laſt with ſhame derides.
Well may you proſper.

France. Come my fair *Cordelia.* [*Exeunt* France *and* Cor.

SCENE

[g] *profeſſed.*

SCENE V.

Gon. Siſter, it is not little I've to ſay,
Of what moſt nearly appertains to us both;
I think our father will go hence to night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſervation we have made of it hath not been little; he always lov'd our ſiſter moſt, and with what poor judgment he hath now caſt her off, appears too groſly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh; then muſt we look from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardneſs, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent*'s baniſhment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking between *France* and him; pray you let us ſit together: if our father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i' th' heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Caſtle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ſter. *Enter Baſtard with a letter.*

Baſt. THOU *Nature* art my goddeſs, to thy law
My ſervices are bound; wherefore ſhould I

Stand

Stand in the plague of cuſtom, and permit
The [h] nicety of nations to deprive me,
For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moonſhines
Lag of a brother? why *baſtard*? wherefore *baſe*?
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt madam's iſſue? why brand they us
With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?
Who in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take
More compoſition and fierce quality,
Than doth within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween a-ſleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt have your land,
Our father's love is to the baſtard *Edmund*,
As to th' legitimate; fine word----legitimate----
Well, my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed
And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the baſe
Shall to th' legitimate----I grow, I proſper;
Now Gods ſtand up for baſtards!

SCENE VII.

To him, Enter Glo'ſter.

Glo. *Kent* baniſh'd thus! and *France* in choler parted!
And the King gone to-night! ſubſcrib'd his pow'r,
Confin'd to exhibition! all is gone
Upon the gad!----*Edmund*, how now? what news?
Baſt. So pleaſe your lordſhip, none. [*Putting up the letter.*
Glo. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?
Baſt. I know no news, my lord.
Glo. What paper were you reading?
Baſt. Nothing, my lord.

Glo.

[h] *curioſity.*

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelf. Let's ſee; come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need ſpectacles.

Baſt. I beſeech you Sir, pardon me; it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for ſo much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Baſt. I ſhall offend, either to detain, or give it; the contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Baſt. I hope, for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my virtue.

Glo. *reads.*] *This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny; which ſways, not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our father would ſleep 'till I wak'd him, you ſhould enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother. Edgar.*---- Hum--- Conſpiracy! ---- ſleep 'till I wake him ----- you ſhould enjoy half his revenue----- My ſon *Edgar!* had he a hand to write this! a heart and a brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Baſt. If the matter were good, my lord, I durſt ſwear it were his; but in reſpect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Baſt. It is his hand, my lord; I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before ſounded you in this buſineſs?

Baſt. Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that ſons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father ſhould be as a ward to the ſon, and the ſon manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, deteſted, bruitiſh villain! worſe than bruitiſh! Go, ſirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

Baſt. I do not well know, my lord; if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, 'till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhould run a certain courſe; where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my Affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Baſt. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a monſter. *Edmund,* ſeek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the buſineſs after your own wiſdom. I would unſtate my ſelf, to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I will ſeek him, Sir, preſently; convey the buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us; though the wiſdom of nature can reaſon it thus and thus, yet nature finds it ſelf ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects. Love cools, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces, treaſon; and the bond crack'd 'twixt ſon and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's ſon againſt father; the King falls from biaſs

of

of nature, there's father againſt child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders follow us diſquietly to our graves! Find out this villain, *Edmund*; it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully-----and the noble and true-hearted *Kent* baniſh'd! his offence, Honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſick in fortune, (often the ſurfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſun, the moon and ſtars; as if we were villains on neceſſity, fools by heavenly compulſion, knaves, thieves, and treacherousby ſpherical predominance, drunkards, lyars, and adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on. An admirable evaſion of whore-maſter Man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a ſtar! my father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Urſa major*, ſo that it follows I am rough and lecherous. I ſhould have been what I am, had the maidenlieſt ſtar in the firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

SCENE IX.

To him, Enter Edgar.

Baſt. Pat!----- he comes like the cataſtrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous Melancholy, with a ſigh like † *Tom* o' *Bedlam*---O theſe eclipſes portend theſe diviſions! fa, ſol, la, me--

Edg. How now, brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſie your ſelf with that?

† them. *Old edition.*

Baſt. I promiſe you the effects he writes of, ſucceed unhappily. When ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Baſt. Parted you in good terms, found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethink your ſelf wherein you have offended him: and at my intreaty forbear his preſence, until ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure; which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchief of your perſon it would ſcarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Baſt. That's my fear; I pray you have a continent forbearance 'till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower: and as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord ſpeak: pray you go, there's my key: if you do ſtir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Baſt. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt; I am no honeſt man if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have ſeen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Baſt. I ſerve you in this buſineſs:
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none; on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practices ride eaſie: I ſee the buſineſs.

Let

Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit,
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

The Duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Gonerill, *and Steward.*

Gon. DID my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds; I'll not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him, say I am sick.
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well, the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows: I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one.
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among you: what grows of it no matter, advise your fellows so, I'll write strait to my sister to hold my course: prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Enter Kent *disguis'd.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,

And

And can my ſpeech diſuſe, my good intent
May carry thro' it ſelf to that full iſſue
For which I raz'd my likeneſs. Baniſh'd *Kent*,
If thou can'ſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy maſter whom thou lov'ſt
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, *Knights and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner, go get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſs? what would'ſt thou with us?

Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly that will put me in truſt, to love him that is honeſt, to converſe with him that is wiſe and ſays little, to fear judgment, to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eat no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou beeſt as poor for a ſubject, as he's for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'ſt thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'ſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt counſels, ride, run, marr a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in, and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lear.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, Sir, to love a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerve me; if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner---where's my knave? my fool? go you and call my fool hither. You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So pleaſe you----- [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? call the clotpole back: where's my fool? ho?----- I think the world's aſleep, how now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He ſays, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he anſwer'd in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my judgment, your highneſs is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you pardon me, my lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your highneſs is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a moſt faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curioſity, than as a very pretence and purpoſe of unkindneſs; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not ſeen him theſe two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into *France*, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my daughter, I would ſpeak with her. Go you call hither my fool. O you Sir, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father? my lord's knave, you whorſon dog, you ſlave, you cur.

Stew. I am none of theſe, my lord; I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you raſcal? [*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be ſtruck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou ſerv'ſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, ariſe, away, I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away, go to; have you wiſdom, ſo.

Lear. Now my friendly knave I thank thee, there's earneſt of thy ſervice.

SCENE XIII.

To them, Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving his cap.*

Lear. How now my pretty knave? how do'ſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that is out of favour; nay, an thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly. There take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has baniſh'd two of his daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou

thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb. How now nuncle? would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb my ſelf; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog muſt to kennel, he muſt be whip'd out, when the lady brach may ſtand by th' fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech. [*To* Kent.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;
Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,
Set leſs than thou throweſt:
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you give me nothing for't; can you make no uſe of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why no, boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. * [*To* Kent.

* —— believe a fool.
Lear. A bitter fool.
Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a ſweet one?
Lear. No lad: teach me.
Fool. Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.
Lear. What two Crowns, *&c.*

† *Lear.* Doſt thou call me fool?

' *Fool.* All thy other titles thou haſt given away; that thou ' waſt born with.

' *Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

' *Fool.* No faith, Lords and great men will not let me; if I ' had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: nay the Ladies ' too, they'll not let me have all fool my ſelf, they'll be ſnatching. Give me an egg nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why after I have cut the egg i'th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg: when thou cloveſt thy crown i'th' middle and gav'ſt away both parts, thou bor'ſt thine aſs on thy back o'er the dirt; thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'ſt thy golden one away: if I ſpeak like my ſelf in this, let him be whip'd that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools ne'er had leſs grace in a year, [Singing.
For wiſemen are grown foppiſh,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs, ſirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it, nuncle, e'er ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'ſt them the rod, and put'ſt down thine own breeches, then they

For ſudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee nuncle keep a ſchool-maſter that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, ſirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have

† *Theſe are out of the old edition.*

have me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying, and ſometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o' both ſides, and left nothing i'th' middle; here comes one o'th' parings.

SCENE XIV.

To them, Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i' th' frown.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now, I am a fool, thou art nothing---yes forſooth I will hold my tongue, [*To* Goneril.] ſo your face bids me, tho' you ſay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor cruſt nor crum, [Singing.
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome.

That's a ſheal'd peſcod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licenc'd fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots, Sir.
I thought by making this well known unto you,
T' have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow fearful
By what your ſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance; if you ſhould, the fault
Would not 'ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep,
Which in the tender of a wholſome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
(Which elſe were ſhame,) that then neceſſity

Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,
The hedge-ſparrow fed the Cuckoo ſo long,
That it had it's head bit off by it's young;
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make uſe of your good wiſdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an Aſs know when the cart draws the horſe? whoop *Jug* I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not *Lear:*
Does *Lear* walk thus? ſpeak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his diſcernings
Are lethargied----- Ha! waking----- 'tis not ſo;
Who is it that can tell me who I am? *
Lear's ſhadow? I would learn, for by the marks
Of ſovereignty, of knowledge, and of reaſon,
I ſhould be falſe perſuaded I had daughters.
Your name, fair gentlewoman?----

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th' ſavour
Of other your new pranks. I do beſeech you
To underſtand my purpoſes aright:
You, as you're old and rev'rend, ſhould be wiſe.
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and 'Squires,
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo debauch'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous Inn; epicuriſm and luſt
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. Shame it ſelf doth ſpeak

* ——— who I am?
Fool. Lear's ſhadow.
Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?———

For

For inſtant remedy. Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
[i] Of fifty to diſquantity your train;
And the remainders that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch men as may beſort your age,
And know themſelves and you.

Lear. Darkneſs and devils!
Saddle my horſes, call my train together-----
Degen'rate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſorder'd rabble
Make ſervants of their betters.

SCENE XV.

To them, Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe! that too late repents-----
Is it your will, ſpeak, Sir? prepare my horſes.----- [*To* Alb.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. Deteſted kite! thou lieſt. [*To* Goneril.
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the moſt exact regard ſupport
The worſhips of their names. O moſt ſmall fault!
How ugly didſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew?
Which like an engine wrencht my frame of nature
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear*, *Lear*, *Lear*!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*

And

[i] A little *is the common reading; but it appears from what* Lear *ſays in the next Scene that this number fifty was requir'd to be cut off, which (as the editions ſtood) is no where ſpecify'd by* Gonerill.

And thy dear judgment out. Go, go, my people.
Alb. My lord, I'm guiltleſs, as I'm ignorant
Of what hath moved you.
Lear. It may be ſo, my lord ——
Hear Nature, hear, dear goddeſs hear a Father!
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey ſterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body never ſpring
A babe to honour her. If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her;
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret chanels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel,
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankleſs child.---[k] Go, go, my people.
Alb. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this?
Gon. Never afflict your ſelf to know of it:
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope
As dotage gives it.
Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight? ----
Alb. What's the matter, Sir?
Lear. I'll tell thee ---- life and death! I am aſham'd
That thou haſt pow'r to ſhake my manhood thus,
That theſe hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them ----- blaſts and fogs upon thee;
Th' [l] untender woundings of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweep her once again, I'll pluck ye out,

And

[k] *away, away.* [l] *untented.*

And caſt you with the waters that you loſe
To temper clay. Ha! [m] is it come to this?
Let it be ſo: I have another daughter,
Who I am ſure is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolviſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever. [*Ex.* Lear *and attendants.*

SCENE XVI.

Gon. Do you mark that?
Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, *Gonerill*,
To the great love I bear you.
Gon. Pray you be content. What *Oſwald*, ho!
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your maſter.
Fool. Nuncle *Lear*, nuncle *Lear*, tarry, take the fool with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter,
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*
Gon. This man hath had good counſel,---a hundred Knights!
'Tis politick and ſafe to let him keep
A hundred Knights; yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy. *Oſwald*, I ſay.
Alb. Well, you may fear too far;----
Gon. Safer than truſt too far.
Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be harm'd. I know his heart;
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my ſiſter;

If

[m] *let it be ſo.*

If ſhe'll ſuſtain him and his hundred Knights,
When I have ſhew'd th' unfitneſs-----

Enter Steward.

How now, *Oſwald?*
What, have you writ that letter to my ſiſter?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, away to horſe,
Inform her full of my particular fears,
And thereto add ſuch reaſons of your own
As may compact it more. So get you gone,
And haſten your return. [*Exit Steward.*
-----No, no my lord,
This milky gentleneſs and courſe of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet under pardon
You are much more at task for want of wiſdom,
Than prais'd for harmleſs mildneſs.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay then-----

Alb. Well, well, th' event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVII.

Re-enter Lear, Kent, *Gentleman and Fool.*

Lear. Go you before to *Glo'ſter* with theſe letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter; if your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not ſleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, wer't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay boy.

Fool.

Fool. Then I pr'ythee be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt ſee thy other daughter will uſe thee kindly; for though ſhe's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canſt tell, boy?

Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Canſt thou tell why one's noſe ſtands i'th' middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either ſide one's noſe; that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong!

Fool. Can'ſt tell how an oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a ſnail has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature: ſo kind a father! be my horſes ready?

Fool. Thy aſſes are gone about 'em; the reaſon why the ſeven ſtars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Fool. Yes indeed; thou would'ſt make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce!---monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhould'ſt not have been old, 'till thou hadſt been wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, ſweet heav'n!
Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.
How now, are the horſes ready?

Gent. Ready my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter. [*Exe.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Caſtle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ſter.

Enter Baſtard and Curan, *ſeverally.*

BASTARD.

SAVE thee, *Curan.*

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Dutcheſs, will be here with him this night.

Baſt. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not; you have heard of the news abroad, I mean the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments.

Baſt. Not I; pray you what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany*?

Baſt. Not a word.

Cur. You may then in time. Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Baſt. The Duke be here to-night! the better! beſt!
This weaves it ſelf perforce into my buſineſs.

My

My father hath ſet guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a queazy queſtion
Which I muſt act; briefneſs, and fortune work!

To him, Enter Edgar.

Baſt. Brother, a word, deſcend, brother, I ſay,
My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night-----
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of *Cornwall?*
He's coming hither, now i'th' night, haſte,
And *Regan* with him; have you nothing ſaid
Upon his party 'gainſt the Duke of *Albany?*
Adviſe your ſelf.

Edg. I'm ſure on't, not a word.

Baſt. I hear my father coming. Pardon me-----
In cunning I muſt draw my ſword upon you-----
Draw, ſeem to defend your ſelf.
Now quit you well-----
Yield---- come before my father-----light hoa, here,----
Fly, brother----Torches!---- ſo farewel----- [*Ex.* Edg.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour. I've ſeen drunkards
Do more than this in ſport. Father! father!
Stop, ſtop, no help?----

SCENE III.

To him, Enter Glo'ſter, *and ſervants with torches.*

Glo. Now *Edmund,* where's the villain?

Baſt. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp ſword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conj'ring the moon

To ſtand his auſpicious miſtreſs.

Glo. But where is he?

Baſt. Look Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, *Edmund?*

Baſt. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could---

Glo. Purſue him, ho! go after. By no means, what?---

Baſt. Perſuade me to the murther of your lordſhip;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainſt parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and ſtrong a bond
The child was bound to th' father. Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnat'ral purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared ſword, he charges home
My unprovided body, launch'd mine arm;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarmed ſpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rouz'd to th' encounter,
Or whether † gaſted by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught
And found; diſpatch-----the noble Duke, my maſter,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night,
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him ſhall deſerve our thanks,
Bringing the murth'rous coward to the Stake:
He that conceals him, death.

Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcover him; he replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing baſtard, do'ſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſal
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth in thee

Make

† gaſted, *for* aghaſted.

Make thy words faith'd? no, by what I ſhould deny,
(As this I would, although thou did'ſt produce
My very character) I'd turn it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential [a] ſpurrs
To make thee ſeek it. [*Trumpets within.*

Glo. O ſtrange, faſten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter, ſaid he?
Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes----
All ports I'll bar, the villain ſhall not ſcape,
The Duke muſt grant me that; beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
(Loyal and natural boy) I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, *and attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? ſince I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard [b] ſtrange news.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort
Which can purſue th' offender; how does my lord?
Glo. O madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What, did my father's godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd, your *Edgar*?
Glo. O lady, lady, ſhame would have it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended upon my father?
Glo. I know not, madam; 'tis too bad, too bad.
Baſt. Yes, madam, he was of that conſort.

Reg.

[a] *ſpirits.* [b] *ſtrangeneſs.*

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill-affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expence and waſte of revenues.
I have this preſent evening from my ſiſter
Been well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſojourn at my houſe,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, aſſure thee, *Regan*;
Edmund, I hear that you have ſhewn your father
A child-like office.

Baſt. It's my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he purſued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe. As for you *Edmund*,
Whoſe virtue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend it ſelf, you ſhall be ours;
Natures of ſuch deep truſt we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerve you, Sir,
Truly, however elſe.

Glo. I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to viſit you
Thus out of ſeaſon thredding dark-ey'd night?

Reg. Occaſions, noble *Glo'ſter*, of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt have uſe of your advice-----
Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of diff'rences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home; the ſev'ral meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch. Our good old friend

Lay

Lay comforts to your boſom, and beſtow
Your needful counſel to our buſineſſes,
Which crave the inſtant uſe.

Glo. I ſerve you, madam,
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Kent, *and Steward, ſeverally.*

Stew. Good † evening to thee friend, art of this houſe?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I'th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee if thou lov'ſt me tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a raſcal, an eater of broken meats, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three-ſuited, hundred pound, filthy wooſted-ſtocking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking, Whorſon: Glaſs-gazing, ſuper-ſerviceable finical rogue; one trunk-inheriting ſlave; one that would'ſt be a bawd in way of good ſervice; and art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the ſon and heir of a mungril bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent.

† *In the common editions it is* Good dawning, *tho' the time be apparently* night. *I have reſtor'd it to ſenſe from the old edition.*

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou to deny thou knoweſt me? is it two days ſince I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? draw you rogue, for tho' it be night, yet the moon ſhines; I'll make a ſop o'th' moonſhine of you, you whorſon culleinly barber-monger, draw.

[*Drawing his ſword.*

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you raſcal; you come with letters againſt the King, and take Vanity the puppet's part, againſt the royalty of her father; draw you rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your ſhanks---draw, you raſcal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murther! help!-----

Kent. Strike, you ſlave; ſtand, rogue, ſtand, you neat ſlave, ſtrike. [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help ho! murther! murther!-----

SCENE VI.

Enter Baſtard, Cornwal, Regan, Glo'ſter, *and Servants.*

Baſt. How now, what's the matter? Part----

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you pleaſe, come, I'll fleſh ye, come on young maſter.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace upon your lives, he dies that ſtrikes again, what's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter and the King?

Corn. What is your difference? ſpeak.

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtir'd your valour, you cowardly raſcal, nature diſclaims all ſhare in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow, a tailor make a man?

Kent. A tailor, Sir? a ſtone-cutter, or a painter could

not have made him ſo ill, tho' they had been but two [c]hours o'th' trade.

Corn. Speak you, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd at ſute of his grey beard-----

Kent. Thou whorſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter! my lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wag-tail!-----

Corn. Peace, Sirrah!
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhou'd wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues
[d]As theſe, like rats oft bite thoſe cords in twain
Too intricate t' unlooſe: ſooth ev'ry paſſion
That in the nature of their lords rebels;
[e] Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and Vary of their maſters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptick viſage!
Smile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon *Sarum* plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot.*

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? ſay that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and ſuch a knave.

Corn. Why doſt thou call him knave? what is his fault?

[c] *years.*
[d] *Like rats oft bite the holy cords in twain*
Which art t' intrince, t' unlooſe: ſmooth——
[e] *Being.*

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Than ſtand on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſawcy roughneſs, and conſtrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,
An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth,
An they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and far corrupter ends,
Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aſpect,
Whoſe influence, like the wreath of radiant fire,
Or flickering *Phœbus'* front-----

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much; I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; he that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his maſter very lately
To ſtrike at me upon his miſconſtruction;
When he [f] conjunct, and flatt'ring his diſpleaſure,
Tript me behind; being down, inſulted, rail'd,
And put upon him ſuch a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praiſes of the King,

For

[f] *compact.*

For him attempting who was ſelf-ſubdu'd,
And in the fleſhment of this dread exploit
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of theſe rogues and cowards,
But *Ajax* is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks.
You ſtubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your ſtocks for me, I ſerve the King;
On whoſe imployment I was ſent to you.
You ſhall do ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stocking his meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks;
As I have life and honour, there ſhall he ſit 'till noon.

Reg. 'Till noon! 'till night my lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why madam, if I were your father's dog
You could not uſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the ſelf-ſame [g] nature
Our ſiſter ſpeaks of. Bring away the ſtocks.

Glo. Let me beſeech your grace not to do ſo;
† His fault is much, and the good King his maſter
Will check him for't; your purpos'd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and the meaneſt wretches
For pilf'rings, and moſt common treſpaſſes,
Are puniſh'd with. The King muſt take it ill
That he's ſo ſlightly valued in his meſſenger,
To have him thus reſtrain'd.

Corn. I'll anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted

[g] *colour.*

† *The four following lines added from the old edition.*

For following her affairs. Put in his legs----

[Kent *is put in the ſtocks.*

Come my lord, away. [*Exeunt* Regan *and* Cornwall.

SCENE VI.

Glo. I'm ſorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knows
Will not be rubb'd nor ſtop'd. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle:
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;
Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that muſt approve the common ſaw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'ſt
To the warm ſun.
Approach thou beacon to this under globe,

[*Looking up to the moon.*

That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruſe this letter. Nothing almoſt ſees miracles
But miſery. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately been inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe. I ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate, and ſeek to give
Loſſes their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage heavy eyes, not to behold
This ſhameful lodging.
Fortune, good night, ſmile once more, turn thy wheel.

[*He ſleeps.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

SCENE changes.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I'VE heard my ſelf proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Eſcap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place
That guard and moſt unuſual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may ſcape
I will preſerve my ſelf: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and the pooreſt ſhape
That ever penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beaſt: my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, put all my hair in knots,
And with preſented nakedneſs out-face
The winds, and perſecutions of the ſky.
The country gives me proof and preſident
Of bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, ſprigs of roſemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms
Poor pelting villages, ſheep-coats and mills,
Sometimes with lunatick bans, ſometimes with pray'rs,
Inforce their charity; poor *Turlygod*, poor *Tom*,
That's ſomething yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes again to the Earl of Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lear, *Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'TIS ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my meſſenger.

Gent.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble maſter.

Lear. Ha, mak'ſt thou ſhame thy paſtime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horſes are ty'd by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man is over-luſty at legs, then he wears wooden nether ſtocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtook,
To ſet thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your ſon and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I ſay.

Kent. I ſay, yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter*, I ſwear no.

Kent. By *Juno*, I ſwear ay.

Lear. They durſt not do't.
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worſe than murther;
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolve me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerve or they impoſe this uſage,
Coming from us?

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highneſs' letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place, that ſhew'd
My duty kneeling, came a reeking poſt,
Stew'd in his haſte, half breathleſs, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his miſtreſs, ſalutation;
Deliver'd letters ſpight of intermiſſion,

Which

Which preſently they read: on thoſe contents
They ſummon'd up their † meiny, ſtrait took horſe,
Commanded me to follow and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceiv'd had poiſon'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſawcily againſt your highneſs,
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the houſe with loud and coward cries:
Your ſon and daughter found this treſpaſs worth
The ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geeſe fly that way.
Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind,
But fathers that bear bags
Shall ſee their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
But for all this thou ſhalt have as many dolours for thy dear daughters, as thou canſt tell in a year.

Lear. Oh how this mother ſwells up tow'rd my heart!
Hyſterica paſſio, down thou climbing ſorrow,
Thy element's below; where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, ſtay here. [*Exit.*

Gen. Made you no more offence
But what you ſpeak of?

Kent. None;
How chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a number?

Fool. An thou hadſt been ſet i'th' ſtocks for that queſtion, thou'dſt well deſerve it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool.

† meiny, *or* people.

Fool. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an Ant, to teach thee there's no lab'ring i'th' winter. All that follow their noſes are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among twenty but can ſmell him that's ſtinking----- let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wiſe man gives thee better counſel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it.

That Sir which ſerves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in a ſtorm:
And I will tarry, the fool will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away,
The fool no knave perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'th' ſtocks, fool.

SCENE IX.

Enter Lear *and* Glo'ſter.

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me? they're ſick, they're weary,
They have travell'd all the night? meer fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Bring me a better anſwer-----

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his own courſe.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confuſion!----
Fiery? what fiery quality? why *Glo'ſter*,

I'd ſpeak with th' Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them ſo.

Lear. Inform'd them? doſt thou underſtand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The King would ſpeak with *Cornwall*, the dear father
Would with his daughter ſpeak, [h] commands her ſervice:
Are they inform'd of this?-----my breath and blood!----
Fiery? the fiery Duke? tell the hot Duke that-----
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we're not our ſelves,
When nature being oppreſt commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body. I'll forbear,
And am fall'n out with my more heady will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit,
For the ſound man.---- Death on my ſtate! but wherefore
Should he ſit here? this act perſwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my ſervant forth;
Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd ſpeak with them:
Now preſently----- bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, ſleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. Oh me, my heart! my riſing heart! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the Eels, when he put them i'th' Paſty alive; he rapt 'em o'th' coxcombs with a ſtick, and cry'd down wantons, down; 'Twas *his* brother, that in pure kindneſs to his horſe buttered his hay.

[h] *commands, tends, ſervice.*

SCENE X.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ſter, *and Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your grace. [Kent *is ſet at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to ſee your highneſs.
Lear. *Regan*, I think you are, I know what reaſon
I have to think ſo; if thou wert not glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'reſs. O, are you free? [*To* Kent.
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*,
Thy ſiſter's naught: oh *Regan*, ſhe hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, here; [*Points to his heart.*
I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee, thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality----- oh *Regan*!----
Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her duty.
Lear. How is that?------
Reg. I cannot think my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would fail her obligation. If perchance
She have reſtrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſom end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curſes on her.
Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very verge
Of her confine; you ſhould be rul'd and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcerns your ſtate
Better than you your ſelf: therefore I pray you,
That to our ſiſter you do make return,
Say you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear.

Lear. Ask her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark how this becomes the houſe?
Dear daughter, I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary: on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more; theſe are unſightly tricks:
Return you to my ſiſter.
Lear. Never, *Regan*:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me, ſtruck me with her tongue
Moſt ſerpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful [i] head: ſtrike her young bones,
[k] Infecting airs, with lameneſs.
Corn. Fie, Sir! fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes: infect her beauty,
You fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful ſun
To fall, and [l] blaſt her pride.
Reg. O the bleſt gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood is on.
Lear. No, *Regan*, thou ſhalt never have my curſe:
Thy tender-hearted nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in. Thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of courteſie, and dues of gratitude:
Thy half o'th' kingdom thou haſt not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

[i] *top.* [k] *You taking airs.* [l] *bliſter.*

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpoſe. [*Trumpet within.*

Lear. Who put my man i'th' ſtocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my ſiſter's: this approves her letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here. Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwells in the [k] fickle grace of her he follows.
Out varlet, from my ſight.

Corn. What means your grace?

SCENE XI.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who ſtockt my ſervant? *Regan*, I've good hope
Thou didſt not know on't.----- Who comes here? O heav'ns!
If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway
Allow obedience, if your ſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe; ſend down and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to look upon this beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? how have I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion finds,
And dotage terms ſo.

Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th' ſtocks?

Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much leſs advancement.

Lear. You? did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, ſeem ſo.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and ſojourn with my ſiſter,

Diſmiſſing

[k] *fickly.*

Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me,
I'm now from home, and out of that proviſion
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her? and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmity o'th' air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch----- Return with her?
Why? the hot-blooded *France*, that dow'rleſs took
Our youngeſt born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'Squire-like penſion beg,
To keep baſe life a-foot;--- Return with her?
Perſuade me rather to be ſlave and ſumpter
To this deteſted groom.
Gon. At your choice, Sir.
Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more ſee one another,
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-ſore, or imboſſed carbuncle
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*.
Mend when thou canſt, be better at thy leiſure,
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not all together,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear to my ſiſter;
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,

Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo------
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.

Lear. Is this well ſpoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir; what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? what ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? ſince both charge and danger
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number: how in one houſe
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? if then they chanc'd to ſlack ye
We could controll them; if you'll come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all------

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries,
But kept a reſervation to be follow'd
With ſuch a number; muſt I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, ſaid you ſo?

Reg. And ſpeak't again, my lord, no more with me.

Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well favour'd
When others are more wicked. Not being worſt
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe; I'll go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou haſt twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty? ten? or five?
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What needs one?

Lear.

Lear. O reaſon not the need: our baſeſt beggars
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beaſts. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm; but for true need,
You heav'ns give me that patience which I need!
You ſee me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both!
If it be you that ſtir theſe daughters hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely: touch me with noble anger;
O let not womens weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall ----- I will do ſuch things,
What they are yet I know not, but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth: you think I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep. I have full cauſe of weeping:
This heart ſhall break into a thouſand flaws
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I ſhall go mad. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a ſtorm.

[*Storm and Tempeſt.*

Reg. This houſe is ſmall, the old man and his people
Cannot be well beſtow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himſelf from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of *Glo'ſter?*

Enter Glo'ſter.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth;------he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way, he leads himſelf.
Gon. My lord, intreat him by no means to ſtay.
Glo. Alack, the night comes on: and the high winds
Do ſorely ruſsle, for many miles about
There's ſcarce a buſh.
Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themſelves procure
Muſt be their ſchool-maſters: ſhut up your doors;
He is attended with a deſp'rate train,
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wiſdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord, 'tis a wild night.
My *Regan* counſels well: come out o'th' ſtorm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Heath.*

A ſtorm is heard with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, *and a Gentleman, ſeverally.*

KENT.

WHO's there beſides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.

Kent. I know you: where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or ceaſe: tears his white hair, †
Which the impetuous blaſts with eyeleſs rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of.
This night, in which the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their furr dry; unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will, take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-ſtruck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my note

†--tears his white hair, *&c.*] *The ſix following verſes were omitted in all the late editions: I have replac'd them from the firſt, for they are certainly* Shakeſpear's. *The ſenſe is, that any animal, tho' even provok'd by hunger, or drawn by nature to its young, wou'd not venture out in ſuch a ſtorm.*

Commend a dear thing to you. There's diviſion
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual craft) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwal:* *
But true it is from *France* there comes a pow'r
Into this ſcatter'd kingdom, who already
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret ſea
In ſome of our beſt ports, and are at point
To ſhow their open banner----- Now to you,
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to *Dover*, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report
Of how unnatural and madding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance of you,
Offer this office.

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not:

† For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purſe and take
What it contains. If you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,

*——'Twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall:*
Who have, (as who have not, whom their great ſtars
Thron'd and ſet high?) ſervants, who ſeem no leſs,
Which are to *France* the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate. What hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have born
Againſt the old kind king; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings——
Gent. I will talk.

* *After the words 'twixt* Albany *and* Cornwall *in the old edition are the lines which I have inſerted in the text, which ſeem neceſſary to the plot, as preparatory to the arrival of the* French *army with* Cordelia *in Act* 4. *How both theſe, and a whole Scene between* Kent *and this gentleman in the fourth Act, came to be left out in all the latter editions, I cannot tell: they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident.---- The lines which have been put in their room are unintelligible, and to no purpoſe.*

† *That I have ſome intrinſic worth.*

(As fear not but you ſhall) ſhew her that Ring,
And ſhe will tell you who this fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fie on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more than all yet;
That, when we have found the King, (in which you take
That way, I this:) he that firſt lights on him,
Hollow the other. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Storm ſtill. Enter Lear *and Fool.*

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes ſpout
'Till you have drencht our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks.
You ſulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
‡ Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head. And thou all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th' world,
Crack nature's mould, all † germains ſpill at once
That make ingrateful man.

Fool. O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry houſe, is better than the rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, ask thy daughter's bleſſing; here's a night that pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout rain;
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no [a] ſubmiſſion. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure;----- here I ſtand your ſlave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man!
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd

‡ *Fore-runners.* † i. e. *all relations, or kindred elements that compoſe man.* [a] *ſubſcription.*

Your high-engender'd battels, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good head-piece:
The codpiece that will houſe, before the head has any:
The head and he ſhall lowſe; ſo beggars marry many.
That man that makes his toe, what he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his ſleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

SCENE III.

To them, Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's grace, and a codpiece, that's a wiſe man and a fool.

Kent. Alas Sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe: the wrathful skies
† Gallow the very wand'rers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: ſince I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful thund'ring o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipt of juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;

Thou

† Gallow, *a Weſt-country word, ſignifies to* ſcare *or* frighten.

[b] Thou perjur'd, and thou ſimular man of virtue,
That art inceſtuous: caitiff, ſhake to pieces
That under covert and convenient ſeeming
Haſt practis'd on man's life. Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace.---I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed?
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel,
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe
(More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſie.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on my boy. How doſt my boy? art cold?
I'm cold my ſelf. Where is this ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I've one thing in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has and a little tynie wit,*
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain,
Muſt make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True my good boy: come bring us to this hovel. [*Ex.*

† *Fool.* 'Tis a brave night to cool a curtezan.
I'll ſpeak a prophecy or ere I go;

[b] *Thou perjur'd, and thou ſimular of virtue*
Thou art inceſtuous; caitiff, to pieces ſhake

† *This ſpeech not in the old edition.*

When

When prieſts are more in words than matter,
When brewers marr their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors tutors;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches ſuitors;
When every caſe in law is right,
No Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;
When ſlanders do not live in tongues,
And cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When uſurers tell their gold i'th' field,
And bawds and whores do churches build:
Then ſhall the realm of *Albion*
Come to great confuſion,
Then comes the time, who lives to ſee't,
That going ſhall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy *Merlin* ſhall make, for I do live before his time. [*Ex.*

SCENE IV.

An apartment in Glo'ſter's *caſtle.*

Enter Glo'ſter *and Baſtard.*

Glo. ALACK, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I deſired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the uſe of mine own houſe, charg'd me on pain of perpetual diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeak of him, entreat for him, or any way ſuſtain him.

Baſt. Moſt ſavage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; ſay you nothing. There is diviſion between the Dukes, and a worſe matter than that: I have received a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be ſpoken, I have lock'd the letter in my cloſet: theſe injuries the King now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already [c] landed; we muſt incline to the King, I will look for him, and privily relieve him; go

[c] *footed.*

go you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiv'd; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no leſs is threatned me, the King my old maſter muſt be relieved. There are ſtrange things toward, *Edmund*, pray you be careful. [*Exit.*

Baſt. This courteſie forbid thee ſhall the Duke
Inſtantly know, and of that letter too.
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me
That which my father loſes; no leſs than all.
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Part of the Heath with a hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, *and Fool.*

Kent. HERE is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter;
The tyranny of open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the skin; ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a bear,
But if thy flight light toward the roaring ſea
Thou'dſt meet the bear i'th' mouth; when the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth ſhould tear this hand

For

For lifting food to't?---But I'll puniſh home;
No, I will weep no more---in ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out?----pour on, I will endure:
In ſuch a night as this? O *Regan*, *Gonerill*,
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all----
O that way madneſs lyes, let me ſhun that,
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee go in thy ſelf, ſeek thine own eaſe,
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more----but I'll go in,
In boy, go firſt. You houſeleſs poverty-----
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep---
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe?---O I have ta'en
Too little care of this! take phyſick, pomp,
Expoſe thy ſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heav'ns more juſt.

SCENE VI.

Enter Edgar, *diſguis'd like a madman, and Fool.*

Edg. Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor *Tom.*

Fool. Come not in here nuncle, here's a ſpirit, help me, help me.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A ſpirit, a ſpirit, he ſays his name's poor *Tom.*

Kent. What art thou that do'ſt grumble there i'th' ſtraw? come forth.

Edg.

Edg. Away, the foul fiend follows me. Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom?* whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through [d] ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire, that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pue; ſet ratsbane by his porredge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe, over four [e] inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor,---bleſs thy five wits, *Tom*'s a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de, bleſs thee from whirl-winds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking, do poor *Tom* ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there.

[*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Have his daughters brought him to this paſs?
Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? didſt thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerv'd a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death, traitor, nothing could have ſubdu'd nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on pillicock-hill, alow, alow, loo, loo.

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and mad-men.

Edg. Take heed o' th' foul fiend, obey thy parents, keep thy word juſtly, ſwear not, commit not with man's ſworn ſpouſe; ſet not thy ſweet-heart on proud array. *Tom*'s a-cold.

[d] *ſword.* [e] *arch'd.*

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, ſerv'd the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her: ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heav'n. One that ſlept in the contriving luſt, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I [f] deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the *Turk*. Falſe of heart, light of ear, bloody [g] of hand; hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs, dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lender's books, and defie the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ſays ſuum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Seſſey*: let him trot by. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing it ſelf; unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off you lendings: come, unbutton here. [*Tearing off his cloaths.*

Fool. Pr'ythee nuncle be contented; 'tis a naughty night to ſwim in. Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old letcher's heart, a ſmall ſpark, and all the reſt on's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks 'till the firſt cock; he gives the web and the pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the hair-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

Swithold *footed thrice the old;*
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,

Bid

[f] *dearly.* [g] *handed.*

Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your grace?

SCENE VII.

Enter Glo'ſter *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you ſeek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor *Tom,* that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tod-pole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for ſallets; ſwallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and ſtock-puniſh'd, and impriſon'd: who hath three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body;

Horſe to ride, and weapon to wear;
But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer
Have been Tom's *food for ſeven long year;*

Beware my follower. Peace ſmulkin, peace thou fiend.

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of darkneſs is a gentleman, *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu.*

Glo. Our fleſh and blood, my lord, is grown ſo vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
T' obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,

Yet have I ventur'd to come ſeek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.
Lear. Firſt let me talk with this philoſopher;
What is the cauſe of thunder?
Kent. My good lord, take his offer,
Go into th' houſe.
Lear. I'll talk a word with this ſame learned *Theban:*
What is your ſtudy?
Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.
Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.
Kent. Importune him to go, my lord,
His wits begin t' unſettle.
Glo. Can'ſt thou blame him? [*Storm ſtill.*
His daughters ſeek his death: ah, that good *Kent!*
He ſaid it would be thus; poor baniſh'd man.
Thou ſay'ſt the King grows mad; I'll tell thee friend,
I'm almoſt mad my ſelf; I had a ſon,
Now out-law'd from my blood, he ſought my life
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,
No father his ſon dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beſeech your grace.
Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble philoſopher, your company.
Edg. Tom's a-cold.
Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let's in all.
Kent. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keep ſtill with my philoſopher.
Kent. Good, my lord, ſooth him; let him take the fellow.
Glo. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on; along with us.

Lear.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian.*

Glo. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark tower came,
His word was ſtill, fie, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a *Britiſh* man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Cornwall *and Baſtard.*

Corn. I Will have revenge, ere I depart his houſe.

Baſt. How, my lord! I may be cenſur'd, that nature thus gives way to loyalty; ſomething fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death: but a provoking merit ſet a-work by a reprovable badneſs in himſelf.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt? this is the letter which he ſpoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France.* Oh heav'ns! that this treaſon were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the dutcheſs.

Baſt. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earl of *Gloſter*: ſeek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuff his ſuſpicion more fully. I will perſevere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

A Chamber.

Enter Kent *and* Glo'ſter.

Glo. HERE is better than the open air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*

Kent. All the pow'r of his wits has given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindneſs.

Enter Lear, Edgar, *and Fool.*

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkneſs: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his ſon: for he's a yeoman that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon 'em. *

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that truſts in the tameneſs of a wolf, the health of a horſe, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraign 'em ſtrait.
Come ſit thou here, moſt learned juſtice,
Thou ſapient Sir, ſit here ---- now ye ſhe foxes.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor *Tom* in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in *Tom*'s belly for two white herrings. Croak not black angel, I have no food for thee.

Lear.

* *There follow in the old edition ſeveral ſpeeches in the mad way, which probably were left out by the players, or by* Shakeſpear *himſelf. I ſhall however inſert them here, and leave 'em to the reader's mercy.*

Lear. I'll ſee their tryal, bring me in the evidence.
Thou robed man of juſtice take thy place,
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity
Bench by his ſide. You are o'th' commiſſion, ſit you too.
Arraign her firſt, 'tis *Gonerill.*

Fool. Come hither Miſtreſs, is your name *Gonerill?*

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a Joint-ſtool

Lear. Arms, arms, ſword, fire, corruption in the place!
Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her ſcape?

Edg. Bleſs thy five wits.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much
They mar my counterfeiting. [*Aſide.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, *Blanch*, and *Sweet-heart*; ſee, they bark at me-----

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them; avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poiſons if it bite;
Maſtiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,
Hound or ſpaniel, † brache, or hym;
† Or bobtail tike, or trundle tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail,
For with throwing thus my head;
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: *Seſſey*, come, march to wakes and fairs,
And market towns; poor *Tom* thy horn is dry. [*Exit.*

Lear. Then let them anatomize *Regan*----ſee what breeds about her heart----Is there any cauſe in nature that makes theſe hard hearts? You Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay they are *Perſian*; but let them be chang'd.

Re-

† † *Names of particular ſorts of dogs.*

Re-Enter Glo'ſter.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lye here, and reſt a while.
Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the curtains:
So, ſo, we'll go to ſupper i'th' morning.
Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.
Glo. Come hither, friend, where is the King, my maſter?
Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.
Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive tow'rd *Dover*, friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy maſter.
If thou ſhould'ſt dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct. Come, away away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, *Baſtard, and Servants.*

Corn. POST ſpeedily to my lord your husband, ſhew him this letter, the army of *France* is landed; ſeek out the traitor *Glo'ſter.*

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.
Gon. Pluck out his eyes.
Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure. *Edmund*, keep you our ſiſter company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traiterous father are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the Duke where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation; we are

bound to the like. Our poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel dear ſiſter, farewel my lord of *Glo'ſter*.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My lord of *Glo'ſter* hath convey'd him hence.
Some five or ſix and thirty of his Knights,
Hot queſters after him, met him at gate,
Who, with ſome other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him tow'rd *Dover*; where they boaſt
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.

Gon. Farewel, ſweet lord, and ſiſter. [*Exeunt* Gon. *and* Baſt.

Corn. Edmund farewel:---- go ſeek the traitor *Glo'ſter*,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:
Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of juſtice; yet our pow'r
Shall do a court'ſie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul.

SCENE XI.

Enter Glo'ſter *Priſoner, and Servants.*

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind faſt his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?
Good my friends, conſider you are my gueſts:
Do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I ſay. [*They bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou ſhalt find-----
Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor?
Glo. Naughty lady,
Theſe hairs which thou doſt raviſh from my chin
Will quicken and accuſe thee. I'm your hoſt;
With robber's hands, my hoſpitable favours
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from *France*?
Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whoſe hands
Have you ſent the lunatick King? ſpeak.
Glo. I have a letter gueſſingly ſet down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning-----
Reg. And falſe.
Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?
Glo. To *Dover*.
Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?
Waſt thou not charg'd, at peril-----
Corn. Wherefore to *Dover*? let him anſwer that.
Glo. I am ty'd to th' ſtake, and I muſt ſtand the courſe.
Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?
Glo. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his anointed fleſh ſtick boariſh phangs.
The ſea, with ſuch a ſtorm as his bare head
In hell-black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up

And

And quench'd the ſteeled fires:
Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that ſtern time,
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid, good porter turn the key;
All cruels elſe ſubſcribe; but I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance overtake ſuch children.
Corn. See't ſhalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon theſe eyes of thine, I'll ſet my foot.
[Glo'ſter *is held down while* Cornwall *treads out one of his eyes.*
Glo. He that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me ſome help.----O cruel! O you gods!
Reg. One ſide will mock another; th' other too.
Corn. If you ſee vengeance----
Ser. Hold your hand, my lord:
I've ſerv'd you ever ſince I was a child;
But better ſervice have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog?
Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd ſhake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain!
Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Fight, in the ſcuffle* Cornwall *is wounded.*
Reg. Give me thy ſword. A peaſant ſtand up thus? [*Kills him.*
Ser. Oh, I am ſlain----my lord, you have one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchief on him. Oh---- [*Dies.*
Corn. Leſt it ſee more, prevent it; out vile gelly:
Where is thy luſtre now? [*Treads out the other eye.*
Glo. All dark and comfortleſs----where's my ſon *Edmund?*
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain.

Thou call'ſt on him that hates thee: It was he
That made the overture of thy treaſons to us:
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies!
Then *Edgar* was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive
Me that, and proſper him.
Reg. Go thruſt him out
At gates, and let him ſmell his way to *Dover*. [*Ex with* Glo'ſter.
How is't my lord? how look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, lady.-----
Turn out that eyeleſs villain; throw this ſlave
Upon the dunghil.-----*Regan*, I bleed apace.
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *An open Country.*

Enter Edgar.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd. To be *worſt*,
(The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of fortune)
Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the *beſt*;
The *worſt* returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou haſt blown unto the *worſt*,
Owes nothing to [a] thy blaſts.

Enter

[a] *my.*

Enter Glo'ſter, *led by an old man.*

But who comes here?
My father poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
And your father's tenant, theſe fourſcore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot ſee your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Our mean ſecures us, and our meer defects
Prove our commodities. O dear ſon *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed father's wrath;
Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch,
I'd ſay I had eyes again.

Old Man. How now? who's there?

Edg. O gods! who is't can ſay I'm at the worſt?
I'm worſe than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.

Old Man. Fellow, where goeſt?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too?

Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I'th' laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a man, a worm. My ſon
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce friends with him. I've heard more ſince.

As

As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods,
They kill us for their ſport.

Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the trade muſt play the fool to ſorrow,
Ang'ring it ſelf and others.---Bleſs thee maſter.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Get thee away: if for my ſake
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I'th' way tow'rd *Dover*, do it for ancient love;
And bring ſome covering for [b] this naked ſoul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack Sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleaſure;
Above the reſt, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a-cold. I cannot dance it further.

Glo. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I muſt;
Bleſs thy ſweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to *Dover?*

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way and foot-path: poor *Tom* hath been ſcar'd out of his good wits. Bleſs thee good man from the foul fiend. † Five fiends have been in poor *Tom* at once, *Hobbididen* Prince of dumbneſs, *Mahu* of ſtealing, *Mohu* of murder, *Flibbertigibbet* of moping, and *Mowing* who ſince poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women.

Glo. Here take this purſe, thou whom the heavens plagues
Have humbled to all ſtrokes. That I am wretched

Makes

[b] *his naked ſoul, which I'll*——

† *Theſe lines are added here in the old edition.*

Makes thee the happier: heavens deal ſo ſtill;
Let the ſuperfluous, and luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaves your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he do's not feel, feel your power quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough. Do'ſt thou know *Dover*?

Edg. Ay maſter.

Glo. There is a cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery thou do'ſt bear
With ſomething rich about me: from that place
I ſhall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor *Tom* ſhall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Duke of Albany's *palace.*

Enter Gonerill, *Baſtard, and Steward.*

Gon. WELCOME, my lord. I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way. Now where's your maſter?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He ſmil'd at it. I told him you were coming,
His anſwer was, the worſe. Of *Glo'ſter*'s treachery
And of the loyal ſervice of his ſon,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me ſot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong ſide out.
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeems pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſive.

Gon. Then ſhall you go no further.

It is the cowiſh terror of his ſpirit
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an anſwer; our wiſhes on the way
May prove effects. Back *Edmund* to my brother,
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers.
I muſt change arms at home, and give the diſtaff
Into my husband's hands. This truſty ſervant
Shall paſs between us: you ere long ſhall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A miſtreſs's command. Wear this; ſpare ſpeech,
Decline your head. This kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Baſt. Yours in the ranks of death

Gon. My moſt dear *Glo'ſter.* [*Exit Baſtard.*

Oh, the ſtrange difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's ſervices are due,
My fool uſurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whiſtle.

Alb. Oh *Goneril*,
You are not worth the duſt which the rude wind
Blows in your face.----† I fear your diſpoſition.
That nature which contemns its origine,
Cannot be border'd certain in it ſelf;
She that her ſelf will ſhiver and diſ-branch
From her material ſap, perforce muſt wither,
And come to deadly uſe.

Gon. No more, tis fooliſh.

† *Theſe and the ſpeech enſuing are in the edition of* 1608, *and are but neceſſary to explain the reaſons of the deteſtation which* Albany *expreſſes here to his wife.*

Alb.

Alb. Wiſdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile;
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Moſt barb'rous, moſt degenerate, have you madded.
Cou'd my good brother ſuffer you to do it,
A man, a Prince by him ſo benefited?
If that the heav'ns do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
Humanity muſt perforce prey on itſelf
Like monſters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'ſt a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who haſt not in thy brows an eye diſcerning
Thine honour, from thy ſuffering.

Alb. See thy ſelf, devil:
Proper deformity ſeems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. Oh vain fool!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh my good lord, the Duke of *Cornwall*'s dead,
Slain by his ſervant, going to put out
The other eye of *Glo'ſter*.

Alb. Glo'ſter's eyes?

Meſ. A ſervant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act; bending his ſword
To his great maſter: who thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead.
But not without that harmful ſtroke which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This ſhews you are above,
You juſtices, that theſe our nether crimes
So ſpeedily can venge. But O poor *Glo'ſter!*

Loſt he his other eye?

Meſ. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, Madam, craves a ſpeedy anſwer:
'Tis from your ſiſter.

Gon. One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my *Glo'ſter* with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way
The news is not ſo tart. I'll read, and anſwer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his ſon, when they did take his eyes?

Meſ. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He's not here.

Meſ. No, my good lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?

Meſ. Ay, my good lord, 'twas he inform'd againſt him,
And quit the houſe of purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.

Alb. Glo'ſter, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhew'dſt the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither friend,
Tell me what more thou know'ſt. [*Exeunt.*

---

† SCENE III.

Enter Kent *and a Gentleman.*

Kent. THE King of *France* ſo ſuddenly gone back!
Know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of, which
Imports the Kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his return was moſt requir'd and neceſſary.

Kent.

† *This Scene, left out in all the common books, is reſtor'd from the old edition; it being manifeſtly of* Shakeſpear's *writing, and neceſſary to continue the ſtory of* Cordelia, *whoſe behaviour here is moſt beautifully painted.*

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareſchal of *France*, Monſieur *le Far*.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonſtration of grief?

Gent. I ſay ſhe took 'em, read 'em in my preſence,
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd ſhe was a Queen
Over her paſſion, which moſt rebel-like
Sought to be King o'er her.

Kent. O then it mov'd her.

Gent. But not to rage. Patience and ſorrow ſtrove
Which ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt; you have ſeen
Sun-ſhine and rain at once. Thoſe happy ſmiles
That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes, which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt----in brief
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt belov'd,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?

Gent. Once or twice
She heav'd the name of *Father*,
Pantingly forth, as if it preſt her heart.
Cry'd, ſiſters! ſiſters! what? i'th' ſtorm of night?
Let Pity ne'er believe it! then ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heav'nly eyes,
And then retir'd, to deal with grief alone.

Kent. The ſtars above us govern our conditions:
Elſe one ſelf-mate and mate could not beget
Such diff'rent iſſues. Spoke you with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. The poor diſtreſſed *Lear*'s in town,

Who ſometimes in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A ſov'reign ſhame ſo bows him, his unkindneſs
That ſtript her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters. Theſe things ſting him
So venomouſly, that burning ſhame detains him
From his *Cordelia.*

Gent. Alack poor gentleman!

Kent. Of *Albany*'s and *Cornwall*'s pow'rs you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis ſo, they are a-foot.

Kent. Well Sir, I'll bring you to our maſter *Lear*,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cauſe
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you ſhall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Camp.

Enter Cordelia, *Phyſician and Soldiers.*

Cor. ALACK, 'tis he; why he was met even now
As mad as the vext ſea, ſinging aloud,
Crown'd with rank fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckow flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry,
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's wiſdom
In the reſtoring his bereaved ſenſe?

He

He that helps him, take all my outward worth.
Phyſ. There are means, Madam:
Our foſter nurſe of nature, is repoſe,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many ſimples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.
Cor. All bleſt ſecrets!
All you unpubliſh'd virtues of the earth!
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good man's [c] diſtreſs: ſeek, ſeek for him,
Leſt his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News, Madam:
The *Britiſh* pow'rs are marching hitherward.
Cord. 'Tis known before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about: therefore great *France*
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Regan's *Palace.*

Enter Regan *and Steward.*

Reg. BUT are my brother's powers ſet forth?
Stew. Ay Madam.
Reg. Himſelf in perſon there?
Stew. With much adoe.

Your

[c] *deſires.*

Your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your lady at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my ſiſter's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. Faith he is poſted hence on ſerious matter.
It was great ign'rance, *Glo'ſter*'s eyes being out
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: moreover to deſcry
The ſtrength o'th' enemy.

Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops ſet forth to-morrow: ſtay with us:
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, Madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this buſineſs.

Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund*? might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word?
Something----I know not what-----I'll love thee much-----
Let me unſeal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather-----

Reg. I know your lady do's not love her husband,
I'm ſure of that; and at her late being here
She gave ſtrange †œiliads, and moſt ſpeaking looks
To noble *Edmund*. I know you're of her boſom.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I ſpeak in underſtanding: you are; I know't;
Therefore I do adviſe you take this note.
My lord is dead; *Edmund* and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's: you may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you give him this;

And

†*French, for* Glances.

And when your Miſtreſs hears thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſdom to her. So farewel.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him, Madam, I ſhould ſhew
What lady I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Country.

Enter Glo'ſter *and* Edgar.

Glo. WHEN ſhall I come to th' top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible ſteep.
Hark, do you hear the ſea?

Glo. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiſh.

Glo. So may it be indeed.
Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe and matter than thou didſt.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.

Glo. Sure you're better ſpoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place--ſtand ſtill. 'How fearful
'And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
'The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air
'Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half way down
'Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!

'Methinks

' Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his head.
' The fiſher-men that walk upon the beach
' Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
' Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
' Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
' That on th' unnumbred idle pebbles chafes,
' Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
' Leſt my brain turn and the deficient ſight
' Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you ſtand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you're now within a foot
Of th' extream verge: for all below the moon
Would not I leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand:
Here friend's another purſe, in it a Jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods
Proſper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his deſpair?
'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
My ſnuff and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burn it ſelf out. If *Edgar* live, O bleſs him.
Now fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps and falls along.*

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treaſury of life, when life it ſelf

Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been paſt. ----- Alive or dead?
Hoa, you Sir! friend! here, you Sir! ſpeak!
Thus might he paſs indeed---- yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'ſt thou been ought but *Goſſ'mer*, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dſt ſhiver'd like an egg: but thou doſt breathe,
Haſt heavy ſubſtance, bleed'ſt not; ſpeak, art ſound?
Ten maſts [d] attacht make not the altitude
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fall'n.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread ſummit of this chalky bourn!
Look up a height, the ſhrill-gorg'd Lark ſo far
Cannot be ſeen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit
To end it ſelf by death? 'twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm.
Up, ſo---- how is't? feel you your legs? you ſtand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
Upon the crown o'th' cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I ſtood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thouſand noſes,
† Horns [e] welk'd and wav'd like the [f] enridged ſea:

[d] *at leaſt.* † *i. e.* twiſted waving horns.
[e] *walk'd.* [f] *enraged.*

It was ſome fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the deareſt gods, who make them honours
Of men's impoſſibilities, have preſerv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out it ſelf,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould ſay
The fiend, the fiend-----he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

SCENE VII.

Enter Lear.

But who comes here?
The ſafer ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning, I am the King himſelf.

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect. There's your preſs-mony. That fellow handles his bow like a cow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace, this piece of toaſted cheeſe will do't----there's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O well flown bird: i'th' clout, i'th' clout: hewgh. Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Paſs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill!* [g] hah *Regan!* they flatter'd me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To ſay ay, and no, to every thing that I ſaid----Ay and no too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and wind to make me chatter; when the

[g] *Ha* Gonerill *with a white beard; they flatter'd*——

the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I ſmelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.
When I do ſtare, ſee how the ſubject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cauſe?
Adultery? thou ſhalt not die; die for adultery? no, the wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded flie does letcher in my ſight. Let copulation thrive: for *Glo'ſter*'s baſtard ſon was kinder to his father, than my daughters got 'tween the lawful ſheets. To't luxury pell-mell, for I lack ſoldiers. Behold yon ſimpering dame, whoſe face 'tween her forks preſages ſnow; that minces virtue, and does ſhake the head to hear of pleaſure's name. The † fitchew, nor the ſoyled horſe goes to't with a more riotous appetite: down from the waſte they are centaurs, though women all above; but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkneſs, there is the ſulphurous pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption: fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to ſweeten my imagination! there's mony for thee.

Glo. O let me kiſs that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt, it ſmells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world
Shall ſo wear out to nought. Do'ſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doſt thou ſquint at me? no, do thy worſt blind *Cupid*, I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;
It is, and my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

† Fitchew, *a kind of Polecat.*

Glo. What, with this caſe of eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor mony in your purſe? your eyes are in heavy caſe, your purſe in a light, yet you ſee how this world goes.

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may ſee how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: ſee how yond juſtice rails upon yond ſimple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places, and handy-dandy, which is the juſtice, which is the thief? thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo. Ay Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur: there thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority, a dog's obey'd in office.
Thou raſcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? ſtrip thy own back,
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind,
For which thou whip'ſt her. Th' uſurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd cloaths ſmall vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate ſins with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I ſay none, I'll able 'em;
Take that of me my friend, who have the pow'r
To ſeal th' accuſer's lips. Get thee glaſs eyes,
And like a ſcurvy politician, ſeem
To ſee the things thou do'ſt not.
Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots: harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mixt,
Reaſon in madneſs.

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ſter*;
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air

We

We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee: mark-----
Glo. Alack, alack the day!
Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools.---This a good block!----
It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhooe
A troop of horſe with Felt; I'll put't in proof,
And when I've ſtol'n upon theſe ſons-in-law;
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

SCENE VIII.

Enter a Gentleman, with attendants.

Gent. O here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter-----
Lear. No reſcue? what, a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Uſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have ſurgeons,
I am cut to th' brains.
Gent. You ſhall have any thing.
Lear. No ſeconds? all my ſelf?
Why this would make a man, a man of ſalt;
To uſe his eyes for garden-water-pots,
And laying autumn's duſt. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial:
Come, come, I am a King. My Maſters know you that?
Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,
You ſhall get it by running: ſa, ſa, ſa, ſa. [*Exit.*
Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt a daughter
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.
Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear ought, Sir, of a battel toward?

Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.

Edg. But by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot: the main deſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, Sir,

Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is mov'd on. [*Exit.*

Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe.

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
Who by the art of known and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benizon of heav'n to boot.

SCENE IX.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! moſt happy!
That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thy ſelf remember: the ſword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Let thy friendly hand

Put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd traitor? hence,
Leſt that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir, without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go, ſlave, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor volk paſs: and 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man: keep out che vor'ye, or ice try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out dunghill.

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Zir: come, no matter vor your foyns. [Edgar *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me: villain, take my purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters which thou find'ſt about me
To *Edmund* Earl of *Gloſter:* ſeek him out
Upon the *Engliſh* party. Oh untimely death, ----- [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a ſerviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy Miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father: reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe pockets; the letters that he ſpeaks of
May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only ſorry
He had no other deathſman. Let us ſee -----
By your leave, gentle wax ---- and manners blame us not:
To know our enemies minds we rip their hearts,
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads

Reads the Letter.

LET our reciprocal vows be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror. Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and ſupply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate Servant, Gonerill.

Oh undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's [h] wit!
(A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother.) Here, i'th' ſands
Thee I'll rake up, the poſt unſanctified
Of murth'rous letchers: and in mature time,
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſs I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad; how ſtiff is my vile ſenſe
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorrows? better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd from my griefs, [*Drum afar off.*
And woes, by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off methinks I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll beſtow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

[h] *will.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

A Chamber.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, *and* Phyſician.

Cor. O Thou good *Kent*, how ſhall I live and work
To match thy goodneſs? life will be too ſhort,
And ev'ry meaſure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid;
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.

Cor. Be better ſuited,
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours:
I pr'ythee put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known, ſhortens my made intent;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it ſo.
My lord, how does the King?

Phyſ. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.

Cor. O you kind gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature,
Th' untun'd and jarring ſenſes O wind up,
Of this child-changed father.

Phyſ. Pleaſe your Majeſty,
That we may wake the King, he hath ſlept long?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'th' ſway of your own will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear *in a chair, carried by ſervants.*

Phyſ. Ay Madam; in the heavineſs of ſleep,
We put freſh garments on him.

[i] *gentleman.*

Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him,
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. O my dear father! Reſtauration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made.

Kent. Kind and dear Princeſs!

Cor. Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this face
To be expos'd againſt the warring winds?
Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me, ſhou'd
Have ſtood that night againſt my fire:
And waſt thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with ſwine and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? alack, alack,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all. He wakes, ſpeak to him.

Phyſ. Madam, do you, 'tis fitteſt.

Cor. How does my royal lord? how fares your Majeſty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave;
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a ſpirit I know, when did you die?

Cor. Still, ſtill, far wide-----

Phyſ. He's ſcarce awake, let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair day-light?
I'm mightily abus'd; I ſhould ev'n die with pity
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay;
I will not ſwear theſe are my hands: let's ſee,
I feel this pin prick: would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No Sir, you muſt not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me;
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward, and to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I ſhould know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not theſe garments; nay I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child *Cordelia.*

Cor. And ſo I am; I am-----

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes faith; I pray you weep not.
If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it;
I know you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have ſome cauſe, they have not.

Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.

Lear. Am I in *France?*

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Phyſ. Be comforted, good Madam; the great rage
You ſee is cur'd in him: deſire him to go in.
And trouble him no more 'till further ſettling.

Cor. Will't pleaſe your highneſs walk?

Lear. You muſt bear with me;
Pray you now forget and forgive,
I am old and fooliſh. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Camp.*

Enter Baſtard, Regan, *Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

BASTARD.

KNOW of the Duke if his laſt purpoſe hold,
Or whether ſince he is adviſ'd by ought
To change the courſe? he's full of Alteration,
And ſelf-reproving brings his conſtant pleaſure.

Reg. Our ſiſter's man is certainly miſcarry'd.

Baſt. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now ſweet lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my ſiſter?

Baſt. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?

Baſt. No by mine honour.

Reg. I never ſhall endure her; dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Baſt. Fear not; ſhe and the Duke her husband-----

Enter Albany, Gonerill, *and Soldiers.*

Alb. Our very loving ſiſter, well be met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out. † Where I could not be honeſt
I never yet was valiant: for this buſineſs,

It

† *The four next lines are added from the old edition.*

It toucheth us, as *France* invades our land,
Not † holds the King, with others, whom I fear
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe.
Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy:
For theſe domeſtick and particular broils
Are not the queſtion here.
Alb. Let's then determine with th' Ancient of war
On our proceeding.
Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient, pray go with us.
Gon. Oh ho, I know the riddle, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Manet Albany. *Enter* Edgar.

Edg. If e'er your grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you: ſpeak.
Edg. Before you fight the battel, ope this letter.
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune love you.
Alb. Stay 'till I've read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why fare thee well, I will o'erlook thy paper.

† holds, *for* obliges *or* binds.

Enter

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers,
[a] Hard is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces,
By diligent diſcovery; but your haſte
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Baſt. To both theſe ſiſters have I ſworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter *Gonerill*,
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll uſe
His countenance for the battel; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The battel done, and they within our power,
Shall never ſee his pardon: for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

[a] *Here is.*

SCENE IV.

A Field.

Alarum within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, *and Soldiers over the ſtage, and exeunt.*

Enter Edgar *and* Glo'ſter.

Edg. HERE father, take the ſhadow of this tree
For your good hoſt; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir. [*Exit* Edgar.

[*Alarum and retreat within.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away old man, give me thy hand, away;
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his daughter ta'en,
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir, a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? men muſt endure
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither:
Ripeneſs is all; come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Camp.

Enter Baſtard, Lear *and* Cordelia *as priſoners, Soldiers, Captain.*

Baſt. SOME officers take them away; good guard,
Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known

That

That are to cenſure them.

Cor. We're not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning have incurr'd the worſt:
For thee, oppreſſed King, I am caſt down,
My ſelf could elſe out-frown falſe fortune's frown.
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters and theſe ſiſters?

Lear. No, no, no, no; come let's away to priſon;
We two alone will ſing like birds i'th' cage:
When thou doſt ask me bleſſing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveneſs: ſo we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies: and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out:
And take upon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

Baſt. Take them away.

Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my *Cordelia*,
The gods themſelves throw incenſe. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us, ſhall bring a brand from heav'n,
And fire us hence like foxes; wipe thine eye,
The good years ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell,
Ere they ſhall make us weep; we'll ſee 'em ſtarv'd firſt,
Come. [*Ex.* Lear *and* Cordelia.

Baſt. Come hither captain, hark. [*Whiſpering.*
Take thou this note, go follow them to priſon,
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee, if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Do's not become a ſword; thy great imployment

Will not bear queſtion; either ſay thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Baſt. About it, and write happy, when thou'ſt done.
Mark, I ſay,-----inſtantly, and carry it ſo
As I have ſet it down. [*Exit Captain.*

SCENE VI.

To him, Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, *and Soldiers.*

Alb. Sir, you have ſhew'd to-day your valiant ſtrain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives
Who were the oppoſites of this day's ſtrife:
I do require then of you, ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits and our ſafety
May equally determine.

Baſt. I thought fit
To ſend the old and miſerable King
To ſome retention and appointed guard;
Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,
To pluck the common boſoms on his ſide,
And turn our impreſt launces in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I ſent the Queen,
My reaſon all the ſame, and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further ſpace, t'appear
Where you ſhall hold your ſeſſion.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks our pleaſure might have been demanded
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our pow'rs,
Bore the commiſſion of my place and perſon,

The which immediate may well ſtand up,
And call it ſelf your brother.
Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement.
Reg. In my right,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.
Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould husband you.
Reg. Jeſters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you ſo, look'd but a-ſquint.
Reg. Lady I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full flowing ſtomach. General,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me, the walls are thine:
Witneſs the world that I create thee here
My lord and maſter.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The lett alone lyes not in your good will.
Baſt. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Baſt. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title good.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reaſon: *Edmund*, I arreſt thee
On capital treaſon, and in thy arreſt,
This gilded ſerpent: for your claim, fair ſiſter,
I bar it in the intereſt of my wife,
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this lord,
And I her husband contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is beſpoke.
Gon. An enterlude.
Alb. Thou art arm'd, *Glo'ſter*, let the trumpet ſound:
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon

Thy

Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O ſick-----

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er truſt [a] poiſon. [*Aſide.*

Baſt. There's my exchange, what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies;
Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A herald, ho.
Truſt to thy ſingle virtues, for thy ſoldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.

Reg. My ſickneſs grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my tent. [*Exit* Reg.

SCENE VII.

Come hither, herald, let the trumpet ſound,
And read out this. [*A trumpet ſounds.*

Herald reads.

IF *any man of quality or degree within the liſts of the army, will maintain upon* Edmund *ſuppoſed Earl of* Glo'ſter, *that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third ſound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.* 1 *trumpet.*

Her. Again. 2 *trumpet.*

Her. Again. 3 *trumpet.*

[*Trumpet anſwers him within.*

[a] *medicine.*

Enter Edgar *armed.*

Alb. Ask him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this call o'th' trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons?

Edg. Know, my name is loſt
By treaſon's tooth, bare-gnawn and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble as the adverſary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adverſary?

Edg. What's he that ſpeaks for *Edmund* Earl of *Glo'ſter*?

Baſt. Himſelf, what ſay'ſt thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy ſword,
That if my ſpeech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee juſtice, here is mine:
Behold it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Spite of thy victor-ſword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
Falſe to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtrious Prince,
And from th' extreameſt upward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt below thy foot,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor. Say thou no,
This ſword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lyeſt.

Baſt. In wiſdom I ſhould ask thy name,
But ſince thy out-ſide looks ſo fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue ſome † 'ſay of breeding breaths,
What ſafe and nicely I might well delay

By

† 'ſay *for* eſſay, *ſome ſhew or probability.*

By rule of Knight-hood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
Back do I toſs theſe treaſons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart,
Which (for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe)
This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for ever. Trumpets, ſpeak.

[*Alarum. Fight.*

Alb. Save him, ſave him.

Gon. This is practice, *Glo'ſter:*
By th' law of war, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknown oppoſite; thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it;
Thou worſe than any thing, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady, I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say if I do, the laws are mine, not thine,
Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Monſter, know'ſt thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know----- [*Exit* Gon.

Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, govern her.

SCENE VIII.

Baſt. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: but what art thou
That haſt this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange our charity:
I am no leſs in blood than thou art, *Edmund*;
If more, the more thou'ſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's ſon.

The

The gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to plague us:
The dark and vitious place, where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.

Baſt. Thou'ſt ſpoken right, 'tis true,
The wheel is come full circle, I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gate did propheſie
A royal nobleneſs; I muſt embrace thee:
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid your ſelf?
How have you known the miſeries of your father?

Edg. By nurſing them, my lord. Liſt a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burſt.
The bloody proclamation to eſcape
That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives ſweetneſs!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear
Rather than die at once) taught me to ſhift
Into a mad-man's rags, t'aſſume a ſemblance
The very dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious gems new loſt; became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair,
Never (O fault) reveal'd my ſelf unto him,
Until ſome half hour paſt, when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſs,
I ask'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to ſupport,
'Twixt two extreams of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,

And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeak you on,
You look as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

SCENE IX.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it ſmoaks, it came even from the heart
Of----- O ſhe's dead.

Alb. Who's dead? ſpeak man.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady; and her ſiſter
By her is poiſon'd; ſhe confeſſes it.

Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an inſtant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent.*

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they live or dead.
[Gonerill *and* Regan's *Bodies brought out.*
This judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. O! is this ſhe?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Maſter aye good night,
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!

Speak

Speak *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia?*
See'ſt thou this object, *Kent?*

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew her ſelf.

Alb. Even ſo; cover their faces.

Baſt. I pant for life; ſome good I mean to do
Deſpight of mine own nature. Quickly ſend,
(Be brief) into the caſtle, for my writ
Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia*:
Nay, ſend in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run-----

Edg. To whom, my lord? who has the office?
Send thy token of reprieve.

Baſt. Well thought on, take my ſword,
Give it the captain-----

Edg. Haſte thee for thy life.

Baſt. He hath commiſſion from thy wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own deſpair.

Alb. The gods defend her, bear him hence a while.

SCENE X.

Enter Lear *with* Cordelia *dead in his arms.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl,---- O you are men of ſtone,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd uſe them ſo,
That heaven's vault ſhould crack; ſhe's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking-glaſs,
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why then ſhe lives.

Kent.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe lives; if it be ſo,
It is a chance which do's redeem all ſorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good maſter!
Lear. Pr'ythee away -----
Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent* your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you murth'rers, traitors all,
I might have ſav'd her, now ſhe's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha! -----
What is't thou ſay'ſt? her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the ſlave that was a hanging thee.
Gent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I've ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'th' beſt. I'll tell you ſtrait.
Kent. If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. Are you not *Kent?*
Kent. The ſame; your ſervant *Kent;*
Where is your ſervant *Caius?*
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll ſtrike, and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man. ----
Lear. I'll ſee that ſtrait.
Kent. That from your [a] life of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps -----
Lear. You're welcome hither.
Kent. [b] 'Twas no man elſe; all's cheerleſs, dark, and deadly:

[a] *firſt.* [b] *Nor.*

Your eldeſt daughters have fore-done themſelves,
And deſp'rately are dead.

Lear. Ay, ſo I think.

Alb. He knows not what he ſays, and vain is it
That we preſent us to him.

Edg. Very bootleſs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle.
You lords and noble friends know our intent;
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will reſign
During the life of this old majeſty,
To him our abſolute power: to you, your rights, [*To* Edg.
With boot; and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends ſhall taſte
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings: O ſee, ſee-----

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd: no, no, no life?
Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never,-----
Pray you undo this button. Thank you, Sir,
Do you ſee this? look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there----- [*He Dies.*

Edg. He faints, my lord.

Kent. Break heart, I pr'ythee break.

Edg. Look to my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt: o let him paſs! He hates him,
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg.

Edg. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long:
He but uſurpt his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe: friends of my ſoul, you twain,
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, ſhortly to go;
My Maſter calls me, I muſt not ſay no. [*Dies.*

[c] *Alb.* The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.
The oldeſt hath born moſt; we that are young
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.

[*Exeunt with a dead march.*

[c] *Edg.*

THE

LIFE and *DEATH*

OF

KING *JOHN.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING John.
Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretagne, *and Nephew to the King.*
Pembroke, }
Eſſex, |
Salisbury, } Engliſh *Lords.*
Hubert, |
Bigot, }
Faulconbridge, *Baſtard-Son to* Richard *the Firſt.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſuppos'd Brother to the Baſtard.*
James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of* France.
Lewis, *the* Dauphin.
Arch-Duke of Auſtria.
Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chatilion, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of* England.
Conſtance, *Mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *Daughter to* Alphonſo *King of* Caſtile, *and Neice to King* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Baſtard and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, *Heralds, Executioners, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *ſometimes in* England, *and ſometimes in* France.

THE

† The LIFE and DEATH of King *JOHN.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of ENGLAND.

Enter King John, *Queen* Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, *and* Salisbury, *with* Chatilion.

King JOHN.

NOW ſay, *Chatilion*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the King of *France*,
In my behaviour to the Majeſty,
The borrow'd Majeſty of *England* here.

Eli. A ſtrange beginning; borrow'd Majeſty!

K. *John.* Silence, good mother, hear the embaſſie.

Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother *Geffrey*'s Son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair Iſland, and the territories:

† *The* troubleſom reign of K. John *was written in two parts by* W. Shakeſpear *and* W. Rowley, *and printed* 1611. *But the preſent Play is entirely different, and infinitely ſuperior to it.*

To

To *Ireland*, *Poictiers*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*:
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles,
And put the ſame into young *Arthur*'s hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal Soveraign.

K. *John*. What follows, if we diſallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
T' inforce theſe rights ſo forcibly with-held.

K. *John*. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; ſo anſwer *France*.

Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my embaſſie.

K. *John*. Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard.
So hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke look to't; farewel *Chatilion*. [*Ex*. Chat. *and* Pem.

Eli. What now, my ſon, have I not ever ſaid
How that ambitious *Conſtance* would not ceaſe
'Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very eaſie arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muſt
With fearful, bloody iſſue, arbitrate.

K. *John*. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion and our right for us.

Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion much more than your right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me;
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I ſhall hear.

Eſſex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſie
Come from the country to be judg'd by you
That e'er I heard: ſhall I produce the men?
K. *John.* Let them approach.
Our abbies and our priories ſhall pay
This expedition's charge---What men are you?

SCENE II.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge *and the Baſtard.*

Baſt. Your faithful ſubject, I, a gentleman
Born in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.
K. *John.* What art thou?
Robert. The ſon and heir to that ſame *Faulconbridge*.
K. *John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then it ſeems?
Baſt. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known, and as I think one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man, thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Baſt. I, madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour and my land.
K. *John.* A good blunt fellow: why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Baſt. I know not why, except to get the land;
But once he ſlander'd me with baſtardy:
But whether I be true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me)
Compare our faces, and be judge your ſelf.
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;
O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks I was not like to thee.

K. *John.* Why what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us here?

Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion*'s face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large compoſition of this man?

K. *John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard:* ſirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Baſt. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my father,
With half that face would he have all my land,
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year?

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much-----

Baſt. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale muſt be how he imploy'd my mother.

Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an embaſſie
To *Germany*; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th'advantage of his abſence took the King,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores

Between

Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's ſon was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time:
Then good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. *John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate,
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazard of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who as you ſay took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his,
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In ſooth he might; then if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him; this concludes,
My mother's ſon did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To diſpoſſeſs that child which is not his?

Baſt. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Say, hadſt thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed ſon of *Cœur-de-lion*,
Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide?

Baſt. Madam, and if my brother had my ſhape,

And I had his; Sir *Robert*'s his, like him,
And if my legs were two ſuch riding rods,
My arms ſuch Eel-skins ſtuft; my face ſo thin,
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, look where three farthings goes;
And to his ſhape were heir to all this land;
Would I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face:
I would not be † Sir *Nobbe* in any caſe.

Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier and now bound to *France*.

Baſt. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet ſell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Baſt. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. *John.* What is thy name?

Baſt. Philip, my Liege, ſo is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Robert*'s wife's eldeſt ſon.

K. *John.* From henceforth bear his name whoſe form thou bear'ſt:
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but riſe up more great,
Ariſe Sir *Richard* and *Plantagenet*.

Baſt. Brother by th' mother's ſide, give me your hand,
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now bleſſed by the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Eli. The very ſpirit of *Plantagenet!*
I am thy grandam; *Richard*, call me ſo.

Baſt. Madam, by chance, but not by truth, what tho';
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or elſe o'er the hatch:

Who

† *Sir* Nobbe, *a nickname, in contempt, of Sir* Robert.

Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well-ſhot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. *John.* Go *Faulconbridge*, now haſt thou thy deſire,
A landleſs Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire:
Come madam, and come *Richard*; we muſt ſpeed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more than need.

Baſt. Brother adieu, good Fortune come to thee,
For thou was got i'th' way of honeſty. [*Ex. all but* Baſt.

SCENE III.

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many, a many foot of land the worſe!
Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady.
Good-den, Sir *Richard*,----Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;
For new-made honour doth forget mens names:
'Tis too reſpective and [b] unſociable
For your [c] converſing. Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick at my worſhip's meſs;
And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
My † piked man of countries, ----- my dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin)
I ſhall beſeech you,---that is Queſtion now,
And then comes Anſwer like an A B C-book:
O Sir, ſays Anſwer, at your beſt command,
At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir:-----
No Sir, ſays Queſtion, I, ſweet Sir, at yours,---
And ſo e'er Anſwer knows what Queſtion would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment,

And

[b] *too ſociable.* [c] *converſion.* † piked, i. e. *formal, bearded.*

And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,
The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*)
It draws towards ſupper in concluſion ſo.
But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like my ſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time
That doth not ſmack of obſervation,
And ſo am I whether I ſmoak or no:
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the ages tooth;
Which though I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.
But who comes in ſuch haſte in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me, it is my mother; now, good lady,
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

SCENE IV.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge *and* James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlave, thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down.

Baſt. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert*'s ſon,
Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Robert*'s ſon that you ſeek ſo?

Lady. Sir *Robert*'s ſon? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
Sir *Robert*'s ſon, why ſcorn'ſt thou at Sir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Robert*'s ſon! and ſo art thou.

Baſt. *James Gurney*, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur.

Gur. Good leave, good *Philip.*

Baſt. Philip, † ſparrow, *James.*
There's toys abroad, anon I'll tell thee more. [*Exit* James.
Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert*'s ſon.
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his faſt:
Sir *Robert* could do well; [d] marry confeſs!
Could he get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it;
We know his handy-work; therefore good mother
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir *Robert* never help'd to make this leg.

Lady. Haſt thou conſpir'd with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?

Baſt. Knight----Knight, good mother, *Baſiliſco* like
Why I am dub'd, I have it on my ſhoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir *Robert*'s ſon,
I have diſclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then, good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady. Haſt thou deny'd thy ſelf a *Faulconbridge*?

Baſt. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King *Richard Cœur-de-lion* was thy father;
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my defence.

Baſt. Now by this light were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,

And

† Philip *is a common name for a tame Sparrow.*
[d] *marry to confeſs. Could get me!* &c.

And ſo doth yours; your fault was not your folly;
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subjected tribute to commanding love;
Againſt whoſe fury and unmatched force
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard*'s hands.
He that per force robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
Come, lady, I will ſhew thee to my kin,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him nay, it had been ſin;
Who ſays it was, he lyes; I ſay 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *before the walls of* Angiers *in* France.

Enter Philip *King of* France, Lewis *the* Dauphin, *the Arch-Duke of* Auſtria, Conſtance, *and* Arthur.

LEWIS.

BEFORE *Angiers*, well met brave *Auſtria*:
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in *Paleſtine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave.
And for amends to his poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,

To ſpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the uſurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, *Engliſh John.*
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God ſhall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion*'s death
The rather, that you give his off-ſpring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a pow'rleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

Auſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
As ſeal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
'Till *Angiers* and the right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders;
Ev'n 'till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Ev'n 'till that outmoſt corner of the weſt
Salute thee for her King. 'Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Conſt. O take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
'Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Auſt. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.

K. *Philip.* Well then to work, our engines ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town;
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt advantages.

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *Frenchmens* blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.

Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your embaſſie,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood.
My lord *Chatilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war,
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter Chatilion.

K. *Philip.* A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wiſh
Our meſſenger *Chatilion* is arriv'd;
What *England* ſays, ſay briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee. *Chatilion* ſpeak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paultry ſiege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier task.
England, impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelf in arms; the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have giv'n him time
To land his legions all as ſoon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces ſtrong, his ſoldiers confident.
With him along is come the Mother-Queen;
An *Até*, ſtirring him to blood and ſtrife.
With her her neice, the lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
With them a baſtard of the King deceas'd,
And all th'unſettled humours of the land;
Raſh, inconſid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies faces, and fierce dragons ſpleens,
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthright proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In

In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits
Than now the *Engliſh* bottoms have waſt o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence and † ſcathe in Chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumſtance; they are at hand.
To parly or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. *Philip.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

SCENE II.

Enter King of England, *Baſtard*, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, *and others.*

K. *John.* Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace permit
Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed *France*, and peace aſcend to heav'n!
Whilſt we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heav'n.

K. *Philip.* Peace be to *England*, if that war return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace.
England we love, and for that *England*'s ſake
With burthen of our armour here we ſweat;
This toil of ours ſhould be a work of thine.
But thou from loving *England* art ſo far,
That thou haſt under-wrought its lawful King,
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity,
Out-faced infant ſtate, and done a rape
Upon the maiden-virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey*'s face,

† *ſcathe. Miſchief.*

Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth contain that large
Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; *England* was *Geffrey*'s right,
And this is *Geffrey*'s; in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'er-maſtereſt?

K. *John*. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, *France*,
To draw my anſwer to thy articles?

K. *Phil*. From that ſupernal judge that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the blots and ſtains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe help I mean to chaſtiſe it. *

Lewis.

* ——— I mean to chaſtiſe it.
K. *John*. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.
K. *Philip*. Excuſe it, 'tis to beat uſurping down.
Eli. Who is't that thou doſt call uſurper, *France*?
Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy uſurping ſon.
Eli. Out inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou may'ſt be a Queen, and check the world!
Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy,
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*,
Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! by my ſoul I think
His father never was ſo true begot;
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.
Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
Auſt. Peace.
Baſt. Hear the crier.
Auſt. What the devil art thou?
Baſt. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,

Whoſe

Lewis. King *John*, this is the very ſum of all;
England, and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Touraine*, *Main*,
In right of *Arthur* do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. *John.* My life as ſoon. I do deſie thee, *France*.
Arthur of *Britain*, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win. *

K. *Phil.*

Whoſe valour plucks dead Lions by the beard,
I'll ſmoak your skin-coat, and I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't, i'faith I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O well did he become that Lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the Lion of that robe.

Baſt. It lyes as ſightly on the back of him,
As great *Alcides'* ſhoes upon an Aſs;
But, Aſs, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.

Auſt. What cracker is this ſame that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Lewis*, determine what we ſhall do ſtreight.

Lewis. Women and fools, break off your conference.

* ——— of *France* can win;
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy Grandam, child.

Conſt. Do, child, go to it Grandam, child,
Give Grandam kingdom, and it Grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry and a fig,
There's a good Grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy he weeps.

Conſt. Now ſhame upon you where ſhe does or no,
His Grandam's wrong, and not his mother's ſhames
Draws thoſe heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n ſhall take in nature of a fee;
With theſe ſad chryſtal beads heav'n ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heav'n and earth.

Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heav'n and earth,
Call me not ſlanderer; thou and thine uſurp
The domination, royalties and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy; this is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child,
The canon of the law is laid on him,

Being

K. *Phil.* Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls.
Theſe men of *Angiers*; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthur*'s or *John*'s. [*Trumpet ſounds.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Citizen upon the walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. *Philip.* 'Tis *France* for *England.*
K. *John.* *England* for it ſelf;
You men of *Angiers* and my loving ſubjects-----
K. *Phil.* You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur*'s ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle----
K. *John.* For our advantage; therefore hear us firſt:
Theſe flags of *France*, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparations for a bloody ſiege

Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.
K. *John.* Bedlam, have done.
Conſt. I have but this to ſay,
That he is not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her ſin; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her.
Eli. Thou unadviſed ſcold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy ſon.
Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a will; a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd Grandam's will.
K. *Philip.* Peace lady, pauſe, or be more temperate;
It ill beſeems this preſence to cry Amen
To theſe ill tuned repetitions.

And

And mercileſs proceeding, by theſe *French*,
Confront your city's eyes, your † winking gates;
And but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones
That as a waſte do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But on the ſight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
Behold the *French* amaz'd vouchſafe a parle;
And now inſtead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking feaver in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words folded up in ſmoak,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears;
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens,
And let in us, your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits
Fore-weary'd in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. *Philip*. When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.
Loe in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young *Plantagenet*,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march theſe greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then

To

† *winking*, *a metaphor for half-open.*

To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owns it, namely this young Prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled Bear,
Save in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd up:
Our cannons malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a bleſſed, and unvext retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your town;
And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſs our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the † rounder of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our meſſengers of war;
Though all theſe *Engliſh*, and their diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, ſhall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of *England*'s ſubjects,
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. *John.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.

K. *John.* Doth not the crown of *England* prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of *England*'s breed-----

Baſt. (Baſtards, and elſe.)

K. *John.* To verifie our title with their lives.

K. *Philip.* As many, and as well born bloods as thoſe---

Baſt. (Some baſtards too.)

K. *Philip.*

† *or circle.*

K. *Philip.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
Cit. 'Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
K. *John.* Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful tryal of our kingdom's King.
K. *Philip.* *Amen, Amen.* Mount chevaliers, to arms.
Baſt. Saint *George* that ſwindg'd the Dragon, and e'er ſince
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, ſirrah, with your Lioneſs,
† I'd ſet an Ox-head to your Lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you. [*To* Auſtria.
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Baſt. O tremble, for you hear the Lion roar.
K. *John.* Up higher to the plain, where we'll ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our regiments.
Baſt. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.
K. *Philip.* It ſhall be ſo; and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God and our right! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Here, after excurſions, enter the Herald of France *with trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of *Angiers,* open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne* in;
Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an *Engliſh* mother,
Whoſe ſons lye ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's husband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;

† *See the note on Act 3. Scene 1.*

While Victory with little loſs doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the *French*,
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplay'd
To enter conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of *Bretagne*, *England*'s King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh *Herald with Trumpet.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of *Angiers*; ring your bells;
King *John*, your King and *England*'s, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmens* blood.
There ſtuck no plume in any *Engliſh* creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of *France*.
Our colours do return in thoſe ſame hands,
That did diſplay them when we firſt march'd forth;
And like a jolly troop of huntſmen come
Our luſty *Engliſh*, all with purpled hands,
Stain'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the onſet and retire
Of both your armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blows;
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers at ſeveral Doors.

K. *John. France*, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our right run on?
Whoſe paſſage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-ſwell
With courſe diſturb'd ev'n thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.

K. *Philip. England*, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood
In this hot tryal, more than we of *France*;
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſwear
That ſways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our juſt-born arms,
We'll put thee down 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the ſcroul that tells of this war's loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Baſt. Ha! Majeſty; how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is ſet on fire!
Oh now doth Death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feaſts, mouthing the fleſh of men
In undetermin'd diff'rences of Kings.
Why ſtand theſe royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock, Kings, back to the ſtained field
You equal potents, fiery-kindled ſpirits!
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; 'till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. *John.* Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?

K. *Philip.* Speak citizens, for *England*, who's your King?

Cit. The King of *England*, when we know the King.
K. *Philip.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. *John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here,
Lord of our preſence, *Angiers*, and of you.
Cit. A greater pow'r than we denies all this;
And 'till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates. *
Baſt. By heav'n, theſe ſcroyles of *Angiers* flout you Kings,
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlements
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious ſcenes and acts of death.
You royal preſences be rul'd by me;
Do like the Mutines of *Jeruſalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town.
By eaſt and weſt let *France* and *England* mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths,
'Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades;
Even 'till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once again,
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion,
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious victory.

* —— in our ſtrong-barr'd gates:
Kings of our fear, untill our fears reſolv'd
Be by ſome certain King purg'd and depos'd.
Baſt. By heav'n, *&c.*

How

How like you this wild counſel, mighty ſtates?
K. *John.* Now by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, ſhall we knit our pow'rs,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,
Then after, fight who ſhall be King of it?
Baſt. And if thou haſt the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſawcy walls;
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon our ſelves for heav'n or hell.
K. *Philip.* Let it be ſo; ſay, where will you aſſault?
K. *John.* We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this city's boſom.
Auſt. I from the north.
K. *Philip.* Our thunder from the ſouth
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town. *
Cit. Hear us great Kings; vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and fair-fac'd league.
Win you this city without ſtroak or wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field;
Perſevere not, but hear me, mighty Kings.
K. *John.* Speak on; with favour we are bent to hear.
Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England*; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,

* —— bullets on this town.
Baſt. O prudent diſcipline! from North to South;
Auſtria and *France* ſhoot in each other's mouth.
I'll ſtir them to it; come away, away.
Cit. Hear us great Kings, &c.

Where

Where ſhould he find it fairer than in *Blanch?*
If zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in *Blanch?*
If love ambitious ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch?*
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat:
If not compleat of, ſay he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that ſhe is not he.
He is the half part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as ſhe;
And ſhe a fair divided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
O two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores to two ſuch ſtreams made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, Kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter [a] ſpeed than powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions ſo confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion, no not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Baſt. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks and ſeas,

[a] *ſpleen.*

Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon-fire, and ſmoak and bounce,
He gives the baſtinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fiſt of *France*;
Zounds, I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our neice a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now-unſur'd aſſurance to the crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no ſun to ripe
The bloom that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a yielding in the looks of *France*:
Mark how they whiſper, urge them while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition,
Leſt zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties,
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. *Philip.* Speak *England* firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this city: what ſay you?

K. *John.* If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read *I love*;
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a Queen.
For *Angiers*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*,
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
Except this city now by us beſieg'd,
Find liable to our crown and dignity;
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich

In

In titles, honours, and promotions;
And ſhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hands with any Princeſs of the world.

K. *Philip.* What ſay'ſt thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle, *
I do proteſt I never lov'd my ſelf
'Till now infixed I beheld my ſelf,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.

[*Whiſpering with* Blanch.

Baſt. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth eſpie
Himſelf love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be
In ſuch a love, ſo vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee ought in you that makes him like;
That any thing he ſees, which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you my lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I ſee in you,
(Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your judge)
That I can find ſhould merit any hate.

K. *John.* What ſay theſe young ones? what ſay you, my neice?

Blanch. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom will vouchſafe to ſay.

K. *John.*

* —— miracle,
The ſhadow of my ſelf form'd in her eye,
Which being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a ſun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow:
I do proteſt ——

K. *John.* Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.

K. *John.* Then do I give *Volqueſſen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
Poictiers, and *Anjou*, theſe five provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand marks of *Engliſh* coin.
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy ſon and daughter to join hands.

K. *Philip.* It likes us well; young Princes, cloſe your hands. *
Now citizens of *Angiers* ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at Saint *Mary*'s chappel preſently
The rites of marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
Is not the lady *Conſtance* in this troop?
I know ſhe is not; for this match made up,
Her preſence would have interrupted much.
Where is ſhe and her ſon, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She's ſad and paſſionate at your highneſs' tent.

K. *Philip.* And by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her ſadneſs very little cure.
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widow lady? in her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.

K. *John.* We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,
And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady *Conſtance*,
Some ſpeedy meſſenger bid her repair
To our ſolemnity: I truſt we ſhall,

* —— cloſe your hands.
Auſt. And your lips too, for I am well aſſur'd
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd.
K. *Philip.* Now citizens, *&c.*

If not fill up the meaſure of her will,
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp. [*Ex. all but* Baſt.

SCENE VI.

Baſt. Mad world, mad Kings, mad compoſition!
John to ſtop *Arthur*'s title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And *France*, whoſe armour conſcience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier; rounded in the ear
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil,
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all
Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity:
Commodity, the biaſs of the world,
The world, which of it ſelf is poiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
'Till this advantage, this vile-drawing biaſs,
This ſway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame biaſs, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,

To

To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail,
And ſay there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain be my lord, for I will worſhip thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Conſtance, Arthur *and* Salisbury.

Conſt. GONE to be marry'd! gone to ſwear a peace!
False blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I think I may not truſt thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears,
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, husbandleſs, ſubject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears.
And though thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,

With my vext ſpirits I can't take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſigns confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as I believe you think them falſe
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt. Oh if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſp'rate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.
Lewis wed *Blanch!* O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England!* what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone, I cannot brook thy ſight. *

Arth. I do beſeech you, mother, be content.

Conſt. If thou that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou

* ——— I cannot brook thy ſight;
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good Lady, done
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?
Conſt. Which harm within it ſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.
Arth. I do beſeech you, *&c.*

Become

Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of Nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lillies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe. But Fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair reſpect of ſoveraignty,
And made his majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and to *John*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that uſurping *John!*
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forſworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my ſorrow to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtoop.
To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let Kings aſſemble: for my grief's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: Here I and ſorrow ſit;
Here is my throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in France.

Enter King John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Philip *the Baſtard*, Auſtria, *and* Conſtance.

K. PHILIP.

'TIS true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day,
Ever in *France* ſhall be kept feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day, the glorious ſun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the alchymiſt,
Turning with ſplendour of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly courſe that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it, but a holy-day.

Conſt. What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
Except this day, let ſeamen fear no wrack;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day all things begun came to ill end,
Yea, faith it ſelf to hollow falſhood chang'd.

K. *Philip.* By heaven, lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:

Have

Have I not pawn'd to you my Majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which touch'd and try'd
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn.
You came in arms to ſpill my enemies blood,
But now in arms, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, againſt theſe perjur'd Kings:
A widow cries, be husband to me, heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the days in peace; but ere ſun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings.
Hear me, oh hear me!

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war:
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria!* thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany:
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humourous ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety; thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide,
Been ſworn my ſoldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a Lion's hide? doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calve's-skin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt.

Auſt. O that a man would ſpeak thoſe words to me.
Baſt. And hang a calve's-skin on thoſe recreant limbs.
Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.
Baſt. And hang a calve's-skin on thoſe recreant limbs.
† ' *Auſt.* Methinks that *Richard*'s pride and *Richard*'s fall
' Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.
' *Baſt.* What words are theſe? how do my ſinews ſhake!
' My father's foe clad in my father's ſpoil!
' How doth *Alecto* whiſper in my ears;
' Delay not *Richard*, kill the villain ſtrait,
' Diſrobe him of the matchleſs monument,
' Thy father's triumph o'er the ſavages----
' Now by his ſoul I ſwear, my father's ſoul,
' Twice will I not review the morning's riſe,
' 'Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
' And ſplit thy heart, for wearing it ſo long.
K. *John.* We like not this, thou doſt forget thy ſelf.

SCENE II.

Enter Pandulph.

K. *Philip.* Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.
Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heav'n.
To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is;
I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his name religiouſly demand

† *What was the ground of this quarrel of the Baſtard to* Auſtria *is no where ſpecify'd in the preſent Play: nor is there in this place, or the Scene where it is firſt hinted at (namely the ſecond of Act 2.) the leaſt mention of any reaſon for it. But the ſtory is, that* Auſtria, *who kill'd K.* Richard Cœur-de-lion, *wore as the ſpoil of that Prince, a Lyon's hide which had belong'd to him. This circumſtance renders the anger of the Baſtard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. In the firſt ſketch of this Play (which* Shakeſpear *is ſaid to have had a hand in, jointly with* William Rowley*) we accordingly find this inſiſted upon, and I have ventured to place a few of thoſe verſes here.*

Why

Why thou againſt the church our holy mother
So wilfully doſt ſpurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, choſen Archbiſhop
Of *Canterbury*, from that holy ſee?
This in our foreſaid holy father's name
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. *John*. What earthly name, to interrogatories
Can tax the free breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not, Cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an anſwer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
But as we under heav'n are ſupreme head,
So under it, that great ſupremacy
Where we do reign we will alone uphold,
Without th' aſſiſtance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all rev'rence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd authority.

K. *Philip*. Brother of *England*, you blaſpheme in this.

K. *John*. Though you, and all the Kings of Chriſtendom
Are led ſo groſly by this medling prieſt,
Dreading the curſe that mony may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that ſale ſells pardon from himſelf:
Though you and all the reſt ſo groſly led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cheriſh,
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curſt, and excommunicate;

And bleſſed ſhall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick,
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worſhipp'd as a ſaint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.
Conſt. O lawful let it be
That I have leave with *Rome* to curſe a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou *Amen*
To my keen curſes; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath pow'r to curſe him right.
Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curſe.
Conſt. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore ſince law it ſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?
Pand. Philip of *France*, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that Arch-heretick,
And raiſe the pow'r of *France* upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to *Rome*.
Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, *France?* do not let go thy hand.
Conſt. Look to that, devil! leſt that *France* repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell loſe a ſoul.
Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinal.
Baſt. And hang a calve's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe ------
Baſt. Your breeches beſt may carry them.
K. *John. Philip*, what ſay'ſt thou to the Cardinal?
Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinal?
Lewis. Bethink you father; for the difference,

Is purchaſe of a heavy curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſs of *England* for a friend;
Forgo the eaſier.

Blanch. That's the curſe of *Rome*.

Conſt. Lewis, ſtand faſt, the devil tempts thee here
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed bride. *

K. *Philip.* I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.

Pand. What can'ſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate and curſt?

K. *Philip.* Good rev'rend father, make my perſon yours,
And tell me how you would beſtow your ſelf?
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows:
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal ſelves.
And ev'n before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows they were beſmear'd and over-ſtain'd

* ——— a new untrimmed bride.
Blanch. The lady *Conſtance* ſpeaks not from her faith:
But from her need.
Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O then tread down my need, and faith mounts up:
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. *John.* The King is mov'd, and anſwers not to this.
Conſt. O be remov'd from him; and anſwer well.
Auſt. Do ſo, King *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.
Baſt. Hang nothing but a calve's-skin, moſt ſweet lout.
K. *Philip.* I am perplext, *&c.*

With ſlaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful diff'rence of incenſed Kings.
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeiſure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo jeſt with heav'n,
Make ſuch unconſtant children of our ſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm?
Un-ſwear faith ſworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of ſmiling peace, to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order, and we ſhall be bleſt
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to *England*'s love.
Therefore to arms, be champion of our church.
Or let the church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A [a] chaſed Lyon by the mortal paw,
A faſting Tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.

K. *Philip.* I may diſ-join my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O let thy vow
Firſt made to heav'n, firſt be to heav'n perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thy ſelf,

And

[a] *caſed.*

And may not be performed by thy ſelf.
For that which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is not amiſs, when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better act of purpoſes miſtook
Is to miſtake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct
And falſhood falſhood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the ſcorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn;
Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thy ſelf rebellion to thy ſelf:
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy, looſe ſuggeſtions:
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curſes light on thee
So heavy as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off,
But in deſpair, die under their black weight.

Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Baſt. Will't not be?
Will not a Calve's-skin ſtop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,
Clamours of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me: ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth? ev'n for that name
Which 'till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.

Conſt. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love, what motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?

Conſt. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour.

Lewis. I muſe your Majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.

K. *Philip.* Thou ſhalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from thee.

Conſt. O fair return of baniſh'd majeſty!

Eli. O foul revolt of *French* inconſtancy!

K. *John.* *France*, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.

Baſt. Old Time the clock-ſetter, that bald ſexton, time,
Is it, as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.

Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: fair day adieu.
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win:

Uncle,

Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. *John.* Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together. [*Ex. Baſt.*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareſt valu'd blood of *France.*

K. *Philip.* Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turn
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thy ſelf, thou art in jeopardy.

K. *John.* No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle.

Alarms, Excurſions: Enter Baſtard with Auſtria's *head.*

Baſt. NOW by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot,
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down miſchief. *Auſtria*'s head lie there.
† ' Thus hath King *Richard*'s ſon perform'd his vow,
' And offer'd *Auſtria*'s blood for ſacrifice
' Unto his father's ever-living ſoul.

Enter John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.

K. *John.* There *Hubert*, keep this boy. ---- *Philip*, make up;
My

† *Added from the old Play.*

My mother is aſſailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Baſt. My lord, I reſcu'd her:
Her highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege, for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarms, Excurſions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, *Baſtard, and Lords.*

K. *John.* SO ſhall it be; your grace ſhall ſtay behind
So ſtrongly guarded: couſin, look not ſad, [*To* Arthur.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.
Arth. O this will make my mother die with grief.
K. *John.* Couſin, away for *England,* haſte before, [*To the Baſt.*
And ere our coming ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding abbots, their impriſon'd angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed upon.
Uſe our commiſſion in its utmoſt force.
Baſt. Bell, book, and candle ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver becks me to come on.
I leave your highneſs: grandam, I will pray,
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.
Eli. Farewel, my gentle couſin.
K. *John.* Coz, farewel. [*Exit Baſt.*
Eli. Come hither little kinſman, --- hark, a word.
[*Taking him to one ſide of the ſtage.*

K. *John.*

K. *John.* [*to* Hubert *on the other ſide.*]
Come hither *Hubert.* O my gentle *Hubert,*
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay -----
But I will fit it with ſome better [b] time.
By heaven, *Hubert,* I'm almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.

K. *John.* Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo---yet---
But thou ſhalt have---- and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
' I had a thing to ſay---- but let it go:
' The ſun is in the heav'n, and the proud day
' Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
' Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds
' To give me audience. If the midnight bell
' Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
' Sound on into the drowſie race of night;
' If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
' And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
' Or if that ſurly ſpirit, melancholy,
' Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
' Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
' Making that ideot, laughter, keep mens eyes,
' And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment;
' (A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes)
' Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
' Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
' Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,

[b] *tune.*

' Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
' Then, in deſpight of [c]broad-ey'd watchful day,
' I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
' But ah, I will not ----- yet I love thee well,
And by my troth I think thou lov'ſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heav'n I'd do.

K. *John.* Do not I know thou would'ſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lyes before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.

K. *John.* Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. *John.* A Grave.

Hub. He ſhall not live.

K. *John.* Enough.
I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee;
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember: ---- Madam, fare you well. [*Returning to the Queen.*
I'll ſend thoſe pow'rs o'er to your Majeſty.

Eli. My bleſſing go with thee.

K. *John.* For *England*, couſin, go.
Hubert ſhall be your man, t'attend on you
With all true duty; on toward *Calais* ho. [*Exeunt.*

[c] *brooded.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, *and Attendants.*

K. *Philip.* SO by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole armado of [c] collected ſail
Is ſcatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowſhip.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet go well.

K. *Philip.* What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur ta'en pris'ner? divers dear friends ſlain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, ſpight of *France*?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a ſpeed, with ſuch advice diſpos'd,
Such temp'rate order in ſo fierce a cauſe,
Doth want example; who hath read or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

K. *Philip.* Well could I bear that *England* had this praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter Conſtance.

Look, who comes here? a Grave unto a ſoul,
Holding th' eternal ſpirit 'gainſt her will
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath;
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Conſt. Lo now; now ſee the iſſue of your peace.

K. *Phil.* Patience good lady; comfort, gentle *Conſtance.*

Conſt. No, I defie all counſel, all redreſs,
But that which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death; death, oh amiable, lovely death!
Ariſe forth from thy couch of laſting night,

[c] *convicted.*

Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows,
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold worms,
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſom duſt,
And be a carrion monſter like thy ſelf;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And kiſs thee as thy wife; thou Love of Miſery!
O come to me.

K. *Philip.* O fair affliction, peace.

Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world,
And rouze from ſleep that fell Anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
And ſcorns a modeſt invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.

Conſt. Thou art not holy to belie me ſo;
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffrey*'s wife:
Young *Arthur* is my ſon, and he is loſt!
I am not mad, I would to heav'n I were,
For then 'tis like I ſhould forget my ſelf.
O if I could, what grief ſhould I forget! *
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel

* ——ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And Cardinal thou ſhalt be canoniz'd;
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang my ſelf.
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; *&c.*

The different plague of each calamity. *
Oh father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I ſhall ſee my boy again.
For ſince the birth of *Cain*, the firſt male child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker-ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And ſo he'll die; and riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heav'n
I ſhall not know him; therefore never, never
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.

Conſt. He talks to me, that never had a ſon.

K. *Philip.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

' *Conſt.* Grief fills the room up of my abſent child:
' Lyes in his bed, walks up and down with me;
' Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

*——of each calamity.
K. *Philip.* Bind up thoſe treſſes; O what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs;
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fall'n,
Ev'n to that drop ten thouſand wiery friends
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief,
Like true, inſeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Conſt. To *England*, if you will.
K. *Philip.* Bind up your hairs.
Conſt. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſon,
As they have giv'n theſe hairs their liberty;
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner.
Oh father Cardinal, &c.

' Remembers

Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-cloaths.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. *Philip.* I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me joy,
' Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
' Vexing the dull ear of a drowſie man.
A bitter ſhame hath ſpoilt the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſs.

Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Ev'n in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave,
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evil.
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis ſtrange to think how much King *John* hath loſt
In this, which he accounts ſo clearly won.
Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his priſoner?

Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetic ſpirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to *England*'s throne: and therefore mark.
John hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be
That whilſt warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd *John* ſhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay one quiet breath, of reſt.
A ſcepter ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boyſt'rouſly maintain'd, as gain'd.
And he that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up.
That *John* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.

Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young *Arthur*'s fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world?
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you;
For he that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
This act ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That no ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it.
No nat'ral exhalation in the sky,
No [d] ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away its nat'ral cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,

[d] *ſcope.*

Abortives,

Abortives, and preſages, tongues of heav'n
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.
Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur*'s life,
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.
Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
Methinks I ſee this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd. The baſtard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ranſacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve *French*
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thouſand *Engliſh* to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*,
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent.
Now that their ſouls are top-full of offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.
Lewis. Strong reaſon makes ſtrong actions: let us go;
If you ſay ay, the King will not ſay no. [*Exeunt*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to England.

A Priſon.

Enter Hubert *and Executioner.*

HUBERT.

HEAT me theſe irons hot, and look you ſtand
Within the arras; when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth,
And bind the boy which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.

Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! fear not you; look to't.----
Young lad come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, *Hubert.*

Hub. Morrow, little Prince.

Arth. As little Prince (having ſo great a title
To be more Prince) as may be. You are ſad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body ſhould be ſad but I.
Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my Chriſtendom,
So I were out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be merry as the day is long.

And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practiſes more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was *Geffrey*'s ſon?
Indeed it is not, and I would to heav'n
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me *Hubert*.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lyes dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*

Arth. Are you ſick, *Hubert?* you look pale to-day;
In ſooth, I would you were a little ſick,
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young *Arthur*---- [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum, [*Aſide.*
Turning diſ-piteous torture out of door!
I muſt be brief, leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womaniſh tears. -----
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I muſt.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The beſt I had, a Princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lyes your grief?

Or

Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a Prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then you muſt ----- Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes that never did, and never ſhall
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out. *

Arth. Oh if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd a tongue but *Hubert*'s.

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do. [*Stamps, and the men enter.*

Arth. O ſave me, *Hubert*, ſave me! my eyes are out
Ev'n with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heav'n ſake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:

* ——— muſt I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of it ſelf, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh if an angel ſhould, *&c.*

Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

Exe. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed. [*Exit.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare your ſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue. *

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, *Hubert*;
Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief.
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extreams; ſee elſe your ſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

* ——— hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold, *&c.*

Hub.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy. *

Arth. All things that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only You do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I ſworn, and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O now you look like *Hubert.* All this while
You were diſguiſed.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports:
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs and ſecure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert.*

Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other Lords.*

K. *John.* HERE once again we ſit, crown'd once again,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

* ——— I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert:*
Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth [c] tarre him on.
All things that you, *&c.*

Pemb.

[c] *In the firſt edition.*

Pemb. This once again, but that your Highneſs pleas'd,
Was once ſuperfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, ne'er ſtained with revolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better ſtate.

Sal. Therefore to be poſſeſs'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garniſh,
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.

Pemb. But that your royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the laſt repeating troubleſome,
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And like a ſhifted wind unto a ſail,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights conſideration;
Makes ſound opinion ſick, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetouſneſs;
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe:
As patches ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,

We

We breath'd our counſel; but it pleas'd your Highneſs
To over-bear it; yet we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Muſt make a ſtand at what your Highneſs will.

K. *John.* Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſt you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong (the leſſer is my fear)
I ſhall endue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of theſe,
To † ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts;
(Both for my ſelf and them; but chief of all,
Your ſafety; for the which, my ſelf and they
Bend their beſt ſtudies;) heartily requeſt
Th' infranchiſement of *Arthur*; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dang'rous argument.
If what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why ſhou'd your fears, (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ign'rance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal that he have liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. *John.* Let it be ſo; I do commit his youth

To

† *to* ſound forth, *or to* declare.

To your direction. *Hubert*, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man ſhould do the bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpect of his
Does ſhew the mood of a much troubled breaſt.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battels ſet:
His paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear will iſſue thence
The foul corruption of a ſweet child's death.

K. *John.* We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The ſuit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his ſickneſs was paſt cure.

Pemb. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick.
This muſt be anſwer'd either here or hence.

K. *John.* Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis ſhame
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and ſo farewel.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord *Salisbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which own'd the breadth of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!

This

This muſt not be thus born, this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Meſſenger.

K. *John.* They burn in indignation; I repent.
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others death ----- [*Aſide.*
A fearful eye thou haſt; where is that blood [*To the Meſ.*
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a ſtorm;
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in *France?*

Meſ. From *France* to *England* never ſuch a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. *John.* Oh where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? where is my mother's care?
That ſuch an army ſhould be drawn in *France*,
And ſhe not hear of it?

Meſ. My Liege, her ear
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of *April* dy'd
Your noble mother; and as I hear, my lord,
The lady *Conſtance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idely heard; if true or falſe, I know not.

K. *John.* With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers. My mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in *France?*

Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of *France*,
That thou for truth giv'ſt out are landed here?
Meſ. Under the *Dauphin*.

Enter Baſtard and Peter *of* Pomfret.

K. *John*. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings. Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Baſt. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard fall on your head.
K. *John*. Bear with me, couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide, but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.
Baſt. How I have ſped among the clergy-men,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſied;
Poſſeſt with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh-ſounding rhimes,
That ere the next *Aſcenſion-day* at noon
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.
K. *John*. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſo?
Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out ſo.
K. *John*. *Hubert*, away with him; impriſon him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,

For

For I muſt uſe thee. O my gentle couſin,
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Baſt. The *French*, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met lord *Bigot* and lord *Salisbury*,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of *Arthur*, who they ſay is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. *John.* Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thy ſelf into their company.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Baſt. I will ſeek them out.

K. *John.* Nay, but make haſte; the better foot before.
O, let me have no ſubjects enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion.
Be *Mercury*, ſet feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Baſt. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed. [*Exit.*

K. *John.* Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.

Meſ. With all my heart, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. *John.* My mother dead!

SCENE IV.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they ſay five moons were ſeen to-night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. *John.* Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets
Do propheſie upon it dangerouſly:
Young *Arthur*'s death is common in their mouths,
' And when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
' And whiſper one another in the ear.
' And he that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
' Whilſt he that hears makes fearful action
' With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
' I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
' The whilſt his iron did on th' anvil cool,
' With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news;
' Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
' Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
' Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
' Told of a many thouſand warlike *French*,
' That were embatteled and rank'd in *Kent*.
' Another lean, unwaſh'd artificer,
' Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur*'s death.

K. *John.* Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young *Arthur*'s death?
Thy hand hath murther'd him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou had'ſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. *John.* It is the curſe of Kings, to be attended
By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody houſe of life:
And on the winking of authority
To underſtand a law; to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majeſty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd reſpect.

Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal for what I did.

K. *John.* Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt heav'n and earth

Is

Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
How oft the ſight of means to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? for hadſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
This murther had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur*'s death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.

Hub. My lord----

K. *John.* Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop did'ſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name----
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My nobles leave me, and my ſtate is brav'd
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,

I'll

I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young *Arthur* is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought.
And you have ſlander'd nature in my form,
Which howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of a guiltleſs child.

K. *John.* Doth *Arthur* live? O haſte thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not, but to my cloſet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haſte.
I conjure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Street before a Priſon.

Enter Arthur *on the Walls.*

Arth. THE wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ſhip-boy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away;

As good to die, and go; as die, and ſtay. [*Leaps down.*
Oh me! my uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:
Heav'n take my ſoul, and *England* keep my bones. [*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmondsbury*;
It is our ſafety, and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pemb. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble lord of *France*,
† Whoſe Private with me of the *Dauphin*'s love,
Is much more gen'ral than theſe lines import.
Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long days journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Once more to-day well met, diſtemper'd lords;
The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtrait.
Sal. The King hath diſpoſſeſt himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin, beſtained cloke
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him ſo: we know the worſt.
Baſt. What e'er you think, good words I think were beſt.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now.
Baſt. But there is little reaſon in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reaſon you had manners now.
Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.
Baſt. 'Tis true, to hurt its maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: what is he lyes here? [*Seeing* Arth.
Pemb. Oh death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The

† (i. e.) *Whoſe private account of the* Dauphin's *affection to our cauſe is much more ample than the letters.*

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almoſt think, although you ſee,
What you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? 'tis the very top,
The heighth, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroak,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath or ſtaring rage
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.

Pemb. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this;
And this ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten [a] ſins of Time;
And prove a deadly blood-ſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.

Baſt. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light what would enſue.
It is the ſhameful work of *Hubert*'s hand,
The practice, and the purpoſe of the King:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to this breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow!
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,

Never

[a] *ſin of Times.*

Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
'Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge.
Pemb. Bigot. Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.

SCENE VI.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath ſent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and bluſhes not at death;
Avant thou hateful villain, get thee gone.
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*
Baſt. Your ſword is bright, Sir, put it up again.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murd'rer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, lord *Salisbury*, ſtand back, I ſay,
By heav'n I think my ſword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget your ſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.
Bigot. Out dunghil, dar'ſt thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none. Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lyes.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Baſt. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, *Faulconbridge.*

Baſt. Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Salisbury.*
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime,
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toſting-iron,
That you ſhall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge?*
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.

Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without ſuch rheume;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocence.
Away with me, all you whoſe ſouls abhor
Th' uncleanly ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with the ſmell of ſin.

Bigot. Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.

Pemb. There tell the King he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

SCENE VII.

Baſt. Here's a good world; knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach
Of mercy, (if thou didſt this deed of death)
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert.*

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Baſt. Ha? I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd ſo black------ nay nothing is ſo black;

Thou

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince *Lucifer*.
There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.
Hub. Upon my ſoul ——
Baſt. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair;
And if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb
Will ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'ſt thou drown thy ſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.
Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.
Baſt. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* up,
From forth this morſel of dead royalty?
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heav'n, and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed intereſt of proud-ſwelling ſtate.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of majeſty,
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now pow'rs from home and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waits

(As doth a Raven on a ſick, fall'n beaſt)
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and [f] cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the King;
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief at hand,
And heav'n it ſelf doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pandulph, *and Attendants.*

K. JOHN.

THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the Crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soveraign greatneſs and authority.

K. *John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet the *French*,
And from his holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd.
Our diſcontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul
To ſtranger-blood, to foreign royalty;
This inundation of diſtemper'd humour
Reſts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent med'cine muſt be miniſtred,

[f] *center.*

Or overthrow incurably inſues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war,
And make fair weather in your bluſt'ring land.
On this *Aſcenſion-day* remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. *John.* Is this *Aſcenſion-day?* did not the prophet
Say, that before *Aſcenſion-day* at noon
My crown I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on conſtraint,
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover-Caſtle: London* hath receiv'd
Like a kind hoſt, the *Dauphin* and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. *John.* Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young *Arthur* was alive?

Baſt. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty caſket, where the jewel, life,
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. *John.* That villain *Hubert* told me he did live.

Baſt. So on my ſoul he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt

Govern

Govern the motion of a kingly eye;
Be ſtirring as the time, be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the God of war
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the Lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be ſaid! Forage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come ſo nigh.

K. *John.* The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the powers
Led by the *Dauphin.*

Baſt. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we upon the footing of our land
Send fair-play-orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parly, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? ſhall a beardleſs boy,
A cockred, ſilken, wanton, brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with colours idely ſpread,
And find no check? let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.

K. *John.* Have thou the ord'ring of this preſent time.

Baſt.

Baſt. Away then, with good courage; yet I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Dauphin's *Camp.*

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis. MY lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the preſident to theſe lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we peruſing o'er theſe notes,
May know wherefore we took the ſacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of time
Should ſeek a plaiſter by contemn'd revolt,
And heal th' invet'rate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable reſcue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That for the health and phyſick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice, and confuſed wrong.
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we, the ſons and children of this iſle,

Were

Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger, march
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the ſpot, for this enforced cauſe,
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here!
What here? O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That *Neptune*'s arms who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy ſelf,
And [a] grapple thee unto a Pagan ſhore!
Where theſe two chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this,
And great affection wreſtling in thy boſom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh what a noble combat haſt thou fought,
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhow'r blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heav'n
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm.
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes
That never ſaw the giant-world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feaſts,

Full-

[a] *cripple.*

Full-warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſipping.
Come, come, for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich proſperity
As *Lewis* himſelf; ſo, nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

SCENE III.

Enter Pandulph.

And even there methinks an angel ſpake,
Look where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
And on our actions ſet the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France!*
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to *Rome*; his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy church,
That great metropolis and ſee of *Rome*.
Therefore thy threatning colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild war;
That like a Lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may lye gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.

Lewis. Your grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a ſecondary at controul,
Or uſeful ſerving-man, and inſtrument
To any ſoveraign ſtate throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chaſtis'd kingdom and my ſelf,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out

With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with int'reſt to this land,
Yea thruſt this enterprize into my heart:
And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made
His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young *Arthur*, claim this land for mine:
And now it is half conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
Am I *Rome*'s ſlave? what penny hath *Rome* born,
What men provided? what munition ſent,
To under-prop this action? is't not I
That undergo this charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſs, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard theſe iſlanders ſhout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the beſt cards for the game
To win this eaſie match, plaid for a crown?
And ſhall I now give o'er the yielded ſet?
No, on my ſoul it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the outſide of this work.

Lewis. Outſide or inſide, I will not return,
'Till my attempt ſo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promiſed
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world
To outlook conqueſt, and to win renown
Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death. [*Trumpet ſounds.*
What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am ſent to ſpeak:
My holy lord of *Milain*, from the King
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him?
And as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dauphin* is too wilful, oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his arms.

Baſt. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth ſays well. Now hear our *Engliſh* King,
For thus his royalty doth ſpeak in me:
He is prepar'd, and reaſon too he ſhould.
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd mask, and unadviſed revel,
This unhear'd ſawcineſs and boyiſh troops,
The King doth ſmile at; and is well-prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, ev'n at your door
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your ſtable planks,
To lye like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks,
To herd with ſwine, to ſeek ſweet ſafety out
In vaults and priſons, and to thrill and ſhake
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,
Thinking his voice an armed *Engliſh* man;

Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No; know the gallant monarch is in arms,
And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
To ſouſe annoiance that comes near his neſt.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate revolters,
You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother-*England*, bluſh for ſhame.
For your own ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums:
Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
Needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canſt out-ſcold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Baſt. No, I will ſpeak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'reſt, and our being here.

Baſt. Indeed your drums being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten; do but ſtart
An eccho with the clamour of thy drum,
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not truſting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport than need)

Is

Is warlike *John*; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death, whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the *French*.
Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Baſt. And thou ſhalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt.
[*Exeunt*.

SCENE V.

The Field of Battle.

Alarms. Enter King John *and* Hubert.

K. *John*. HOW goes the day with us? oh tell me, *Hubert*.
Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeſty?
K. *John*. This feaver that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is ſick!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, your valiant kinſman, *Faulconbridge*,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the field,
And ſend him word by me which way you go.
K. *John*. Tell him, tow'rd *Swinſted*, to the Abby there.
Meſ. Be of good comfort: for the great ſupply
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* ſands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now,
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themſelves.
K. *John*. Ah me! this tyrant feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd *Swinſted*; to my litter ſtrait,
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke *and* Bigot.

Sal. I Did not think the King ſo ſtor'd with friends.
Pemb. Up once again; put ſpirit in the *French*:
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.
Sal. That miſ-begotten devil, *Faulconbridge*,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.
Pemb. They ſay, King *John* ſore ſick hath left the field.

Enter Melun *wounded.*

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of *England* here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pemb. It is the Count *Melun.*
Sal. Wounded to death.
Melun. Fly, noble *Engliſh*, you are bought and ſold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again diſcarded faith.
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. *Edmondsbury*,
Even on that altar where we ſwore to you
Dear amity and everlaſting love.
Sal. May this be poſſible! may this be true?
Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax

Reſolveth

Reſolveth from its figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true
That I muſt die here, and live hence by truth?
I ſay again, if *Lewis* win the day,
He is forſworn if e'er thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the Eaſt:
But ev'n this night, whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmoaks about the burning creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied ſun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If *Lewis* by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The love of him, and this reſpect beſides
(For that my grandſire was an *Engliſhman*,)
Awakes my conſcience to confeſs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my ſoul,
With contemplation, and devout deſires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beſhrew my ſoul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankneſs and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience

Ev'n to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.
My arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eyes. [b] Away, my friends, and fly! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Lewis *and his Train.*

Lewis. THE ſun of heav'n methought was loth to ſet;
But ſtaid, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh,
When th' *Engliſh* meaſur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: oh bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil we bid good night,
And wound our [c] tatter'd colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt lords of it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my Prince, the *Dauphin?*
Lewis. Here, what news?
Meſ. The Count *Melun* is ſlain; the *Engliſh* lords
By his perſwaſion are at length fall'n off,
And your ſupply which you have wiſh'd ſo long
Are caſt away and ſunk on *Goodwin* ſands.
Lewis. Ah foul ſhrewd news. Beſhrew thy very heart,
I did not think to be ſo ſad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that ſaid
King *John* did fly an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?

Meſ.

[b] *----away, my friends, new flight,*
And happy newneſs that attends old right.
[c] *tott'ring.*

Meſ. Who ever ſpoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night,
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Baſtard and Hubert *ſeverally.*

Hub. WHO's there? ſpeak, ho, ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.

Baſt. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of *England.*

Baſt. And whither doſt thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Baſt. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?

Baſt. Who thou wilt; and if thou pleaſe
Thou may'ſt be-friend me ſo much, as to think
I come one way of the *Plantagenets.*

Hub. Unkind remembrance; thou and endleſs night
Have done me ſhame; brave ſoldier pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Baſt. Come, come; *ſans complement*, what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Baſt. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my ſweet Sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.

Baſt. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.

Hub. The King I fear is poiſon'd by a Monk:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
T'acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.

Baſt. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?

Hub. A Monk, I tell you, a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out; the King
Yet ſpeaks, and peradventure may recover.

Baſt. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their company,
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty.

Baſt. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide,
Theſe *Lincoln* waſhes have devoured them;
My ſelf, well mounted, hardly have eſcap'd.
Away before: conduct me to the King,
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Changes to Swinſted.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury *and* Bigot.

Henry. IT is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoul's frail dwelling houſe,
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His Highneſs yet doth ſpeak, and holds belief
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon which aſſaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here;
Doth he ſtill rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.

Henry. Oh vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extreams
In their continuance will not feel themſelves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts
[d] Leaves them; inviſible his ſiege is now,
Againſt the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies,
Which in their throng and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing:
I am the Cygnet to this pale, faint Swan;
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty ſings

[d] *Leaves them inviſible, and his ſiege is now.*

His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince, for you are born
To ſet a form upon that Indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

King John *brought in.*

K. *John.* Ay marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt:
I am a ſcribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majeſty?

K. *John.* Poiſon'd, ill [c] fate! dead, forſook, caſt off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſom: nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I ask not much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait
And ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you.

K. *John.* The ſalt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poiſon
Is as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

[c] *fare.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Oh, I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your Majeſty.
K. *John.* Oh couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt,
And all the ſhrouds wherewith my life ſhou'd ſail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.
Baſt. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where heav'n he knows how we ſhall anſwer him.
For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the waſhes all, unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*
Sal. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liege! my lord!---- but now a King---- now thus.
Henry. Ev'n ſo muſt I run on, and ev'n ſo ſtop. *
Baſt. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind
To do the office for thee, of revenge:
And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.
Now, now you ſtars, that move in your bright ſpheres,
Where be your pow'rs? ſhew now your mended faiths,

And

* ——— and ev'n ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?
Baſt. Art thou gone ſo? ———

And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh deſtruction and perpetual ſhame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us ſeek, or ſtrait we ſhall be ſought;
The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It ſeems you know not then ſo much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the *Dauphin*;
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace,
As we with honour and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this war.

Baſt. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Our ſelves well ſinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already,
For many carriages he hath diſpatch'd
To the ſea-ſide, and put his cauſe and quarrel
To the diſpoſing of the Cardinal:
With whom your ſelf, my ſelf, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will poſt
To conſummate this buſineſs happily.

Baſt. Let it be ſo; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Henry. At *Worceſter* muſt his body be interr'd,
For ſo he will'd it.

Baſt. Thither ſhall it then.
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal ſtate, and glory of the land:
To whom with all ſubmiſſion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful ſervices,
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a ſpot for evermore.

Hen.

Hen. I have a kind ſoul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Baſt. Oh let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
This *England* never did, and never ſhall
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound it ſelf.
Now theſe her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms!
And we ſhall ſhock them. Nought ſhall make us rue,
If *England* to it ſelf do reſt but true. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

LIFE and *DEATH*

OF

RICHARD

THE

SECOND.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Richard *the Second.*
Duke of York,
John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter, } *Uncles to the King.*
Bolingbroke, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt, *afterwards King* Henry *the Fourth.*
Aumerle, *Son to the Duke of* York.
Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Earl of Salisbury.
Buſhy,
Bagot, } *Servants to King* Richard.
Green,
Earl of Northumberland,
Percy, *Son to* Northumberland, } *Friends to* Bolingbroke.
Roſs,
Willoughby,
Biſhop of Carliſle,
Sir Stephen Scroop, } *Friends to King* Richard.
Fitzwater,
Surry,
Abbot of Weſtminſter, } *Lords in the Parliament.*
Sir Pierce *of* Exton,

Queen to King Richard.
Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.
Dutcheſs of York.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Two Gardiners, Keeper, Meſſenger, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *ENGLAND.*

THE

THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF KING *RICHARD* II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter King Richard, John *of* Gaunt, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

King RICHARD.

LD *John* of *Gaunt*, time-honour'd *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſt'rous late appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. *Rich.* Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he † appeal the Duke on ancient malice,

† Appeal, or *call*, *demand*, *challenge*, from *apello*.

Or worthily, as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him
Aim'd at your highneſs; no invet'rate malice.

K. *Rich.* Then call them to our preſence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our ſelves will hear
Th' accuſer, and th' accuſed freely ſpeak:
High-ſtomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deaf as the ſea; haſty as fire.

SCENE II.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befal
My gracious ſoveraign, my moſt loving liege.

Mowb. Each day ſtill better others happineſs;
Until the heavens envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown.

K. *Rich.* We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely t' appeal each other of high treaſon.
Couſin of *Hereford*, what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Boling. Firſt, Heaven be the record to my ſpeech.
In the devotion of a ſubject's love,
Tend'ring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,

Or

Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heav'n.
Thou art a traitor and a miſcreant. *

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal;
'Tis not the tryal of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the fair rev'rence of your highneſs curbs me
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of treaſon [a] doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's royalty,
Let him but be no kinſman to my liege,
And I defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlanderous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where [b] never *Engliſhman* durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes moſt falſly doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a King,

And

* ——— a miſcreant.
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live.
Since the more fair and cryſtal is the sky,
The uglier ſeem the clouds that in it fly;
Once more, the more to aggravate the Note,
With a foul traitor's name ſtuff I thy throat,
And wiſh, ſo pleaſe my ſoveraign, ere I move,
What my tongue ſpeaks, my right drawn ſword may prove.
Mowb. Let not &c.

[a] *doubly.* [b] *Where-ever.*

And lay aſide my high blood's royalty,
(Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to except:)
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then ſtoop.
By that, and all the [c] rites of knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly tryal;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight.

K. *Rich.* What doth our couſin lay to *Mowbray*'s charge?
It muſt be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look what I ſaid, my life ſhall prove it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highneſs' ſoldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments;
Like a falſe traitor and injurious villain.
Beſides, I ſay, and will in battel prove,
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge
That ever was ſurvey'd by *Engliſh* eye;
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further, I ſay, and further will maintain,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glouceſter*'s death,
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries,
And conſequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluc'd out his inn'cent ſoul through ſtreams of blood;
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abel*'s, cries

Even

[c] *Rights.*

Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth,
To me, for juſtice, and rough chaſtiſement.
And by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. *Rich.* How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!
Thomas of *Norfolk*, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Mowb. O let my ſoveraign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
'Till I have told this [d] ſland'rer of his blood,
How God and good men hate ſo foul a liar.

K. *Rich.* *Mowbray*, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's ſon;
Now by my ſœpter's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearneſs to our ſacred blood
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize
Th'unſtooping firmneſs of my upright ſoul.
He is our ſubject, *Mowbray*, ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech and fearleſs I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat, thou lieſt!
Three parts of that receipt I had for *Calais*,
Disburſt I to his highneſs' ſoldiers;
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent,
For that my ſoveraign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queen.
Now ſwallow down that lie. For *Glouceſter*'s death,
I ſlew him not, but to mine own diſgrace,
Neglected my ſworn duty in that caſe.
For you, my noble lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul;

[d] *Slander.*

But

But ere I laſt receiv'd the ſacrament,
I did confeſs it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon; and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degen'rate traitor:
Which in my ſelf I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove my ſelf a loyal gentleman,
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom.
In haſte whereof moſt heartily I pray
Your highneſs to aſſign our tryal-day.

K. *Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood: *
Good uncle, let this end where it begun,
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age;
Throw down, my ſon, the Duke of *Norfolk*'s gage.

K. *Rich.* And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, *Harry*, when?
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.

K. *Rich.* *Norfolk*, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Mowb. My ſelf I throw, dread ſoveraign, at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame,
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Deſpight of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have. I

* ——— without letting blood:
This we preſcribe though no phyſician, †
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
Our doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.
Good uncle, *&c.*

† *I muſt make one remark in general on the* Rhymes *throughout this whole Play; they are ſo much inferior to the reſt of the writing, that they appear to me of a different hand. What confirms this, is that the context does every where exactly (and frequently much better) connect, without the inſerted Rhymes; except in a very few places; and juſt there too, the rhyming verſes are of a much better taſte than all the others, which rather ſtrengthens my conjecture.*

I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the ſoul, with ſlander's venom'd ſpear:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poiſon.

K. *Rich.* Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage: Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times barr'd up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try,
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. *Rich.* Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh heav'n defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin.
Shall I ſeem creſt-fall'n in my father's ſight,
Or with pale [e] beggar face impeach my height,
Before this out-dar'd [f] daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh motive of recanting fear,
And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in *Mowbray*'s face.

[*Exit* Gaunt.

K. *Rich.* We were not born to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At *Coventry*, upon Saint *Lambert*'s day.

[e] *beggar'd fear.* [f] *baſtard.*

There ſhall your ſwords and lances arbitrate
The ſwelling diff'rence of your ſettled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice decide the victor's chivalry.
Lord Marſhal, [g] bid our officers at arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Gaunt *and Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glo'ſter*'s blood,
Doth more ſollicit me than your exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heav'n;
Who when it ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſev'n ſons, whereof thy ſelf art one,
Were as ſev'n vials of his ſacred blood;
Or ſev'n fair branches ſpringing from one root:
Some of thoſe ſev'n are dry'd by nature's courſe;
Some of thoſe branches by the deſt'nies cut:
But *Thomas*, my dear lord, my life, my *Glo'ſter*,
(One vial full of *Edward*'s ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root)
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe!

Ah

[g] *command.*

Ah *Gaunt!* his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death;
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is deſpair.
In ſuff'ring thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſtern murther how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardiſe in noble breaſts.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own life,
The beſt way is to 'venge my *Glo'ſter*'s death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's ſubſtitute,
His deputy anointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let God revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm againſt his miniſter.

Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain my ſelf?

Gaunt. To heav'n, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then I will: farewel, old *Gaunt* farewel.
Thou go'ſt to *Coventry*, there to behold
Our couſin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
O ſit my husband's wrongs on *Hereford*'s ſpear,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbray*'s breaſt!
Or if misfortune miſs the firſt career,
Be *Mowbray*'s ſins ſo heavy in his boſom,
That they may break his foaming courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caytiff recreant to my couſin *Hereford!*

Farewel, old *Gaunt*; thy † ſometime brother's wife
With her companion grief, muſt end her life.
Gaunt. Siſter, farewel; I muſt to *Coventry*.
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me.
Dutch. Yet one word more; grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight:
I take my leave, before I have begun;
For ſorrow ends not, when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, [h] *Edmund York.*
Lo, this is all----nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go:
I ſhall remember more. Bid him----oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at *Plaſhie* viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old *York* ſee there
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walls,
Un-peopled offices, untrodden ſtones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where;
All deſolate, will I from hence, and die;
The laſt leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Liſts, at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marſhal and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. MY lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, ſprightfully and bold,
Stays but the ſummons of th' Appellant's trumpet.
Aum.

† *ſometime*, for *formerly*. [h] *Edward.*

Aum. Why then the champions are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Majeſty's approach. [*Flouriſh.*

The trumpets ſound, and the King enters with his nobles: when they are ſet, Enter the Duke of Norfolk *in arms defendant.*

K. *Rich.* Marſhal, demand of yonder champion
The cauſe of his arrival here in arms;
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſwear him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. In God's name and the King's, ſay who thou art? [*To* Mowb.
And why thou com'ſt, thus knightly clad in arms?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
And ſo defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Mowb. My name is *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which heav'n forbid a knight ſhould violate,)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and my ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of my ſelf,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

The trumpets ſound. Enter Bolingbroke *appellant, in armour.*

K. *Rich.* Marſhal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus [i] plated in habiliments of war:
And formally according to our law
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'ſt thou hither?
Before

[i] *placed.*

Before King *Richard*, in his royal liſts? [*To* Boling.
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, ſo defend thee heav'n!

Boling. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*
Am I, who ready here do ſtand in arms,
To prove, by heav'n's grace and my body's valour,
In liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the liſts,
Except the Marſhal, and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns.

Boling. Lord Marſhal, let me kiſs my ſoveraign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majeſty:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelf are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewel of our ſeveral friends.

Mar. Th' Appellant in all duty greets your highneſs,
[*To K.* Rich.
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.

K. *Rich.* We will deſcend and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of *Hereford*, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight;
Farewel, my blood, which if to day thou ſhed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray*'s ſpear:
As confident, as is the Faulcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you,

Of

Of you, my noble Couſin, lord *Aumerle*. *
Oh thou! the earthly author of my blood, [*To* Gaunt.
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy bleſſings ſteel my lance's point,
That it may enter *Mowbray*'s waxen coat,
And [k] furbiſh new the name of *John a Gaunt*
Even in the luſty 'haviour of his ſon.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous,
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled on,
Fall like amazing thunder on the cask
Of thy [l] adverſe pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be [m] brave and live.

Boling. [n] Mine innocence, God and St. *George* to thrive!

Mowb. However heav'n or fortune caſt my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard*'s throne,
A loyal, juſt and upright gentleman:
Never did [o] captive with a freer heart
Caſt off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoul doth celebrate
This feaſt of battel, with mine adverſary.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happy years;

As

* ——Lord *Aumerle:*
Not ſick, although I have to do with death,
But luſty, young, and chearly drawing breath.
Lo, as at *Engliſh* feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt, laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
Oh thou——

[k] *furniſh.* [l] *amaz'd.* [m] *valiant.*
[n] *Mine innocence and St.* George *to thrive.* [o] *captain.*

As gentle and as jocund, as to jeſt,
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breaſt.
K. *Rich.* Farewel, my lord, ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with valour, couched in thine eye.
Order the tryal, Marſhal, and begin.
Mar. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
Receive thy launce, and heav'n defend thy right.
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry *Amen.*
Mar. Go bear this launce to *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk.*
1 *Her.* *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
Stands here for God, his ſoveraign, and himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant;
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.
2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
To God, his ſoveraign, and to him, diſloyal:
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignal to begin. [*A charge ſounded.*
Mar. Sound trumpets, and ſet forward combatants.
----But ſtay, the King hath thrown his warder down.
K. *Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets, and their ſpears,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe Dukes what we decree.
[*A long flouriſh.*
For that our kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood which it hath foſtered;
And, for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours ſwords;

[P] And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, ſet you on,
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep;
(Which thus rouz'd up with boiſt'rous untun'd drums,
And harſh reſounding trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindreds blood:)
Therefore, we baniſh you our territories.
You couſin *Hereford*, on pain of death,
'Till twice five ſummers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not re-greet our fair dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.

Boling. Your will be done: this muſt my comfort be,
That ſun that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden beams to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.

K. *Rich.* *Norfolk*, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce.
The fly-ſlow hours ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeleſs word, of *never to return*,
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy ſentence, my moſt ſoveraign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highneſs' mouth:
A dearer merit, not ſo deep a maim
As to be caſt forth in the common air,
Have I deſerved at your highneſs' hands.
The language I have learn'd theſe forty years,
My native *Engliſh*, now I muſt forgo;
And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more,

[P] *Theſe five verſes are omitted in the other editions, and reſtor'd from the firſt, of* 1598.

Than an unſtringed viol, or a harp,
Or like a cunning inſtrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony. *
I am too old to fawn upon a nurſe,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſs death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. *Rich.* It boots thee not to be compaſſionate;
After our ſentence, plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in ſolemn ſhades of endleſs night.

K. *Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with ye.
Lay on our royal ſword your baniſh'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heav'n
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelves,)
To keep the oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall, ſo help you truth, and heav'n,
Embrace each others love in baniſhment,
Nor ever look upon each others face,
Nor ever write, re-greet, or reconcile
This low'ring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt us, our ſtate, our ſubjects, or our land.

Boling. I ſwear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. *Norfolk*, ſo far, as to mine enemy:
By this time, had the King permitted us,

One

* ——— the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my goaler to attend on me.
I am too old ———

One of our ſouls had wandred in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this land.
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly this realm,
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoul.

Mowb. No, *Bolingbroke*; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd as from hence;
But what thou art, heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoon, I fear, the King ſhall rue.
Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I ſtray,
Save back to *England*; all the world's my way. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

K. *Rich.* Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart; thy ſad aſpect,
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away; ſix frozen winters ſpent,
Return with welcome home from baniſhment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word?
Four lagging winters, and four wanton ſprings
End in a word; ſuch is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I [q] thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For ere the ſix years that he hath to ſpend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oyl-dry'd lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſs night:
My inch of taper will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.

[q] *think.*

K. *Rich.* Why uncle? thou haſt many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canſt give;
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death;
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. *Rich.* Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to low'r?
Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſow'r:
You urg'd me as a judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelf this wrong.
† A partial ſlander ſought I to avoid,
And in the ſentence my own life deſtroy'd.
K. *Rich.* Couſin, farewel; and, uncle, bid him ſo:
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. [*Flouriſh.*] [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Aum. Couſin, farewel; what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When

† *Theſe two lines added from the firſt edition.*

When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.
Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Boling. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home return.
[f]All places that the eye of heaven viſits
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not, the King exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look what thy ſoul holds dear, imagin it
To lye that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence floor;
The flow'rs fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure or a dance.
Boling. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus?*
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in *December* ſnow
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummer's heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good

Gives

[f] *The fourteen verſes that follow are found in the ſame edition.*

Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way;
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Boling. Then *England*'s ground farewel; ſweet ſoil adieu,
My mother and my nurſe, which bears me yet.
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born *Engliſhman.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. VII.

Enter King Richard, *and* Buſhy *&c. at one door, and the Lord* Aumerle *at the other.*

K. *Rich.* We did indeed obſerve----Couſin *Aumerle,*
How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?
Aum. I brought high *Hereford,* if you call him ſo,
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.
K. *Rich.* And ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none by me; except the north-eaſt wind,
(Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces)
Awak'd the ſleepy rheume, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. *Rich.* What ſaid your couſin when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewel.
And for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That word ſeem'd buried in my ſorrow's grave.
[1]But would the word *farewel* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort baniſhment,

He

[1] *Marry, would the word farewel had*——

He ſhould have had a volume of farewels;
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
K. *Rich.* He is our kinſman, couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Our ſelf, and *Buſhy*, *Bagot* here and *Green*
Obſerv'd his courtſhip to the common people:
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſie,
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;
Wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of [u] ſmiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their affections with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our *England* in reverſion his,
And he our ſubject's next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient manage muſt be made, my Liege;
Ere further leiſure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highneſs' loſs.
K. *Rich.* We will our ſelf in perſon to this war;
And, for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberal largeſs, are grown ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm,
The revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand; if they come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,

And

[u] *ſouls.*

And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

K. *Rich.* What news?

Buſhy. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is ſick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
T'intreat your Majeſty to viſit him.

K. *Rich.* Where lyes he?

Buſhy. At *Ely-houſe.*

K. *Rich.* Now put it, heav'n, in his phyſician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe *Iriſh* wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heav'n we may make haſte, and come too late. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gaunt *ſick, with the Duke of* York.

GAUNT.

WILL the King come, that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtay'd youth?

York. Vex not your ſelf, and ſtrive not with your breath,
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh but, they ſay, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they're ſeldom ſpent in vain,
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

He

York. His ear is ſtopt with other [a] flatt'ring charms,
As praiſes of his ſtate; there are beſide
Laſcivious meeters, to whoſe venom'd ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:
Report of faſhions in proud *Italy*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
Limps after, in baſe aukward imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into [b] his ears?
[c] Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard. *

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretel of him,
His raſh, fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves.
Small ſhow'rs laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder;
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon it ſelf.

This

——— their words in pain.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Than they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe;
More are mens ends mark'd than their lives before:
The ſetting ſun, and muſick in the cloſe
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. His ear———

* ——— with wits regard.
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chuſe;
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.
Gaunt. Methinks I am———

[a] ——— *flatt'ring ſounds,*
As praiſes of his ſtate; then there are found
Laſcivious meeters, to whoſe venom ſound, &c.

[b] *their.* [c] *That.*

This royal throne of Kings, this ſcepter'd Iſle,
This earth of Majeſty, this ſeat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy *Paradiſe*,
This fortreſs built by Nature for her ſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happy lands;
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal Kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,
For chriſtian ſervice and true chivalry,
As is the ſepulchre in ſtubborn *Jury*
Of the world's ranſom, bleſſed *Mary*'s ſon;
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watry *Neptune*, is bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of it ſelf.
Ah! would the ſcandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death!

SCENE II.

Enter King Richard, *Queen*, Aumerle, Buſhy, Green, Bagot, Roſs, *and* Willoughby.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, [d]inrag'd, do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, *Lancaſter?*
K. *Rich.* What comfort, man? How is't with aged *Gaunt?* *
Gaunt. Ill in my ſelf, but ſeeing thee too, ill.
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than the land,
Wherein thou lieſt in reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs patient as thou art,
Giv'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatt'rers ſit within thy crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy [e]head,

And

*——— with aged *Gaunt?*
Gaunt. Oh how that name befits my compoſition!
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt;
And who abſtains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping *England* long time have I watcht,
Watching breeds leaneſs, leaneſs is all gaunt;
The pleaſure that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I mean my children's looks,
And therein faſting haſt thou made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones,
K. *Rich.* Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock it ſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.
K. *Rich.* Should dying men flatter thoſe that live?
Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter thoſe that die.
K. *Rich.* Thou now a dying, ſay'ſt thou flatter'ſt me.
Gaunt. Oh no, thou dy'ſt, though I the ſicker be.
K. *Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he that made me, knows I ſee thee ill:
Ill in my ſelf———

[d] *being rag'd.* [e] *hand.*

And yet ingaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
Thy waſte is no whit leſſer than thy land.
Oh had thy grandſire with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Who art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelf.
Why, couſin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this land by leaſe:
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of *England* art thou, and not King:
Thy ſtate of law, is bondſlave to the law,
And------

K. *Rich.* And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chaſing the royal blood
With fury, from his native reſidence.
Now by my ſeat's right royal Majeſty,
Wert thou not brother to great *Edward*'s ſon,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh ſpare me not, my brother *Edward*'s ſon,
For that I was his father *Edward*'s ſon.
That blood already, like the Pelican,
Haſt thou tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother *Glo'ſter*, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heav'n 'mongſt happy ſouls)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edward*'s blood.
Join with the preſent ſickneſs that I have,
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,

To

To crop at once a too-long-wither'd flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee;
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be.
Convey me to my Bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have. [*Exit.*

K. *Rich.* And let them die, that age and ſullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beſeech your Majeſty impute
His words to wayward ſicklineſs, and age:
He loves you on my life, and holds you dear
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

K. *Rich.* Right, you ſay true; as *Hereford*'s love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be as it is.

SCENE III.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Majeſty.

K. *Rich.* What ſays old *Gaunt?*

North. Nay nothing, all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.

York. Be *York* the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo;
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. *Rich.* The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our *Iriſh* wars;
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe
But only they, have privilege to live.
And, for theſe great affairs do ask ſome charge,
Towards our aſſiſtance we do ſeize to us

The

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.

York. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Glo'ſter*'s death, not *Hereford*'s baniſhment,
Not *Gaunt*'s rebukes, nor *England*'s private wrongs;
Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*
About his marriage, nor my own diſgrace,
Have ever made me ſow'r my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my ſoveraign's face.
I am the laſt of noble *Edward*'s ſons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of *Wales*, was firſt:
In war, was never Lion rag'd more fierce;
In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman;
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours.
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the *French*,
And not againſt his friends: His noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend; and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh *Richard*, *York* is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

K. *Rich.* Why uncle, what's the matter?

York. Oh, my Liege, *
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of baniſh'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* juſt, and is not *Harry* true?

Did

* —— my Liege,
Pardon if you pleaſe; if not,
I, pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content.
Seek you to ſeize, *&c.*

Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take *Hereford*'s rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his cuſtomary rights.
Let not to-morrow then enſue to-day,
Be not thy ſelf. For how art thou a King
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
If you do wrongfully ſeize *Hereford*'s right,
Call in his letters patents that he hath,
By his attorneys-general, to ſue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage;
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head;
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts;
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. *Rich.* Think what you will; we ſeize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his mony, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while; my Liege, farewel:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. *Rich.* Go *Buſhie* to the Earl of *Wiltſhire* ſtreight,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-houſe*,
To ſee this buſineſs done: to-morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time I trow.
And we create, in abſence of our ſelf,
Our uncle *York* Lord-governor of *England:*
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.
Come on our Queen, to-morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Exeunt King, Queen,* &c.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, *and* Roſs.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaſter* is dead.
Roſs. And living too, for now his ſon is Duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.
Roſs. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be disburthen'd with a lib'ral tongue.
North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more
That ſpeaks thy words again to do thee harm.
Willo. Tends what you'd ſpeak, to th' Duke of *Hereford?*
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Roſs. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unleſs you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now afore heav'n, it's ſhame ſuch wrongs are born,
In him a royal Prince, and many more,
Of noble blood in this declining land;
The King is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Roſs. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And loſt their hearts; the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences, I wot not what:
But what o' God's name doth become of this?

North.

North. Wars have not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That which his anceſtors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.
Roſs. The Earl of *Wiltſhire* hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and diſſolution hangeth over him.
Roſs. He hath not mony for theſe *Iriſh* wars,
(His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
North. His noble kinſman-----moſt degenerate King!
But lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſs. We ſee the very wreck that we muſt ſuffer,
And unavoidable the Danger now,
For ſuff'ring ſo the cauſes of our wreck.
North. Not ſo: ev'n through the hollow eyes of death
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, *Northumberland*;
We three are but thy ſelf, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, my friends. I have from Port *le Blanc*,
A bay in *Bretagne*, had intelligence,
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald* lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother, Archbiſhop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainſton*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis* [f] *Coines*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Bretagne*,

[f] *Quoint.*

With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore;
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for *Ireland.*
If then we will ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoak,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broken pawn the blemiſh'd crown,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our ſcepter's gilt,
And make high Majeſty look like it ſelf:
Away with me in haſte to *Ravenſpurg.*
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelf will go,

Roſs. To horſe, to horſe; urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Court of England.

Enter Queen, Buſhy, *and* Bagot.

Buſhy. MAdam, your Majeſty is much too ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelf-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful diſpoſition.

Queen. To pleaſe the King, I did; to pleaſe my ſelf
I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief,
Save bidding farewel to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard*: yet again methinks
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,

Is

Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward ſoul
With nothing trembles, yet at ſomething grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the King.

Buſhy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief it ſelf, but are not ſo:
For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;
Like perſpectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form. So your ſweet Majeſty
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf to wail,
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not; gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your lord's departure, more's not ſeen:
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me otherwiſe: how-e'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; moſt heavy ſad. *

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs; conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo, *
But what it is, not known, 'tis nameleſs woe.

*——heavy ſad.
As though on thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.
Buſhy. 'Tis nothing——

*——mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Or ſomething, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſs woe I wot.
Enter Green——

SCENE VI.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty, and well met gentlemen:
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for *Ireland.*

Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope he is:
For his deſigns [g] crave haſte, his haſte good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his Power,
And driv'n into deſpair an enemy
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land.
The baniſh'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himſelf;
And with up-lifted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At *Ravenſpurg.*

Queen. Now God in heav'n forbid!

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worſe,
The lord *Northumberland,* his young ſon *Percy,*
The lords of *Roſs, Beaumond,* and *Willoughby,*
With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.

Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland,*
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the Earl of *Worceſter*
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his ſtewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſervants fled with him
To *Bolingbroke.*

Queen. So *Green,* thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bolingbroke* my ſorrow's diſmal heir:
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy,
And I a gaſping new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow join'd.

Buſhy. Deſpair not, Madam.

Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity

With

[g] *crave haſte good hope.*

With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger, in extremity.

SCENE VII.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of *York.*

Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
Oh full of careful buſineſs are his looks.
Uncle, for heav'n's ſake, comfortable words.

York. [h] Should I do ſo, I ſhould bely my thoughts;
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but croſſes, care and grief.
Your husband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home.
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport my ſelf.
Now comes the ſick hour after ſurfeit made;
Now ſhall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your ſon was gone before I came.

York. He was; why ſo, go all which way it will:
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford*'s ſide.
Get thee to *Plaſhie*, to my ſiſter *Glo'ſter*;
Bid her ſend preſently a thouſand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot
To tell, to-day I came by, and call'd there,
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.

York.

[h] *This line added from the firſt edition.*

York. What is't?
Serv. An hour before I came, the Dutcheſs dy'd.
York. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this woful land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to heav'n,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there poſts diſpatch'd for *Ireland?*
How ſhall we do for mony for theſe wars?
Come ſiſter, (couſin, I would ſay,) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, provide ſome carts, [*To the Servant.*
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go and muſter men?
If I know how to order theſe affairs,
Diſorderly thus thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. They are both my kinſmen;
The one my ſoveraign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other again
My kinſman is, one whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do: come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you. Go muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at *Barkley* caſtle:
I ſhould to *Plaſhie* too,
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.

[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.

SCENE VIII.

Buſhy. The wind ſits fair for news to go to *Ireland,*
But none returns; for us to levy power

Propor-

Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impoſſible.

Green. Beſides, our nearneſs to the King in love,
Is near the hate of thoſe, love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wav'ring commons, for their love
Lies in their purſes; and who empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſhy. Wherein the King ſtands gen'rally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lye in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we have been ever near the King.

Green. Well; I'll for Refuge ſtrait to *Briſtol* caſtle;
The Earl of *Wiltſhire* is already there.

Buſhy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs, to tear us all in pieces:
Will you go with us?

Bagot. No: I'll to *Ireland* to his Majeſty.
Farewel: if hearts preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.

Buſhy. That's as *York* thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke.*

Green. Alas poor Duke, the task he undertakes
Is numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry,
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.

Buſhy. Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

In Gloceſterſhire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland,

Boling. HOW far is it, my lord, to *Barkley* now?
North. I am a ſtranger here in *Glo'ſterſhire*:
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles, and make them wearifome:
And yet our fair diſcourſe has been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From *Ravenſpurg* to *Cotſhold* will be found,
In *Roſs* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguil'd
The tediouſneſs and proceſs of my travel:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd. By this, the weary lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much leſs value is my company
Than your good words: but who comes here?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my ſon, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my brother *Worceſter*: whenceſoever,
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I thought, my lord, t' have learn'd his health of you.

North.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen?
Percy. No, my good lord, he hath forſook the court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſperſt
The houſhold of the King.
North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when we laſt ſpake together.
Percy. Becauſe your lordſhip was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to *Ravenſpurg*,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of *Hereford*,
And ſent me o'er by *Barkley*, to diſcover
What pow'r the Duke of *York* had levy'd there;
Then with direction to repair to *Ravenſpurg*.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days ſhall ripen, and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*, and be ſure
I count my ſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompence.
My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.
North. How far is it to *Barkley*? and what ſtir
Keeps good old *York* there with his men of war?
Percy. There ſtands the caſtle by yond tuft of trees,
Man'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the lords, *York*, *Barkley*, *Seymour*;
None elſe of name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſs *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of *Roſs* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery red with haſte.

Boling. Welcome, my lords; I wot your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labours recompence.

Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble lord.

Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, (th' exchequer of the poor)
Which, 'till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my lord of *Barkley*, as I gueſs.

Bark. Lord *Hereford*, my meſſage is to you.

Boling. My lord, my anſwer is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeek that name in *England*,
And I muſt find that title in your [i] tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.

Bark. Miſtake me not, my lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the moſt glorious of this land,
The Duke of *York*, to know what pricks you on,
To take advantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native peace, with ſelf-born arms.

SCENE X.

Enter York.

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you.
Here comes his Grace in perſon. Noble uncle! [*Kneels.*

York.

[i] *town.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. I am no traitor's uncle; that word grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have theſe baniſh'd, and forbidden legs,
Dar'd once to touch a duſt of *England*'s ground?
But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed arms?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th' anointed King is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal boſom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy father, and my ſelf
Reſcued the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand *French*;
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now priſoner to the palſie, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Ev'n in condition of the worſt degree;
In groſs rebellion, and deteſted treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy ſoveraign.

Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And, noble uncle, I beſeech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you

I ſee old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then, my father!
Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my couſin King, be King of *England*,
It muſt be granted I am Duke of *Lancaſter*.
You have a ſon, *Aumerle*, my noble kinſman:
Had you firſt dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am deny'd to ſue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all diſtrain'd and ſold,
And theſe and all, are all amiſs imploy'd.
What would you have me do? I am a ſubject,
And challenge law: attorneys are deny'd me,
And therefore perſonally I lay my claim
To mine inheritance of free deſcent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Roſs. It ſtands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my couſin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cheriſh rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath ſworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid;

And

And let him ne'er ſee joy that breaks that oath.
York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe arms;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my pow'r is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the ſovereign mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So farewel.
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.
Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept;
But we muſt win your grace to go with us
To *Briſtol-Caſtle*, which they ſay is held
By *Buſhy*, *Bagot*, and their complices;
The caterpillars of the common-wealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed, and pluck away.
York. It may be I will go: but yet I'll pauſe,
For I am loath to break our country's laws:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things paſt redreſs, are now with me paſt care. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Salisbury, *and a Captain.*

Cap. MY lord of *Salisbury*, we have ſtaid ten days,
And hardly kept your countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King:
Therefore we all diſperſe our ſelves: farewel.
Salis. Stay yet another day, thou truſty *Welchman:*
The King repoſeth all his truſt in thee.

Cap.

Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead: we will not ſtay.
The Bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heav'n;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd prophets whiſper fearful change;
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap;
The one in fear to loſe what they enjoy,
The other hope t'enjoy by rage and war.
Theſe ſigns forerun the death of Kings-----
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd, *Richard* their King is dead. [*Exit.*

Salis. Ah *Richard*, ah, with eyes of heavy mind,
I ſee thy glory like a ſhooting ſtar,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament:
Thy ſun ſets weeping in the lowly weſt,
Witneſſing ſtorms to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes;
And croſly to thy good, all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's *Camp*.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Roſs, Percy, Willoughby, *with* Buſhy *and* Green *Priſoners*.

BOLINGBROKE.

BRING forth theſe men. ----
Buſhy and *Green*, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 'twere no charity: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You have miſ-led a Prince, a royal King,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and disfigur'd clean.
You have in manner with your ſinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the poſſeſſion of a royal bed,
And ſtain'd the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes, with your foul wrongs.
My ſelf, a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, (and near in love,
'Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,)
Have ſtoopt my neck under your injuries,
And ſigh'd my *Engliſh* breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment:
While you have fed upon my ſeigniories;
Diſ-park'd my parks, and fell'd my foreſt woods;

From

From mine own windows torn my houſhold coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſs; leaving me no ſign,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
To execution, and the hand of death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the ſtroak of death to me,
Than *Bolingbroke* to *England.*

Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our ſouls,
And plague injuſtice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd.
Uncle, you ſay the Queen is at your houſe;
For heav'ns ſake, fairly let her be intreated;
Tell her I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpecial care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle: come, my lords, away,
To fight with *Glendower*, and his complices;
A while to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Coaſt of Wales.

Flouriſh: Drums, and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Rich.* BArkloughly-caſtle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my good lord; how brooks your grace the air,
After your toſſing on the breaking ſeas?

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* Needs muſt I like it well; I weep for joy
To ſtand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horſes hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child,
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy ſoveraign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
Guard it I pr'ythee with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy ſoveraign's enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, Lords;
This earth ſhall have a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native King
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.

Biſhop. Fear not, my lord, that Pow'r that made you King
Hath pow'r to keep you King, in ſpight of all.
[a] The means that heaven yields muſt be embrac'd,
And not neglected: elſe if heaven would
And we would not, heav'n's offer we refuſe,
The proffer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiſs,
Whilſt *Bolingbroke*, through our ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in power.

[a] *The four lines that follow, from the firſt edition.*

K. *Rich.* Diſcomfortable couſin, know'ſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eye of heav'n is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody here.
But when from under this terreſtrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his [b] light through ev'ry guilty hole;
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves.
So when this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
[c] Whilſt we were wand'ring with th' Antipodes,
Shall ſee us riſing in our throne, the eaſt;
His treaſons will ſet bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day;
But ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that *Bolingbroke* hath preſt,
To lift ſharp ſteel againſt our golden crown,
Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly pay
A glorious angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall, for heav'n ſtill guards the right.

SCENE III.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord, how far off lies your power?
Salis. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,

Than

[b] *lightning.* [c] *added from the ſame edition.*

Than this weak arm; diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but deſpair:
One day (too late I fear, my noble lord)
Hath clouded all [d] thy happy days on earth.
Oh call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men.
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate.
For all the *Welſhmen* hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, diſperſt and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; why looks your grace ſo pale?

K. *Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled. *
All ſouls that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide,
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

K. *Rich.* I had forgot my ſelf: am I not King?
Awake thou coward Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the King's name forty thouſand names?
Arm, arm my name; a puny ſubject ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a King! are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know my uncle *York*
Hath pow'r to ſerve our turn. But who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happineſs betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

* ——— and they are fled,
And 'till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale, and dead?
All ſouls———

[d] *my.*

K. *Rich.* Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worſt is worldly loſs thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt? why, 'twas my care:
And what loſs is it to be rid of care?
Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Revolt our ſubjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us.
Cry woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay;
The worſt is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of *Bolingbroke*, cov'ring your fearful land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts more hard than ſteel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy majeſty, boys with womens voices
Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms, againſt thy crown:
The very beadſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double fatal Ewe, againſt thy ſtate:
Yea diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy ſeat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have pow'r to tell.

K. *Rich.* Too well, too well thou tell'ſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of *Wiltſhire?* where is *Bagot?*
What is become of *Buſhy?* where is *Green?*
That they have let the dang'rous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?

If

If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they've made peace with *Bolingbroke*.
Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my lord.
K. *Rich*. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption;
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man;
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart;
Three *Judaſſes*, each one thrice worſe than *Judas!*
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!
Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſow'reſt and moſt deadly hate:
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: thoſe whom you curſe
Have felt the worſt of death's deſtroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is *Buſhy*, *Green*, and th' Earl of *Wiltſhire* dead?
Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Briſtol* loſt their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my father, with his power?
K. *Rich*. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak:
'Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
'Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
'Write ſorrow in the boſom of the earth!
'Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
'And yet not ſo-----for what can we bequeath,
'Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
'Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke*'s,
'And nothing can we call our own, but death;
'And that ſmall model of the barren earth
'Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
'For heav'ns ſake let us ſit upon the ground,
'And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings:
'How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war:
'Some haunted by the ghoſts they diſpoſſeſs'd:

‘ Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd,
‘ All murther'd.----- For within the hollow crown,
‘ That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
‘ Keeps Death his court, and there the Antick ſits
‘ Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
‘ Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
‘ To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
‘ Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
‘ As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
‘ Were braſs impregnable: and humour'd thus,
‘ Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
‘ Boars through his caſtle-walls, and farewel King!
‘ Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
‘ With ſolemn rev'rence: throw away reſpect,
‘ Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
‘ For you have but miſtook me all this while:
‘ I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
‘ Taſte grief, need friends, like you: ſubjected thus,
‘ How can you ſay to me I am a King?

Carl. My lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail:
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe; *

[e] And

* ——— unto your foe;
Fear, and be ſlain, no worſe can come from fight,
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death.
Where fearing, dying, pays death ſervile breath.
Aum. My father hath a pow'r, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. *Rich.* Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bolingbroke*, I come
To change blows with thee, for our day of doom;
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown,
An eaſie task it is to win our own.
Say, *Scroop*, where lyes our uncle with his power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſower.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye:
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay:
I play———

[c] And ſo your follies fight againſt your ſelf.

K. *Rich.* Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bolingbroke*, I come---
Say, *Scroop*, where lyes our uncle with his power?

Scroop. I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.
Your uncle *York* is join'd with *Bolingbroke*,
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. *Rich.* Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, couſin, which didſt lead me forth
Of that ſweet way I was in to deſpair.
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heav'n I'll hate him everlaſtingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-caſtle*, there I'll pine away;
A King, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That pow'r I have, diſcharge, and let 'em go
To † ear the land, that hath ſome hope to grow.
For I have none. Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

K. *Rich.* He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my followers: let them away,
From *Richard*'s night to *Bolingbroke*'s fair day. [*Exeunt.*

[c] *added from the ſame edition.*

† *ear*, or *are*; from *aro*, to *plow*.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Bolingbroke's *Camp.*

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, *and Attendants.*

Boling. SO that by this intelligence we learn
The *Welſhmen* are diſpers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends upon this coaſt.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord,
Richard not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beſeem the lord *Northumberland,*
To ſay King *Richard.* Ah, the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head!
North. Your grace miſtakes me; only to be brief
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief, to ſhorten you the head.
Boling. Miſtake not, uncle, farther than you ſhould.
York. Take not, good couſin, farther than you ſhould,
Leſt you miſtake; the heav'ns are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppoſe my ſelf
Againſt their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry;* what, will not this caſtle yield?
Percy. The caſtle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Againſt your entrance.

Boling.

Boling. Royally? why, it contains no King?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond lime and ſtone;
And with him lord *Aumerle*, lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, beſides a clergy-man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike it is the biſhop of *Carliſle.*
Boling. Noble lord, [*To* North.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient caſtle,
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry of *Bolingbroke* upon his knees
Doth kiſs King *Richard*'s hand, and ſends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal perſon:
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided, that my baniſhment repeal'd,
And lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted;
If not, I'll uſe th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhow'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd *Engliſhmen.*
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair King *Richard*'s land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignifie as much, while here we march
Upon the graſſie carpet of this plain;
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from this caſtle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King *Richard* and my ſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring ſmoak

At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n: *
March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

SCENE VI.

Parle without, and anſwer within; then a flouriſh. Enter on the walls, King Richard, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop *and* Salisbury.

See, ſee, King *Richard* doth himſelf appear
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſun,
From out the fiery portal of the Eaſt,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
York. Yet looks he like a King; behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty; alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow.
K. *Rich.* We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To* North.
Becauſe we thought our ſelf thy lawful King;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our ſtewardſhip.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our ſcepter,
Unleſs he do prophane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,

And

* —— cheeks of heav'n:
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, *&c.*

And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yond methinks he is)
That every ſtride he makes upon the land
Is dangerous treaſon; he is come to ope
The purple teſtament of bleeding war.
But ere the crown he looks for, live in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers ſons
Shall ill become the flow'r of *England*'s face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation, and bedew
Her paſtor's graſs with faithful *Engliſh* blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our lord the King
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon: no, thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry of *Bolingbroke*, doth kiſs thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he ſwears
That ſtands upon your royal grandſire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head)
And by the bury'd hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn, or ſaid,
His coming hither hath no farther ſcope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to ruſt;

His barbed ſteeds to ſtables; and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your Majeſty.
This ſwears he, as he is a Prince, is juſt;
And as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. *Rich.* *Northumberland*, ſay thus the King returns:
His noble couſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debaſe our ſelf, couſin, do we not, [*To* Aum.
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die?

Aum. No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle words,
'Till time lend friends, and friends their [f] helpful ſwords.

K. *Rich.* Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it off again,
With words of ſooth; oh that I were as great
As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. *Northumberland* comes back from *Bolingbroke*.

K. *Rich.* What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: muſt he loſe
The name of King? o'God's name let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;

My

[f] *hopeful.*

My figur'd goblets, for a diſh of wood;
My ſcepter, for a palmer's walking ſtaff;
My ſubjects, for a pair of carved ſaints,
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obſcure grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's highway;
Some way of common trade, where ſubject's feet
May hourly trample on their ſoveraign's head. *
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt, my tender-hearted couſin,
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears:
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſhedding tears?
As thus, to drop them ſtill upon one place,
'Till they have fretted us a pair of graves. *
Moſt mighty Prince, my lord *Northumberland*,
What ſays King *Bolingbroke?* will his Majeſty
Give *Richard* leave to live, 'till *Richard* die?
You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* ſays ay.

North. My lord, in the baſe court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you, may't pleaſe you to come down.

K. *Rich.* Down, down I come, like gliſt'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades. * *Boling.*

* ——— ſoveraign's head.
For on my heart they tread now, whilſt I live;
And bury'd once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, &c.

* ——— a pair of graves,
Within the earth; and therein laid, there lyes
Two kinſmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well? well, well, I ſee
I talk but idely, and you mock at me.
Moſt mighty Prince, &c.

* ——— of unruly jades.
In the baſe court? baſe court where Kings grow baſe,
To come at traitors calls, and do them grace.
In the baſe court come down? down court, down King,
For Night-owls ſhriek, where mounting Larks ſhould ſing.
Boling. What, &c.

Boling. What ſays his Majeſty?
North. Sorrow of heart
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantick man;
Yet he is come.
Boling. Stand all apart, and ſhow
Fair duty to his Majeſty.
My gracious lord----- [*Kneels.*
K. *Rich.* Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my un-pleas'd eye ſee your courteſie. *
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. *Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.
K. *Rich.* Well you deſerv'd: they well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes,
Tears ſhew their love, but want their remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt, what force will have us do.
Set on towards *London.* Couſin, is it ſo?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. *Rich.* Then I muſt not ſay no. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

* ——— your courteſie.
Up, couſin, up, your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.
Boling. My, &c.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

A Garden.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. WHAT ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs againſt the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy?

Lady. Of either, Madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether [g]had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat:
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll ſing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou haſt cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could [h]weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

[g] *bad.* [h] *ſing.*

(Let's

(Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees.
My wretchedneſs [i] ſuits with a row of pines.)

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

But ſtay, here come the gardeners;
They'll talk of State, for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a change; woe is fore-run with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

Gard. Go bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly children, make their Sire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too faſt growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our common-wealth:
All muſt be even in our government.
You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noiſom weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholſom flowers.

Serv. Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm ſtate?
When our ſea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her faireſt flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome herbs
Swarming with Caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd ſpring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of leaf;
The weeds that his broad-ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
(That ſeem'd in eating him, to hold him up,)
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;

I

[i] *unto.*

I mean the Earl of *Wiltſhire*, *Buſhy*, *Green*.
Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bolingbroke* hath ſeiz'd the waſteful King.
What pity is it, that he had not trimm'd
And dreſt his land; as we this garden [i] dreſs,
And wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Leſt being over proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelf;
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had born the crown,
Which waſte and idle hours have quite thrown down.
Serv. What, think you then, the King ſhall be depos'd?
Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters laſt night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings.
Queen. Oh I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking:
Thou *Adam*'s likeneſs, ſet to dreſs this garden,
How dares thy tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What *Eve*, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfal? ſay, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe theſe news; yet what I ſay is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold

[i] *garden at time of year.*

Of *Bolingbroke*; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lord's ſcale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Beſides himſelf are all the *Engliſh* peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Poſt you to *London*, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more, than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that know it? Oh thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
The ſorrow in my breaſt. Come ladies, go,
To meet at *London*, *London*'s King in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my ſad look,
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke!*
Gard'ner, for telling me theſe news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'ſt may never grow.

[*Ex. Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor Queen, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my skill were ſubject to thy curſe.
Here did ſhe drop a tear, here in this place
I'll ſet a bank of Rue, ſow'r *herb of grace*:
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen.

[*Ex. Gard. and Serv.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LONDON.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *Abbot of* Weſtminſter, *Herald, Officers, and* Bagot.

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL *Bagot* forth: now freely ſpeak thy mind,
What thou doſt know of noble *Glo'ſter*'s death?
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs end?

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the lord *Aumerle.*

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glo'ſter*'s death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the reſtful *Engliſh* court
As far as *Calais* to my uncle's head?
Amongſt much other talk, that very time,
I heard you ſay, you rather had refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England*; adding,
How bleſt this land would be in this your couſin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars,

On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my Gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou lieſt,
And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. *Bagot*, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath mov'd me ſo.

Fitzw. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine:
By that fair ſun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble *Glo'ſter*'s death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt,
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy heart
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. *Fitzwater*, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. *Aumerle*, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt:
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extreameſt point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe.
[a] Who ſets me elſe? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thouſand ſpirits in my breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.

Surrey.

[a] *Theſe three verſes are taken from the firſt Edition.*

Surrey. My lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.
Fitzw. My lord, 'tis true: you were in preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.
Surrey. As falſe, by heav'n, as heav'n it ſelf is true.
Fitzw. Surrey, thou lieſt.
Surrey. Diſhonourable boy,
That lie ſhall lye ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, reſt
In earth as quiet, as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the tryal, if thou dar'ſt.
Fitzw. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet *Surrey* in a wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolk* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at *Calais.*
Aum. Some honeſt chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolk* lies; here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.
Boling. Theſe Diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
'Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
And though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his ſeigniories; when he's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his tryal.
Carl. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.

Many

Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolk* fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorious chriſtian field
Streaming the enſign of the chriſtian croſs,
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His body to that pleaſant country's earth,
And his pure ſoul unto his captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.

Boling. Why, Biſhop, is *Norfolk* dead?

Carl. Sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſoul
To th' boſom of good *Abraham*-----Lords appealants,
Your diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
'Till we aſſign you to your days of tryal.

SCENE II.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaſter*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoul
Adopts thee heir, and his high ſcepter yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy royal hand.
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that name the Fourth.

Boling. In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne.

Carl. Marry, heav'n forbid.
Worſt in this royal preſence may I ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble preſence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard*; then true nobleneſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.

What

What ſubject can give ſentence on his King?
And who ſits here that is not *Richard*'s ſubject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them.
And ſhall the figure of God's majeſty,
His captain, ſteward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? oh, forbid it,
That in a chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd
Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeak to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeaks,
Stir'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford*'s King.
And if you crown him, let me propheſie,
The blood of *Engliſh* ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound.
Diſorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's ſculls.
Oh, if you rear this houſe, againſt [b] his houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth.
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt [c] children's children cry againſt you, woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here.
My lord of *Weſtminſter*, be it your charge,
To keep him ſafely till his day of tryal.

† May

[b] *this.* [c] *child, childs children.*

† May't pleaſe you, lords, to grant the commons ſuit?

Boling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer:
Little are we beholden to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

SCENE III.

Enter King Richard *and* York.

K. *Rich.* Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T'inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
Give ſorrow leave a-while, to [c] tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The favours of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, all hail to me?
So *Judas* did to *Chriſt:* but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none. *
To do what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majeſty did make thee offer:
The reſignation of thy ſtate and crown.

K. *Rich.* Give me the crown. Here couſin, ſeize the crown.
Here,

† *This Scene where* Richard *is introduced, from theſe words,* May't pleaſe you, lords, *&c. to the fourth ſcene of this act, is entirely added ſince the firſt edition.*

*——— in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the King: will no man ſay, *Amen.*
Am I both prieſt and clark? well then, *Amen.*
God ſave the King, although I be not he:
And yet *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.
To do what ſervice, *&c.*

[c] *return.*

Here, on this ſide my hand, on that ſide thine. *
Now, mark me how I will undo my ſelf;
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy ſcepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart,
With mine own tears I waſh away my [c]balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred ſtate,
With mine own breath releaſe all dutious oaths:
All pomp and Majeſty I do forſwear:
My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me,
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd. *

*——on that ſide thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unſeen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to reſign.
K. *Rich.* My crown I am, but ſtill my griefs are mine:
You may my glories, and my ſtate depoſe,
But not my griefs; ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. *Rich.* Your cares ſet up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care, is loſs of care, by old care done;
Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
Boling. Are you contented to reſign the crown?
K. *Rich.* I no; no I, for I muſt nothing be:
Therefore no no, for I reſign to thee.
Now, mark me, *&c.*
*——that haſt all atchiev'd;
Long may'ſt thou live in *Richard*'s ſeat to ſit,
And ſoon lye *Richard* in an earthy pit.
God ſave King *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſun-ſhine days.
What more, *&c.*

[c] *blame.*

What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profit of this land:
That by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. *Rich.* Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Oh *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? if thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,
Containing the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait my ſelf,
Though ſome of you with *Pilate* waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my ſow'r croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. *Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon my ſelf,
I find my ſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
T'undeck the pompous body of a King;
Made glory baſe; a ſoveraign, a ſlave;
Proud Majeſty, a ſubject; ſtate, a peaſant.

North. My lord.

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* No lord of thine, inſulting man;
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title;
No, not that name was giv'n me at the font,
But 'tis uſurp'd. Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn ſo many winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my ſelf.
Oh, that I were a mockery King of ſnow,
Standing before the ſun of *Bolingbroke*,
To melt my ſelf away in water-drops. *
Ah if my word be ſterling yet in *England*, [*To* Boling.
Let it command a mirror hither ſtreight,
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his Majeſty.

Boling. Go ſome of you and fetch a looking-glaſs.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glaſs doth come,

K. *Rich.* Fiend, thou torment'ſt me, ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord *Northumberland*.

North. The commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.

K. *Rich.* They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do ſee the very book indeed,
Where all my ſins are writ, and that's my ſelf.

Enter one with a glaſs.

Give me that glaſs, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath ſorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? oh flatt'ring glaſs,
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me. Was this face, the face
That every day under his houſhold-roof
Did keep ten thouſand men? was this the face,

* —— in water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
Ah if my, *&c.*

That like the ſun did make beholders wink? *
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face?

Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.

K. *Rich.* Say that again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow! ha, let's ſee,
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within,
And theſe external manners of laments
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul.
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair couſin.

K. *Rich.* Fair couſin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but ſubjects; being now a ſubject,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. *Rich.* And ſhall I have?

Boling. You ſhall.

K. *Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither.

K. *Rich.* Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſight.

Boling.

* —— beholders wink?
Is this the face, which fac'd ſo many follies,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke?*
A brittle glory ſhineth in this face,
As brittle as the glory, is the face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhivers.
Mark, ſilent King, the moral of this ſport,
How ſoon my ſorrow, *&c.*

Boling. Go ſome of you, convey him to the *Tower.* *
On *Wedneſday* next we ſolemnly ſet down
Our coronation: lords, prepare your ſelves.
[*Ex. all but Abbot, Biſhop of* Carliſle *and* Aumerle.

SCENE IV.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Biſhop. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the ſacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to ſupper, and I'll lay
A Plot ſhall ſhew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

* —— to the *Tower.*
K. *Rich.* Oh good; convey: conveyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true King's fall.
Boling. On *Wedneſday, &c.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues in London.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

QUEEN.

HIS way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Cæsar*'s ill-erected tow'r,
To whose flint bosom, my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud *Bolingbroke*.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard *and Guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
O thou the model where old *Troy* did stand, [*To K.* Rich.
Thou map of honour, thou King *Richard*'s tomb,
And not King *Richard*; thou most beauteous Inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. *Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hye thee to *France*,

And

And cloiſter thee in ſome religious houſe;
Our holy lives muſt win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have ſtricken down.

Queen. How, is my *Richard* both in ſhape and mind
Transform'd and weak? hath *Bolingbroke* depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lion dying thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpow'r'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiſs the rod,
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a Lion and a King of beaſts?

K. *Rich.* A King of beaſts indeed; if ought but beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good, † ſometime Queen, prepare thee hence for *France*;
Think I am dead, and that ev'n here thou tak'ſt,
As from my death-bed, my laſt living leave.
In winter's tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds. *

SCENE II.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang'd:

You

† *ſometime*, for *formerly*.

*——to their beds.
For why? the ſenſeleſs brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compaſſion weep the fire out:
And ſome will mourn in aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful King.

SCENE——

You muſt to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*.
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to *France*.

K. *Rich.* *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bolingbroke* aſcends my throne,
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin gath'ring head,
Shall break into corruption; thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he ſhall think, that thou which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' uſurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deſerved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end.
Take leave, and part, for you muſt part forthwith.

K. *Rich.* Doubly divorc'd? Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me:
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiſs the oath, 'twixt thee and me: [*To the Queen.*
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.
Part us, *Northumberland:* I, towards the North,
Where ſhiv'ring cold and ſickneſs pines the clime:
My Queen to *France*; from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet *May*,
Sent back like *Hollowmas*, or ſhorteſt day.

Queen. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?
Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.

North.

North. That were ſome love, but little policy. *

K. *Rich.* Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kiſs.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiſs again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.

K. *Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter York *and his Dutcheſs.*

Dutch. MY Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two couſins coming into *London.*

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands, from window tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richard*'s head.

York. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great *Bolingbroke*,
' Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
' Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,

* —— but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. *Rich.* So two together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in *France*; I for thee here:
Better far off; than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with ſighs, I mine with groans:
Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.
K. *Rich.* Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief:
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, *&c.*

‘ With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
‘ While all tongues cry'd, God ſave thee, *Bolingbroke.*
‘ You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
‘ So many greedy looks of young and old
‘ Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
‘ Upon his viſage; and that all the walls
‘ With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,
‘ *Jeſu* preſerve thee, welcome *Bolingbroke.*
‘ Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
‘ Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
‘ Beſpoke them thus; I thank you, country-men;
‘ And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch. Alas! poor *Richard*, where rides he the while?

York. ‘ As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
‘ After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
‘ Are idely bent on him that enters next,
‘ Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
‘ Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
‘ Did ſcowle on *Richard*; no man cry'd, God ſave him;
‘ No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
‘ But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head,
‘ Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
‘ His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
‘ The badges of his grief and patience;
‘ That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
‘ The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
‘ And barbariſm it ſelf have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To *Bolingbroke* are we ſworn ſubjects now,
Whoſe ſtate and honour, I for aye allow.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my ſon *Aumerle.*
York. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richard*'s friend.
And, Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty in the new-made King.
Dutch. Welcome my ſon; who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care:
God knows I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new ſpring of time,
Leſt you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from *Oxford?* hold thoſe juſts and triumphs?
Aum. For ought I know, they do.
York. You will be there.
Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpoſe ſo.
York. What ſeal is that that hangs without thy boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who ſees it.
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.
York. Which for ſome reaſons, Sir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear.
Dutch. What ſhould you fear, my Lord?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel, againſt the triumph.

York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you pardon me, I may not ſhew it.
York. I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon! villain, traitor, ſlave!
Dutch. What's the matter, my lord?
York. Hoa, who's within there? ſaddle my horſe.
Heav'n for his mercy! what treachery is here?
Dutch. Why, what is't, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I ſay; ſaddle my horſe.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Dutch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, fooliſh woman.
Dutch. I will not peace: what is the matter, ſon?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.
Dutch. Thy life anſwer!

SCENE V.

Enter Servant with boots.

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.
Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle.* (Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.)
Hence, villain, never more come in my ſight.
[*Speaking to the Servant.*
York. Give me my boots.
Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,

And

And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the ſacrament,
And interchangeably have ſet their hands,
To kill the King at *Oxford.*
Dutch. He ſhall be none:
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman: were he twenty times
My ſon, I would appeach him.
Dutch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful:
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon:
Sweet *York*, ſweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee, as a man may be,
Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*
Dutch. After, *Aumerle*, mount thee upon his horſe,
Spur poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as *York:*
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
'Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Changes to Oxford.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, *and other Lords.*

Boling. CAN no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?
'Tis full three months ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heav'n, my lords, he might be found.
Enquire at *London,* 'mongſt the taverns there:
For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe companions:
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And rob our watch, and beat our paſſengers,
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, ſome two days ſince I ſaw the Prince,
And told him of theſe triumphs held at *Oxford.*

Boling. And what ſaid the gallant?

Percy. His anſwer was; he would unto the ſtews,
And from the common'ſt creature pluck a glove
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt challenger.

Boling. As diſſolute as deſp'rate, yet through both
I ſee ſome ſparks of hope; which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our couſin, that he ſtares
And looks ſo wildly?

Aum.

Aum. God ſave your grace. I do beſeech your Majeſty
To have ſome conf'rence with your grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw your ſelves, and leave us here alone.
What is the matter with our couſin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unleſs a pardon, ere I riſe or ſpeak.
Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If but the firſt, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter 'till the tale be done.
Boling. Have thy deſire. [York *within.*
York. My Liege beware, look to thy ſelf,
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe.
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou haſt no cauſe to fear.
York. Open the door, ſecure fool-hardy King:
Shall I for love ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

SCENE VII.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? ſpeak, take breath:
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The reaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.
Aum. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.
York. Villain, it was, ere thy hand ſet it down.
I tore it from the traytor's boſom, King.

Fear,

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous ſon!
Thou clear, immaculate, and ſilver fountain,
From whence this ſtream, through muddy paſſages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelf.
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot, in thy digreſſing ſon.

York. So ſhall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour with his ſhame;
As thriftleſs ſons their ſcraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives, when his diſhonour dies:
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life, giving him breath,
The traytor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutcheſs within.*

Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for heav'ns ſake let me in.

Boling. What ſhrill-voic'd ſuppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door,
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before. *

Boling. My dang'rous couſin, let your mother in,
I know ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.

York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins for this forgiveneſs proſper may;
This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt is ſound;
This let alone, will all the reſt confound.

SCENE

* ——— begg'd before.
Boling. Our ſcene is alter'd from a ſerious thing.
And now chang'd to the beggar, and the King:
Boling. My dangerous couſin, *&c.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not it ſelf, none other can.
York. Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor rear?
Dutch. Sweet *York* be patient; hear me, gentle Liege.
[*Kneels.*
Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.
Dutch. Not yet, I thee beſeech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
'Till thou give joy, until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*
York. Againſt them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
[a] Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Dutch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes drop no tears, his prayers are in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide.
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel, 'till to the ground they grow.
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſie,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt ſtand up.
Dutch. Nay, do not ſay ſtand up,
But pardon firſt, [b] ſay afterwards ſtand up.

[a] *from the firſt edition.* [b] *and.*

And if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word 'till now:
Say Pardon, King, let pity teach thee how. *
Boling. Good aunt ſtand up.
Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as heav'n ſhall pardon me.
Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear; ſpeak it again:
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Dutch. A God on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our truſty brother-in-law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtreight ſhall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle help to order ſeveral powers
To *Oxford*, or where-e'er theſe traytors are. * [*Exeunt.*

*——teach thee how.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet,
No word like pardon, for Kings mouths ſo meet.
York. Speak it in *French*, King, ſay *Pardonnez moy.*
Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon, pardon to deſtroy?
Ah my ſow'r husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That ſet'ſt the word it ſelf, againſt the word.
Speak pardon as 'tis currant in our land,
The chopping *French* we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there:
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearſe.
Boling. Good aunt, *&c.*

*——traytors are.
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle farewel, and couſin adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Dutch. Come my old ſon, I pray heav'n make thee new.
SCENE, *&c.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Exton *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the King, what words he ſpake?
" Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not ſo?
Serv. Thoſe were his very words.
Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he; he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhall ſay, I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret.* Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

A Priſon at Pomfret *Caſtle.*

Enter King Richard.

' I Have been ſtudying, how to compare
' This priſon where I live, unto the world;
' And, for becauſe the world is populous,
' And here is not a creature but my ſelf,
' I cannot do it, yet I'll hammer on't.
' My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul,
' My ſoul, the father; and theſe two beget
' A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts;
' And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world;
' In humour, like the people of this world,

' For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
(As thoughts of things divine,) are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the [d] word it ſelf
Againſt the [e] word; as thus; *Come little ones*; and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon-walls:
And for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelves,
' That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
' And ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly beggars,
' Who ſitting in the ſtocks, refuge their ſhame
' That many have, and others muſt ſit there;
' And in this thought, they find a kind of eaſe,
' Bearing their own misfortune on the back
' Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
' Thus play I in one priſon, many people,
' And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
' Then treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelf a beggar,
' And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury
' Perſwades me, I was better when a King;
' Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
' Think that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
' And ſtreight am nothing-----but what-e'er I am,
' Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
' With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd
' With being nothing-----Muſic do I hear? [*Muſic.*
Ha, ha; keep time: how ſow'r ſweet muſic is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So is it in the muſic of men's lives.

And

[d] *faith.* [e] *faith.*

And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To [f]check time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring;
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath time made me his numbring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar,
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch;
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſounds that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; ſo ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, hours, and times----O but my time
Runs poſting on, in *Bolingbroke*'s proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jack o'th' clock.
This muſic mads me, let it ſound no more;
For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
In me it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet bleſſing on his heart that gives it me,
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to *Richard*
Is a ſtrange †brooch, in this all-hating world.

SCENE XI.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince. *

K. *Rich.* What art? how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom.

[f] *hear.* † *Brooch*, an old word ſignifying a *Jewel.*

*——— royal Prince.
K. *Rich.* Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us, is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how com'ſt, &c.

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling tow'rds *York*,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my, † ſometime, maſter's face.
O how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld
In *London* ſtreets, that coronation day;
When *Bolingbroke* rode on Roan Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd.

K. *Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as he had diſdain'd the ground.

K. *Rich.* So proud that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe,
And yet I bear a burthen like an aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jaunting *Bolingbroke*.

SCENE XII.

Enter Keeper with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. *Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay.
[*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. *Rich.*

† *ſometime*, for *formerly*.

K. *Rich.* Taſte of it firſt, as thou wert wont to do.
Keep. My lord, I dare not; for Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*,
Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.
K. *Rich.* The Dev'l take *Henry* of *Lancaſter*, and thee.
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*
Keep. Help, help, help.

Enter Exton *and Servants.*

K. *Rich.* How now? what means death in this rude aſſault?
Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's inſtrument;
[*Snatching a Sword.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*
[Exton *ſtrikes him down.*
That hand ſhall burn in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon: thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood ſtain'd the King's own land.
Mount, mount my ſoul, thy ſeat is up on high,
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*
Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood,
Both have I ſpilt: Oh would the deed were good!
For now the devil that told me I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

SCENE changes.

Flouriſh: Enter Bolingbroke, York, *with other Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. KInd uncle *York*, the lateſt news we hear,
Is that the rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our town of *Ciceſter* in *Glouceſterſhire*;

But

But whether they be ta'en or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. Firſt to thy ſacred ſtate wiſh I all happineſs;
The next news is, I have to *London* ſent
The heads of *Sal'sbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt* and *Kent:*
The manner of their taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this paper here. [*Preſenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitzw. My lord, I have from *Oxford* ſent to *London*
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traytors,
That ſought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, *Fitz-water*, ſhall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy *and the Biſhop of* Carliſle.

Percy. The grand conſpirator *Abbot* of *Weſtminſter*,
With clog of conſcience, and ſour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is *Carliſle*, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.

Boling. Carliſle, this is your doom:
Chuſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend room
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy life;
So as thou liv'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife.
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of honour in thee I have ſeen.

Enter

Enter Exton *with a coffin.*

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I preſent
Thy bury'd fear. Herein all breathleſs lyes
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of *Bourdeaux*, by me hither brought.

Boling. *Exton* I thank thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A deed of ſlaughter with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poiſon, that do poiſon need;
Nor do I thee, though I did wiſh him dead;
I hate the murth'rer, love him murthered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day, or light.
Lords, I proteſt my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen black incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely bier. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE and *DEATH*

OF

HENRY *Sirnam'd* HOT-SPUR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*

Henry, *Prince of* Wales,
John, *Prince of* Lancaſter, } *Sons to the King.*

Worceſter,
Northumberland
Hot-ſpur,
Mortimer,
Archbiſhop of York,
Dowglas,
Owen Glendower,
Sir Richard Vernon,
Sir Michell, } *Enemies to the King.*

Weſtmorland,
Sir Walter Blunt, } *of the King's Party.*

Sir John Falſtaff.

Poins,
Gads-hill,
Peto,
Bardolph, } *Companions of* Falſtaff.

Lady Percy, *Wife to* Hot-ſpur.
Lady Mortimer, *Daughter to* Glendower, *and Wife to* Mortimer.
Hoſteſs.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *ENGLAND.*

The

The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LONDON.

Enter King Henry, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *and others.*

King HENRY.

O ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds afar remote.
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil
Shall [a] dawb her lips with her own children's blood:
No more ſhall trenching War channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed eyes
Which like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beſeeming ranks

March

[a] *damp.*

March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
(Whoſe ſoldier now, under whoſe bleſſed croſs
We are impreſſed, and engag'd to fight)
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we levy;
Whoſe arms were moulded in their mother's womb,
To chaſe theſe pagans, in thoſe holy fields
Over whoſe acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a twelvemonth old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear,
Of you my gentle couſin *Weſtmorland*,
What yeſternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet down
But yeſternight: when all athwart there came
A poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heavy news;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordſhire* to fight
Againſt th' irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that *Welſhman* taken;
A thouſand of his people butchered,
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
By thoſe *Welſhwomen* done, as may not be
Without much ſhame, [b] re-told or ſpoken of.

K. *Henry.* It ſeems then, that the tidings of this broil

Brake

[b] *be told.*

Brake off our buſineſs for the holy land.

Weſt. This, matcht with other like, my gracious lord;
Far more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did [c] import.
On holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot-ſpur* there
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* ſpent a ſad and bloody hour.
As by diſcharge of their artillery
And ſhape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.

K. *Henry.* Here is a dear and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this ſeat of ours:
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon*'s plains. Of priſoners, *Hot-ſpur* took
Mordake the Earl of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſon
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earls of *Athol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable ſpoil?
A gallant prize? ha, couſin, is it not?

Weſt. In faith, a conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

K. *Henry.* Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin,
In envy, that my lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon;
A ſon, who is the theam of honour's tongue:
Amongſt a grove, the very ſtreighteſt plant,

Who

[c] *report.*

Who is ſweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilſt I by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd,
That ſome night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd
In cradle cloaths, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you couſin,
Of this young *Percy*'s pride? the priſoners
Which he in this adventure hath ſurpriz'd,
To his own uſe he keeps, and ſends me word
I ſhall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

Weſt. This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Worceſter*,
Malevolent to you in all aſpects;
Which makes him prune himſelf, and briſtle up
The creſt of youth againſt your dignity.

K. *Henry*. But I have ſent for him to anſwer this;
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to *Jeruſalem*.
Couſin, on *Wedneſday* next, our council we
Will hold at *Windſor*, ſo inform the lords:
But come your ſelf with ſpeed to us again;
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

Weſt. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

Enter Henry *Prince of* Wales, *and Sir* John Falſtaff.

Fal. NOW *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad?

P. *Henry*. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches

benches in the afternoon, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would'ſt truly know. What a devil haſt thou to do with the time of the day? unleſs hours were cups of ſack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the ſigns of leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed Sun himſelf a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata. I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhould'ſt be ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal.* For we that take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring knight ſo fair. And I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art King---- as God ſave thy grace, (Majeſty I ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt have none.) -----

P. *Henry.* What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. *Henry.* Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are ſquires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be *Diana*'s foreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moon; and let men ſay, we be men of good government, being governed as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſt miſtreſs the Moon, under whoſe countenance we---ſteal.

P. *Henry.* Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the ſea, being govern'd as the ſea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now: a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on *Monday* night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on *Tueſday* morning; got with ſwearing, [d] *lay by*; and ſpent with crying, *bring in:* now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the [e] ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord thou ſay'ſt true, lad: and is not mine hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench?

[d] *laid by.* [e] *tide.*

P. *Henry.* As the honey of *Hibla*, my old lad of the caſtle; and is not a buff-jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now mad wag, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. *Henry.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my hoſteſs of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. *Henry.* Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. *Henry.* Yea and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch, and where it would not I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent------- But I pr'ythee ſweet wag, ſhall there be gallows ſtanding in *England* when thou art King? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. *Henry.* No; thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave judge.

P. *Henry.* Thou judgeſt falſe already; I mean thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. *Henry.* For obtaining of ſuits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. *Henry.* Or an old Lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnſhire* bagpipe.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal.

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimiles, and art indeed the moſt comparative, raſcalleſt, ſweet young Prince------But *Hal*, I pr'ythee trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

P. *Henry.* [f]Thou didſt well, for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreet, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over by the lord; an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's ſon in chriſtendom.

P. *Henry.* Where ſhall we take a purſe to-morrow, *Jack?*

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. *Henry.* I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purſe-taking.

Fal. Why *Hal*, 'tis my vocation, *Hal.* 'Tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation.

SCENE III.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Now ſhall we know if *Gads-hill* have ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, ſtand, to a true man.

P. *Henry.* Good morrow, *Ned.*

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet *Hal.* What ſays Monſieur remorſe?

[f] *Thou did'ſt well, for no man regards it.*

morſe? what ſays Sir *John* ſack and ſugar? *Jack!* how agree the devil and thou about thy ſoul, that thou ſoldeſt him on *Good Friday* laſt, for a cup of *Madera*, and a cold capon's leg?

P. *Henry*. Sir *John* ſtands to his word, the devil ſhall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; *He will give the devil his due*.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. *Henry*. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four a clock early at *Gads-hill*; there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purſes. I have vizards for you all; you have horſes for your ſelves: *Gads-hill* lies to-night in *Rocheſter*, I have beſpoke ſupper to-morrow in *Eaſt-cheap*; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: if you will go, I will ſtuff your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

P. *Henry*. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee; thou cam'ſt not of the blood-royal, if thou dar'ſt not cry, ſtand, for ten ſhillings.

P. *Henry*. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. *Henry*. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

P. *Henry*. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I pr'ythee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the ſpirit of perſuaſion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeak'ſt may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may, for recreation ſake, prove a falſe thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance. Farewel, you ſhall find me in *Eaſt-cheap.*

P. *Henry.* Farewel [g] thou latter ſpring. Farewel allhallown ſummer. [*Exit* Fal.

Poins. Now, my good ſweet hony lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falſtaff, Harvey, Roſſil,* and *Gads-hill,* ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; your ſelf and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

P. *Henry.* But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poins. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themſelves, which they ſhall have no ſooner atchiev'd, but we'll ſet upon them.

P. *Henry.* Ay but 'tis like that they will know us by our horſes, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be our ſelves.

Poins. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, I'll tye them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and ſirrah, I have caſes of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. *Henry.* But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he ſees reaſon, I'll forſwear arms. The virtue of this jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this ſame fat rogue will tell us when we meet at ſupper; how thirty at leaſt he

[g] *the.*

he fought with, what [h]wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this, lies the jeſt.

P. *Henry.* Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to-morrow night in *Eaſt-cheap*, there I'll ſup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord. [*Exit* Poins.

P. *Henry.* I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs;
Yet herein will I imitate the ſun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world;
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My reformation glittering o'er my fault
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no [i]foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE

[h] *words.* [i] *foil.*

SCENE IV.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hot-ſpur, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and others.*

K. *Henry.* MY blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities;
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been ſmooth as oyl, ſoft as young down,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe, my ſoveraign Liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſs to be uſe'd on it,
And that ſame greatneſs too, which our own hands
Have help'd to make ſo portly.

North. My good lord---

K. *Henry.* *Worceſter* get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O Sir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Majeſty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſervant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you. [*Exit* Worceſter.
You were about to ſpeak. [*To* Northumberland.

North. Yes, my good lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your highneſs' name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch ſtrength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majeſty.

[k] Or envy therefore, or miſpriſion,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſon.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extream toil,
Breathleſs, and faint, leaning upon my ſword;
' Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd:
' Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin new-reap'd
' Shew'd like a ſtubble land at harveſt home.
' He was perfumed like a milliner,
' And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
' A pouncet box, which ever and anon
' He gave his noſe: * and ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd;
' And as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
' He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
' To bring a ſlovenly, unhandſome coarſe
' Betwixt the wind, and his nobility.
' With many holiday and lady terms
' He queſtion'd me: among the reſt, demanded
' My priſoners, in your Majeſty's behalf.
' I, then all-ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
' To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
' Out of my grief, and my impatience,
' Anſwer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
' He ſhould or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
' To ſee him ſhine ſo brisk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
' And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman,
' Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God ſave the mark!)
' And telling me, the ſoveraign'ſt thing on earth
' Was Parmacity, for an inward bruiſe;

' And

[k] *Whoever through envy or miſpriſion*
Was guilty of this fault, 'twas not my ſon.

*——noſe, and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff.——And ſtill he ſmil'd, &c.*

' And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
' This villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
' Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
' Which many a good, tall fellow had deſtroy'd
' So cowardly: And but for theſe vile guns,
' He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid;
And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majeſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my lord,
Whatever *Harry Percy* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.

K. *Henry.* Why yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with proviſo and exception,
That we at our own charge ſhall ranſom ſtrait
His brother-in-law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who, on my ſoul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of thoſe, that he did lead to fight,
Againſt the great magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
Whoſe daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and † indent with fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No; on the barren mountains let him ſtarve;
For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,

† *indent*, for *article*, *bargain*.

Whoſe tongue ſhall ask me for one penny coſt
To ranſom home revolted *Mortimer.*
Hot. Revolted *Mortimer?*
He never did fall off, my ſoveraign Liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn*'s ſedgie bank,
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower:*
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of ſwift *Severn*'s flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his criſp'd head in the hollow bank,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
Never did baſe and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive ſo many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be ſlander'd with revolt.
K. *Henry.* Thou doſt belie him, *Percy*, thou belieſt him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
He durſt as well have met the devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art not aſham'd? but, ſirrah, from this hour
Let me not hear you ſpeak of *Mortimer.*
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe you. Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſon.
Send us your priſoners, or you'll hear of it. [*Exit K.* Henry.

Hot.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them. I will after ſtrait,
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worceſter.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer?*
Yes, I will ſpeak of him, and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all theſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood drop by drop in duſt,
But I will lift the downfall'n *Mortimer*
As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bolingbroke.*

North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.
[*To* Worceſter.

Wor. Who ſtrook this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forſooth, have all my priſoners:
And when I urg'd the ranſom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling ev'n at the name of *Mortimer.*

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in us, God pardon) did ſet forth
Upon his *Iriſh* expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murthered.

Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the world's wide mouth

Live ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.

Hot. But ſoft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; my ſelf did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his couſin King,
That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his ſake wear the deteſted blot
Of murd'rous [1]ſubornation? ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the agents or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle King.
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Ingag'd them both in an unjuſt behalf;
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done,)
To put down *Richard*, that ſweet lovely roſe,
And plant this thorn, this canker *Bolingbroke?*
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd honours, and reſtore your ſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the debt he owes unto you,

Ev'n

[1] *ſubordinations.*

Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay-----
Wor. Peace, couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick[m]conceiving diſcontents,
I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,
On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſink or ſwim:
Send Danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So Honour croſs it from the north to ſouth;
And let them grapple. O! the blood more ſtirs
To rouze a Lion, than to ſtart a Hare.
North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heav'n, methinks it were an eaſie leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where ſadom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without co-rival, all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.
Good couſin give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots*
That are your priſoners-----
Hot. I'll keep them all.
By heav'n, he ſhall not have a *Scot* of them:
No, if a *Scot* would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not,

I'll

[m] *conveying.*

I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes.
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep.
Hot. I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſom *Mortimer:*
Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of *Mortimer:*
But I will find him when he lyes aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer!*
Nay, I will have a Starling taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Hear you, couſin: a word.
Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke:*
And that ſame ſword-and-buckler-Prince of *Wales*,
(But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,)
I'd have him poiſon'd with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewel, my kinſman; I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why what a waſp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?
Hot. Why look you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile politician *Bolingbroke:*
In *Richard*'s time-----what do ye call the place?-----
A plague upon't-----it is in *Glo'ſterſhire*-----
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept----
His uncle *York*----where I firſt bow'd my knee
Unto this King of ſmiles, this *Bolingbroke:*
When you and he came back from *Ravenſpurg.*

North.

North. At *Barkley* caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true:
Why what a deal of [n] candied courteſie
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, when his *infant fortune came to age,*-----
And *gentle Harry Percy*-----and *kind couſin*----
The devil take ſuch cozeners-----God forgive me-----
Good uncle tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'll ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I have done, i' faith.
Wor. Then once more to your *Scottiſh* priſoners.
Deliver them without their ranſom ſtrait,
And make the *Dowglas'* ſon your only mean
For pow'rs in *Scotland*; which for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted. You, my lord,
Your ſon in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall ſecretly into the boſom creep
Of that ſame noble prelate, well belov'd,
Th' Arch-biſhop.
Hot. York, is't not?
Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at *Briſtol,* the lord *Scroop.*
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet down,
And only ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: on my life it will do well.
North. Before the game's a-foot, thou ſtill lett'ſt ſlip.
Hot. It cannot chuſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland,* and of *York*

To

[n] *gaudy.*

To join with *Mortimer*; ha!
Wor. So they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For bear our ſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we deem our ſelves unſatisfy'd
'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewel. No further go in this
Than I by letters ſhall direct your courſe;
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly,
I'll ſteal to *Glendower*, and lord *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our pow'rs at once,
(As I will faſhion it) ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewel, good brother; we ſhall thrive, I truſt.
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the hours be ſhort,
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An INNE.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1 CARRIER.

HEIGH ho, an't be not four by the day I'll be hang'd. *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What, oſtler?

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee *Tom*, beat *Cutts'* ſaddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers, out of all ceſs.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beans are as † dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this houſe is turn'd upſide down, ſince *Robin* Oſtler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd ſince the price of oats roſe, it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the moſt villainous houſe in all *London* road for fleas: I am ſtung like a Tench.

1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by th' Maſs there's ne'er a King in Chriſtendom could be better bit, than I have been ſince the firſt cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney: and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a Loach.

1 *Car.* What, oſtler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Croſs*.

† *dank*, i. e. *wet and rotten.*

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody, the Turkies in my panniers are quite ſtarv'd. What oſtler? a plague on thee; haſt thou never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? an 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's a clock?

Car. I think it be two a clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thy lanthorn, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay, ſoft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canſt tell? lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a! marry I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London?*

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Ex. Carriers.*

SCENE II.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What ho, chamberlain?

Chamb. At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot how.

Chamb. Good-morrow maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him

him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper; a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what: they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with † St. *Nicholas'* clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee keep that for the hangman, for I know thou worſhipp'ſt St. *Nicholas* as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'ſt he's no ſtarveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for ſport-ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace; that would, if matters ſhould be look'd into, for their own credit-ſake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-ſtaff-ſix-penny-ſtrikers, none of thoſe mad Muſtachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquility; burgomaſters, and great † one-eyers, ſuch as can hold in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than drink; and drink ſooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their ſaint the common-wealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Chamb. What, the common-wealth their boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteal, as in a caſtle, cock-ſure; we have the receipt of Fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the Fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

† *A cant-word for the devil,* old nick.

† *Perhaps,* Oneraires, *Truſtees or Commiſſioners.*

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe thief.

Gads. Go to, *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the oſtler bring my gelding out of the ſtable. Farewel, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Highway.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins *and* Peto.

Poins. COME, ſhelter, ſhelter; I have removed *Falſtaff*'s horſe, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. *Henry.* Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Poins, Poins, and be hang'd, *Poins!*

P. *Henry.* Peace ye fat-kidney'd raſcal, what a bawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins? Hal.*

P. *Henry.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that thief's company: the raſcal hath remov'd my horſe, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the ſquare further afoot, I ſhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forſworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the raſcal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd, it could not be elſe; I have drunk medicines. *Poins! Hal!* a plague upon you both. *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll ſtarve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chew'd

chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three-ſcore and ten miles afoot with me; and the ſtony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whiſtle.*] Whew, a plague upon you all. Give me my horſe; you rogues, give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* Peace ye fat guts, lye down, lay thine ear cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou canſt hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. *Henry.* Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horſe, good King's ſon.

P. *Henry.* Out you rogue, ſhall I be your oſtler?

Fal. Go hang thy ſelf in thy own heir-apparent garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; an I have not ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon; when a jeſt is ſo forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill *and* Bardolph.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do againſt my will.

Poins. O 'tis our ſetter, I know his voice:
Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your vizards; there's money of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* You four ſhall front them in the narrow lane: *Ned*

Poins

Poins and I will walk lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us?

P. *Henry.* What, a coward, Sir *John Paunch?*

Fal. Indeed I am not *John* of *Gaunt*, your grandfather; but yet no coward, *Hal.*

P. *Henry.* Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge, when thou need'ſt him, there ſhalt thou find him; farewel, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* *Ned*, where are our diſguiſes?

Poins. Here hard by: ſtand cloſe.

Fal. Now my maſters, happy man be his dole ſay I; every man to his buſineſs.

SCENE IV.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill: we'll walk a foot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jeſu bleſs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains throats; ah! whorſon caterpillars; bacon-fed knaves, they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your ſtore were here. On bacons, on! what ye knaves? young men muſt live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye i' faith.

[*Here they rob and bind them: Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* The thieves have bound the true-men: now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jeſt for ever.

Poins. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day; an the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no more valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. *Henry.* Your mony.

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are ſharing, the Prince and* Poins *ſet upon them. They all run away, and* Falſtaff *after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. *Henry.* Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe:
The thieves are ſcatter'd, and poſſeſt with fear
So ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good *Ned.* Now *Falſtaff* ſweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Lord Percy's *Houſe.*

Enter Hot-ſpur *ſolus, reading a letter.*

BUT for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear your houſe. He could be

be contented to be there; why is he not then? *in respect of the love he bears our house:* he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of *York* commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and my self, Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower?* Is there not besides, the *Dowglas?* have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this? an infidel. Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate!* I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For

For what offence have I this fortnight been
A baniſh'd woman from my *Harry*'s bed?
Tell me, ſweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep?
Why doſt thou bend thy eyes upon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitt'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks?
And given my treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curſt melancholy?
In thy faint ſlumbers I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed;
Cry, courage! to the field! and thou haſt talk'd
Of ſallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of paliſadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of baſilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of priſoners ranſom, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtir'd thee in thy ſleep,
That beads of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſtream:
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath,
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O what portents are theſe?
Some heavy buſineſs hath my lord in hand,
And I muſt know it; elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe horſes from the Sheriff?

Serv. One horſe, my lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hot. What horſe? a roan, a crop ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.
Hot. That roan ſhall be my throne.
Well, I will back him ſtrait. O *Eſperance!*
Bid *Butler* lead him forth into the park.
Lady. But hear, you, my lord.
Lady. What ſay'ſt thou, my lady?
Hot. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horſe, my love, my horſe.
Lady. Out you mad-headed ape! A weazel hath not
Such a deal of ſpleen as you are toſt with.
In faith I'll know your buſineſs, that I will.
I fear my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir
About his title, and hath ſent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go-----
Hot. ----So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me
Directly to this queſtion, I ſhall ask.
I'll break thy little finger, *Harry*,
If thou wilt not tell me true.
Hot. Away, away, you trifler: love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no world
To play with † mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We muſt have bloody noſes, and crack'd crowns,
And paſs them currant too-----gods me! my horſe.
What ſay'ſt thou, *Kate?* what wouldſt thou have with me?
Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not then. For ſince you love me not,
I will not love my ſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you ſpeak in jeſt or no?
Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe-back, I will ſwear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me,

Whither

† *Mammets.* i. e. *girls.*

Whither I go; nor reaſon where about.
Whither I muſt, I muſt; and to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe
Than *Harry Percy*'s wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman; and for ſecreſie,
No lady cloſer. For I will believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know,
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To-day will I ſet forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, *Kate?*

Lady. It muſt of force. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VII.

The Tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry*. NED, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where haſt been, *Hal?*

P. *Henry*. With three or four loggerheads, amongſt three or fourſcore hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of drawers, and can call them by their Chriſten names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their [a] conſcience that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of courteſie; telling me flatly, I am no proud *Jack*, like *Jack Falſtaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettle, a good boy: and when I am King of *England*, I ſhall command all the good lads in *Eaſt-cheap*. They

[a] *confidence*.

call drinking deep, dying ſcarlet; and when you [b] breathe in your watring, they cry hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but ſweet *Ned*, (to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this pennyworth of ſugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under skinker, one that never ſpake other *Engliſh* in his life, then *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and *You are welcome Sir:* with this ſhrill addition, *Anon Sir, anon Sir; Score a pint of baſtard in the half moon*, or ſo.) But *Ned*, to drive away time 'till *Falſtaff* come, I pr'ythee do thou ſtand in ſome bye-room, while I queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the ſugar? and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon.* Step aſide, and I'll ſhew thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis.

P. *Henry.* Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Francis *the drawer.*

Fran. Anon, anon Sir; look down into the pomgranet, *Ralph.*

P. *Henry.* Come hither, *Francis.*

Fran. My lord.

P. *Henry.* How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis?*

Fran. Forſooth, five years, and as much as to-----

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* Five years; by'rlady, a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter. But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it? *Fran.*

[b] *break.*

Fran. O lord, Sir, I'll be ſworn upon all the books in *England*, I could find in my heart-----

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* How old art thou, *Francis?*

Fran. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be-----

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon Sir; pray you ſtay a little, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Nay, but hark you *Francis*, for the ſugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, I would it had been two.

P. *Henry.* I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. *Henry.* Anon, *Francis?* no, *Francis*, but to-morrow *Francis*; or *Francis*, on *Thurſday*; or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt. But *Francis.*

Fran. My lord.

P. *Henry.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, chriſtal-button, [c] knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, caddice-garter, ſmooth tongue, *Spaniſh*-pouch.

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. *Henry.* Why then your brown baſtard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white canvas doublet will ſully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis?

P. *Henry.* Away you rogue, doſt thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call, the drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? Look

[c] *not-pated.*

Look to the guests within. My lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; shall I let them in?

P. *Henry*. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. *Poins*.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry*. Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. *Henry*. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this present twelve a clock at midnight. What's a clock, *Francis*?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry*. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a Parrot, and yet the son of a Woman. His industry is up stairs and down stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy*'s mind, the hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, washes his hands and says to his wife, fie upon this quiet life, I want work. O my sweet *Harry*, says she, how many hast thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horse a drench, says he, and answers, some fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee call in *Falstaff*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rivo*, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

SCENE IX.

Enter Falstaff.

Poins. Welome *Jack*, where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry

marry and *Amen*. Give me a cup of ſack, boy---Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſow nether ſocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards. Give me a cup of ſack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. *Henry*. Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſs a diſh of butter? pitiful-hearted *Titan*, that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſun? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this ſack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villainous coward-----Go thy ways old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there live not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the while, a bad world I ſay. I would I were a weaver, I could ſing pſalms, and all manner of ſongs. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill.

P. *Henry*. How now *Woolſack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's ſon? if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy ſubjects afore thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales*?

P. *Henry*. Why you whorſon round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. *Henry*. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll ſee thee damn'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtrait enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon ſuch backing; give me them that will face me---Give me a cup of ſack, I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. *Henry*. O villain, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*
A plague of all cowards, ſtill, ſay I.

P. *Henry.* What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. *Henry.* Where is it, *Jack?* where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. *Henry.* What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcap'd by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *eccę ſignum.* I never dealt better ſince I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards-----let them ſpeak; if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are villains and the ſons of darkneſs.

P. *Henry.* Speak Sirs, how was it?

† *Gads.* We four ſet upon ſome dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at leaſt, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a *Jew* elſe, an *Ebrew Jew.*

Gads. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us.

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then came in the other.

P. *Henry.* What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all? but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heav'n, you have not murthered ſome of them.

Fal.

† *In the old edition* Roſſel *ſpeaks here, and not* Gads-hill.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am ſure I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe; thou know'ſt my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. *Henry.* What, four? thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me; I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. *Henry.* Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

Fal. Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe.

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee let him alone, we ſhall have more anon.

Fal. Doſt thou hear me, *Hal?*

P. *Henry.* Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack.*

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to: theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of-----

P. *Henry.* So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken-----

Poins. Down fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. *Henry.* O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three miſ-begotten knaves in *Kendal* green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was ſo dark, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.)

P. *Henry.* Theſe lies are like the father that begets them, groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd

guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whorſon obſcene greaſie tallow-catch---

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. *Henry.* Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in *Kendal* green, when it was ſo dark, thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? come tell us your reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reaſon, *Jack*, your reaſon.

Fal. What, upon compulſion? no; were I at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion! if reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion: I?

P. *Henry.* I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſeback-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Fal. Away you ſtarveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's-pizzel, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to utter! What is like thee? You taylor's yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck.

P. *Henry.* Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou haſt tir'd thy ſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this.

Poins. Mark, *Jack.*

P. *Henry.* We two ſaw you four ſet on four, you bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two ſet on you four, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe. And *Falſtaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight. What trick? what device?

vice? what ſtarting hole, canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poins. Come, let's hear *Jack:* what trick haſt thou now?

Fal. By the lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye, my maſters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct: I ſhall think the better of my ſelf, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the mony. Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a play *extempore?*

P. *Henry.* Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, *Hal*, if thou loveſt me.

SCENE X.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! my lord the Prince!

P. *Henry.* How now, my lady the hoſteſs, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would ſpeak with you; he ſays he comes from your father.

P. *Henry.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſt. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee do, *Jack.*

Fal. Faith and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. *Henry.* Now Sirs, by'r lady you fought fair; ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardolph:* you are Lions too, you ran away upon inſtinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. *Henry.* Tell me now in earneſt; how came *Falſtaff*'s ſword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perſuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs, to make them bleed, and then beſlubber our garments with it, and ſwear it was the blood of true men. I did that, I did not theſe ſeven years before, I bluſh'd to hear his monſtrous devices.

P. *Henry.* O villain, thou ſtolleſt a cup of ſack eighteen years ago, and wert taken in the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſh'd *extempore*; thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranneſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations?

P. *Henry.* I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. *Henry.* Hot livers, and cold purſes.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. *Henry.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

SCENE XI.

Enter Falſtaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweet creature of bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Jack*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thy own knee?

Fal.

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's talon in the waſte, I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of ſighing and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir *John Braby* from your father; you muſt go to the court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the north, *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the devil his true Liege-man upon the croſs of a *Welſh*-hook: what a plague call you him------

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. Owen, *Owen*; the ſame, and his ſon-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horſeback up a hill perpendicular ------

P. *Henry.* He that rides at high ſpeed, and with a piſtol kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. *Henry.* So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that raſcal hath good mettle in him, he will not run.

P. *Henry.* Why, what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſeback, ye cuckow, but afoot he will not budge a foot.

P. *Henry.* Yes, *Jack*, upon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon inſtinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blue-caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtoln away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as ſtinking mackerel.

P. *Henry.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot [c] *June*, and this civil buffeting hold, we ſhall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the maſs, lad, thou ſay'ſt true, it is like we ſhall have good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three

[c] *ſun.*

three ſuch enemies again as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower?* art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. *Henry.* Not a whit i'faith, I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'ſt to thy father: if thou do love me, practiſe an anſwer.

P. *Henry.* Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair ſhall be my ſtate, this dagger my ſcepter, and this cuſhion my crown.

P. *Henry.* Thy ſtate is taken for a joint-ſtool, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved----- Give me a cup of ſack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, and I will do it in King *Cambyſes'* vein.

P. *Henry.* Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech---- Stand aſide nobility----

Hoſt. This is excellent ſport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, ſweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hoſt. O the father! how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For God's ſake, lords, convey my triſtful Queen,
For tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hoſt. O rare, he doth it as like one of thoſe harlotry players, as I ever ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace good tickle-brain------- 'Harry, I do not only marvel, where thou ſpendeſt thy time; 'but alſo, how thou art accompany'd: for though the camo-'mil, the more it is trodden on, the faſter it grows: yet youth, 'the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. Thou art my ſon; 'I have partly thy mother's word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, 'a villainous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy

'nether

'nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſon to me, 'here lyeth the point; why, being ſon to me, art thou ſo 'pointed at? Shall the bleſſed Son of heav'n prove a † micher, 'and eat black-berries? a queſtion not to be ask'd. Shall the 'ſon of *England* prove a thief, and take purſes? a queſtion to 'be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often 'heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name 'of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth de-'file; ſo doth the company thou keep'ſt; for *Harry*, now do 'I not ſpeak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleaſure, but 'in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes alſo; and yet there 'is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, 'but I know not his name.

P. *Henry*. What manner of man, an it like your Majeſty?

'*Fal*. A goodly portly man i'faith, and a corpulent; of a 'chearful look, a pleaſing eye, and a moſt noble carriage; and 'as I think, his age ſome fifty, or, by'rlady, inclining to three-'ſcore; and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaff*: if that 'man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives me; for *Harry*, I 'ſee virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the 'fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeak it, 'there is virtue in that *Falſtaff*; him keep with, the reſt baniſh. 'And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt 'thou been this month?

P. *Henry*. Doſt thou ſpeak like a King? do thou ſtand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me? If thou doſt it half ſo gravely, ſo majeſti-cally, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-ſucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. *Henry*. Well, here I am ſet.

Fal. And here I ſtand; judge, my maſters.

P. *Henry*. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal.

† *a* micher, i. e. *a* truant; *to* mich, *is to lurk out of ſight: a* hedge-creeper.

Fal. My noble lord, from *East-cheap*.

P. *Henry*. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.---- Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

' P. *Henry*. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er ' look on me; thou art violently carry'd away from grace; ' there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a ' tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with ' that trunk of humours, that boulting-hutch of beastliness, that ' swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that ' stuft cloak-bag of guts, that roasted *Manning-tree* Ox with the ' pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, ' that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, ' but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but ' to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? ' wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villainous, but in all ' things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

P. *Henry*. That villainous abominable mis-leader of youth, *Falstaff*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. *Henry*. I know thou dost.

' *Fal.* But to say, I know more harm in him than in my ' self, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more's ' the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, (saving ' your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and ' sugar be a fault, God help the wicked: if to be old and merry, ' be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to ' be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaoh*'s lean kine are to be lov'd. ' No, my good lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins*; ' but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Fal-* ' *staff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore more valiant, being

' as

'as he is, old *Jack Falſtaff*; baniſh not him thy *Harry*'s com-
'pany: baniſh plump *Jack*, and baniſh all the world.

P. *Henry*. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph *running*.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord, the Sheriff with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I have much to ſay in the behalf of that *Falſtaff*.

Enter the Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddle-ſtick: what's the matter?

Hoſt. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to ſearch the houſe: ſhall I let them in?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal?* never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art eſſentially mad, without ſeeming ſo.

P. *Henry*. And thou a natural coward, without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, ſo; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter, as another.

P. *Henry*. Go hide thee behind the arras, the reſt walk above. Now my maſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [*Exeunt* Falſtaff, Bardolph, &c.

P. *Henry*. Call in the Sheriff.

SCENE XII.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

P. *Henry*. Now maſter Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. *Henry.* What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. *Henry.* The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I my self at this time have imploy'd him;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: there are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. *Henry.* It may be so; if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewel.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. *Henry.* I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two a clock. [*Exit.*

P. *Henry.* This oily rascal is known as well as *Pauls*; go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff? fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. *Henry.* Hark, how hard he fetches his breath: search his pockets. [*He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*

P. *Henry.* What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2 *s.* 2 *d.*
Item, Sawce, 4 *d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 *s.* 8 *d.*
Item, Anchoves and sack after supper, 2 *s.* 6 *d.*
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* O monſtrous, but one halfpenny-worth of bread, to this intolerable deal of ſack? What there is elſe, keep cloſe, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him ſleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and I know his death will be a † march of twelveſcore. The mony ſhall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and ſo good morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good-morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

WALES.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, *Lord* Mortimer, *and* Owen Glendower.

MORTIMER.

THESE promiſes are fair, the parties ſure,
And our induction full of proſp'rous hope.
Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and couſin *Glendower*,
Will you ſit down?
And uncle *Worceſter*----- A plague upon it,
I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is;
Sit couſin *Percy*, ſit, good couſin *Hot-ſpur:*
For by that name, as oft as *Lancaſter*
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheeks look pale, and with
A riſing ſigh, he wiſheth you in heav'n.
Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.

† i. e. *it will kill him to march ſo far as twelveſcore foot.*

Glend. I blame him not: at my nativity
The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning creſſets; know that at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

Hot. So it wou'd have done
At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though your ſelf had ne'er been born.

Glend. I ſay the earth did ſhake when I was born.

Hot. I ſay the earth then was not of my mind;
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhook.

Glend. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then th' earth ſhook to ſee the heav'ns on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vext,
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and moſs-grown ſteeples. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, with this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.

Glend. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings: give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clam'rous in the frighted fields:
Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the ſea

That

That chides the banks of *England*, *Wales*, or *Scotland*,
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man ſpeaks better *Welſh*.
I'll to dinner-----

Mort. Peace, couſin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep.

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee coz. to ſhame the devil
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and ſhame the devil.*
If thou have pow'r to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I've pow'r to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.

Mort. Come, come!
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made head
Againſt my pow'r; thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And ſandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I ſent
Him bootleſs home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'ſcapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: ſhall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. Th'Arch-deacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By ſouth and eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All weſtward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,

To *Owen Glendower*; and dear coz. to you
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſs that this night may execute)
To-morrow, couſin *Percy*, you and I
And my good lord of *Worceſter*, will ſet forth,
To meet your father and the *Scottiſh* power,
As is appointed us at *Shrewsbury*.
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen days:
Within that ſpace, you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, lords:
And in my conduct ſhall your ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me crankling in,
And cuts me, from the beſt of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monſtrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up:
And here the ſmug and ſilver *Trent* ſhall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.

Mort. But mark, he bears his courſe, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other ſide,
Gelding th' oppoſed continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.

Wor.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north-ſide win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtrait and even.

Hot. I'll have it ſo, a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not underſtand you then,
Speak it in *Welſh.*

Glend. I can ſpeak *Engliſh*, lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the *Engliſh* court:
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an *Engliſh* ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never ſeen in you.

Hot. Marry, I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of theſe ſame meeter-ballad-mongers;
I'ad rather hear a brazen candleſtick tun'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gate of a ſhuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you ſhall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well-deſerving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? ſhall we be gone?

Glend. The moon ſhines fair, you may away by night:
(I'll haſte the * writer) and withal,

Break

* *He means the writer of the articles.*

Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Mort. Fie, couſin *Percy*, how you croſs my father?
Hot. I cannot chuſe; ſometime he angers me,
† With telling of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of dreamer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finleſs fiſh,
A clipt-wing'd Griffin, and a moulting Raven,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat;
And ſuch a deal of skimble-skamble ſtuff,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me the laſt night at leaſt nine hours,
In reck'ning up the ſeveral devils names,
That were his lackeys: I cry'd hum, and well,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horſe, or as a railing wife;
Worſe than a ſmoaky houſe. I'ad rather live
With cheeſe and garlick, in a windmil far;
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendom.
Mort. In faith he was a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In ſtrange concealments; valiant as a Lion;
And wond'rous affable; as bountiful
As mines of *India:* ſhall I tell you, couſin,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,

And

† *This alludes to an old prophecy which is ſaid to have induced* O. Glendower *to take arms againſt K.* Henry. *See* Hall's *Chron. fol.* 20.

And curbs himſelf, even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his humour; 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might ſo have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproof.
But do not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful blame,
And ſince your coming here have done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needs learn, lord, to amend this fault;
Though ſometimes it ſhews greatneſs, courage, blood,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain:
The leaſt of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loſeth men's hearts, and leaves behind a ſtain
Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchool'd: good manners be your ſpeed;
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

SCENE III.

Enter Glendower, *with the ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeak no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

Glend. My daughter weeps, ſhe will not part with you,
She'll be a ſoldier too, ſhe'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, ſhe and my aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily,

[Glendower *ſpeaks to her in* Welſh, *and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.*

Glend. She's desp'rate here: a peevish self-will'd harlotry,
That no persuasion can do good upon.
[*The Lady speaks in* Welsh.
Mort. I understand thy looks; that pretty *Welsh*,
Which thou pow'r'st down from those two swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee. [*The Lady again in* Welsh.
Mort. I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeble disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language: for thy tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division to her lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.
[*The Lady speaks again in* Welsh.
Mort. O, I am ignorance it self in this.
Glend. She bids you,
All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the God of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such diff'rence betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the diff'rence betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heav'nly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.
Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet strait they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The muſick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil underſtands *Welſh*, and 'tis no marvel he is ſo humorous: by'rlady he's a good muſician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but muſical, for you are altogether govern'd by humours: lie ſtill ye thief, and hear the lady ſing in *Welſh*.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in *Iriſh*.

Lady. Would'ſt have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be ſtill.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee.

Hot. To the *Welſh* lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings. [*Here the Lady ſings a* Welſh *ſong.* Come, I'll have your ſong too.

Lady. Not mine, in good ſooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth! you ſwear like a comfit-maker's wife, not you, *in good ſooth*; and, *as true as I love*; and, *as God ſhall mend me*; and, *as ſure as day*: and giveſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'dſt further than *Finsbury*. Swear me, *Kate*, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave inſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper-ginger-bread,
To velvet-guards, and *Sunday*-citizens.
Come ſing.

Lady. I will not ſing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be *Robin-Red-Breaſt* teacher: if the indentures be drawn, I'll away within theſe two hours: and ſo come in, when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord *Mortimer*, you are as ſlow,
As hot lord *Percy* is on fire to go.
By this, our book is drawn: we will but ſeal,
And then to horſe immediately.
Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

WINDSOR.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lords and others.*

K. Henry. LORDS, give us leave; the Prince of *Wales* and I
Muſt have ſome private conference: but be near,
For we ſhall preſently have need of you.---- [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done;
That in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He breeds revengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in thy paſſages of life
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heav'n,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poor, ſuch baſe, ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
P. *Henry.* So pleaſe your Majeſty, I wiſh I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuſe,
As well, as I am doubtleſs I can purge
My ſelf of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,

As

As in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatneſs needs muſt hear,
By ſmiling pick-thanks and baſe news-mongers;
I may for ſome things true, (wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
Find pardon, on my true ſubmiſſion.

K. *Henry*. Heav'n pardon thee: yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger brother is ſupply'd;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the ſoul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
'Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
'So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
'So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
'Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
'Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion,
'And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,
'A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
'By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir
'But like a comet I was wondred at;
'That men would tell their children, this is he.
'Others would ſay, where? which is *Bolingbroke?*
'And then I ſtole all courteſie from heav'n,
'And dreſt my ſelf in ſuch humility,
'That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
'Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
'Even in the preſence of the crowned King.
'Thus I did keep my perſon freſh and new,

'My

' My preſence like a robe pontifical,
' Ne'er ſeen, but wonder'd at; and ſo my ſtate,
' Seldom but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
' And won, by rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
' The skipping King, he ambled up and down
' With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
' Soon kindled, and ſoon burnt; carded his ſtate,
' Mingled his royalty with carping fools,
' Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns,
' And gave his countenance, againſt his name,
' To laugh at gybing boys, and ſtand the puſh
' Of every beardleſs, vain comparative:
' Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
' Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity:
' That being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,
' They ſurfeited with honey, and began
' To loath the taſte of ſweetneſs, whereof little
' More than a little, is by much too much.
' So when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
' He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
' Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
' As ſick and blunted with community,
' Afford no extraordinary gaze;
' Such as is bent on ſun-like Majeſty,
' When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes:
' But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
' Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
' As cloudy men uſe to their adverſaries,
' Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, *Harry*, ſtand'ſt thou;
For thou haſt loſt thy Princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye,
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,

Save

Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more;
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
Make blind it ſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.

P. *Henry.* I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more my ſelf.

K. *Henry.* For all the world,
As thou art at this hour, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet foot at *Ravenſpurg*;
And ev'n as I was then, is *Percy* now.
Now by my ſcepter, and my ſoul to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion!
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harneſs in the realm,
Turns head againſt the Lion's armed jaws;
And being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and rev'rend biſhops on,
To bloody battels, and to bruiſing arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*, whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all ſoldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt.
Thrice hath this *Hot-ſpur Mars* in ſwathing cloaths,
This infant warrior, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
Th' Arch-biſhop's grace of *York*, *Dowglas* and *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.

But

But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen,
To fight againſt me under *Percy*'s pay,
To dog his heels, and curt'ſie at his frowns,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

P. *Henry*. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And heav'n forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your Majeſty's good thoughts away from me.
I will redeem all this on *Percy*'s head,
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your ſon:
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when e'er it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hot-ſpur*, this all-praiſed Knight
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet.
For every honour ſitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I ſhall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T'engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This, in the name of heav'n, I promiſe here:

The

The which, if I perform, and do ſurvive,
I do beſeech your Majeſty, may ſalve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperature;
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds,
And I will die a hundred thouſand deaths,
Ere break the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.

K. *Henry.* A hundred thouſand rebels die in this!
Thou ſhalt have charge, and ſoveraign truſt herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt?* thy looks are full of ſpeed.

Blunt. So is the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury:*
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promiſes be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a ſtate.

K. *Henry.* The Earl of *Weſtmorland* ſet forth to-day:
With him my ſon, lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
For this advertiſement is five days old.
On *Wedneſday* next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On *Thurſday*, we our ſelves will march: our meeting
Is at *Bridgnorth*; and *Harry*, you ſhall march
Through *Glo'ſterſhire:* [a] by which, ſome twelve days hence
Our general forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meet.
Our hands are full of buſineſs: let's away,
[b] Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *By which account*
Our buſineſs valued, ſome twelve days hence
Our gen'ral forces——
[b] *Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.* Firſt edition.

SCENE V.

Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. BArdolph, am I not fall'n away vilely, since this last action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown: I am withered like an old apple *John*. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse; the inside of a church! company, villainous company hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why there is it; come sing me a bawdy song, to make me merry: I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid mony that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I think upon hell fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes burning. If thou wert any way given

given to virtue, I would ſwear by thy face; my oath ſhould be, *by this fire*; but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the ſon of utter darkneſs. When thou rann'ſt up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my horſe, if I did not think thou haſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in mony. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlaſting bonfire light; thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the ſack that thou haſt drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the deareſt chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years, heav'n reward me for it.

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoſteſs.

How now, dame *Partlet* the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Hoſt. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? do you think I keep thieves in my houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have enquir'd, ſo has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſervant by ſervant: the tight of a hair was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie, hoſteſs; *Bardolph* was ſhav'd, and loſt many a hair; and I'll be ſworn my pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoſt. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd ſo in mine own houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſt. No, Sir *John*: you do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*; you owe me mony, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of ſhirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to baker's wives, and they have made boulters of them.

Hoſt. Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of eight ſhillings an ell: you owe mony here beſides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſt. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? let him coin his noſe, let him coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a yonker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket pick'd? I have loſt a ſeal-ring of my grand-father's, worth forty mark.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

SCENE VI.

Enter Prince Henry *marching, and* Falſtaff *meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.*

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door? muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* faſhion.

Hoſt. My lord, I pray you hear me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſs *Quickly?* how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good, my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, *Jack?*

Fal. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt: this houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* What didſt thou loſe, *Jack?*

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal?* three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a ſeal-ring of my grand-father's.

P. *Henry.* A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my lord; and I ſaid, I heard your grace ſay ſo: and, my lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

P. *Henry.* What! he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd pruen; no more truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for woman-hood, Maid-*Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go you thing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why a thing to thank God on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou ſhould'ſt know it: I am an honeſt man's wife; and ſetting thy knight-hood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why an Otter.

P. *Henry.* An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man, knows where to have me; thou knave thou.

P. *Henry.* Thou ſay'ſt true, hoſteſs, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſly.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my lord, and ſaid this other day, you ow'd him a thouſand pound.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound, *Hal?* a million; thy love is worth a million: thou ow'ſt me thy love. *Hoſt.*

Hoſt. Nay, my lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my ring was copper.

P. *Henry.* I ſay 'tis copper. Dar'ſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's whelp.

P. *Henry.* And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himſelf is to be fear'd as the Lion; do'ſt thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my Girdle break.

P. *Henry.* O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket! why thou whorſon, impudent, imboſt raſcal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, *Memorandums* of bawdy-houſes, and one poor penny-worth of ſugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but theſe, I am a villain; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal?* thou know'ſt in the ſtate of innocency, *Adam* fell; and what ſhould poor *Jack Falſtaff* do, in the days of villainy? thou ſeeſt, I have more fleſh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confeſs then you pickt my pocket?

P. *Henry.* It appears ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſs, I forgive thee: go make ready breakfaſt; love thy husband, look to thy ſervants, and cheriſh thy gueſts: thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt, I am pacify'd

pacify'd ſtill. Nay, I pr'ythee be gone. [*Exit Hoſteſs.*
Now, *Hal*, to the news at court for the robbery, lad: how is that anſwer'd?

P. *Henry.* O my ſweet beef, I muſt ſtill be good angel to thee. The mony is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. *Henry.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with unwaſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. *Henry.* I have procured thee, *Jack*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteal well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the virtuous. I laud them, I praiſe them.

P. *Henry. Bardolph.*

Bard. My lord.

P. *Henry.* Go bear this letter to lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, to my brother *John*. This to my lord of *Weſtmorland*, go *Peto*, to horſe; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. *Jack*, meet me to-morrow in the *Temple-Hall* at two a clock in the afternoon, there ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receive mony and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And either they, or we, muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! hoſteſs, my breakfaſt, come: Oh, I could wiſh this tavern were my drum! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

At SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, *and* Dowglas.

HOT-SPUR.

WELL said, my noble *Scot*; if speaking truth
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the *Dowglas* have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so gen'ral currant through the world.
By heav'n, I cannot flatter: I defie
The tongues of soothers. But a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than your self.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well------What letters hast thou there?----
I can but thank you.

Mess. These come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord, he's grievous sick.

Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power;
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I pr'ythee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess.

Meſſ. He did, my lord, four days ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his phyſician.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
Ere he by ſickneſs had been viſited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now? droop now? this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſs-----
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn: nor thought he meet
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
On any ſoul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?

Wor. Your father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.

Hot. A perillous gaſh, a very limb lopt off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a [a] main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour,
It were not good; for therein ſhould we read
The very bottom, and the ſoul of hope,
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dow. Faith, and ſo we ſhould;
Where now remains a ſweet reverſion.

[a] *mine.*

We now may boldly ſpend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and miſchance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and [b] hair of our attempt
Brooks no diviſion: it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdom, loyalty, and meer diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know, we of th' [c] offending ſide,
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reaſon may pry in upon us:
This abſence of your father draws a curtain,
That ſhews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.
Hot. You ſtrain too far.
I rather of his abſence make this uſe:
It lends a luſtre, and more great opinion,
A larger [d] glare to your great enterpriſe,
Than if the Earl were here: for men muſt think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To puſh againſt the kingdom; with his help,
We ſhall o'erturn it topſie-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Dow. As heart can think; there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this [e] term of fear.

SCENE

[b] *heir.* [c] *offering.* [d] *dare.* [e] *dream.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my ſoul.
Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of *Weſtmorland*, ſev'n thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither, with Prince *John* of *Lancaſter*.
Hot. No harm; what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himſelf in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too: where is his ſon?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daſt the world aſide
And bid it paſs?
Ver. All furniſht, all in arms,
All plum'd like Eſtridges, that with the wind
† Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of ſpirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the ſun at *Midſummer*,
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry*, with his beaver on,
His † cuiſſes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And † witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.

† Baited, i. e. *flutter'd the wings.*
† cuiſſes, *fr. armour for the thighs.*
† *witch*, for *bewitch*, *charm.*

Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the Sun in *March*,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues; let them come.
They come like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of ſmoaky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* ſhall on his altar ſit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich repriſal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* ſhall, and horſe to horſe
Meet, and ne'er part, till One drop down a coarſe.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his pow'r this fourteen days.

Dow. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a froſty ſound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thouſand.

Hot. Forty let it be,
My father and *Glendower* being both away,
The pow'r of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. BArdolph, get thee before to *Coventry*; fill me a bottle of ſack: our ſoldiers ſhall march through: we'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to-night.

Bard. Will you give me mony, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottel makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coynage. Bid my lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewel. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not aſham'd of my ſoldiers, I am a ſowc'd gurnet: I have miſ-us'd the King's preſs damnably. 'I have got, 'in exchange of an hundred and fifty ſoldiers, three hundred 'and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſholders, yeo-'mens ſons; enquire me out contracted batchelors, ſuch as had 'been ask'd twice on the banes: ſuch a commodity of warm 'ſlaves, as had as lieve hear the devil, as a drum; ſuch as 'fear the report of a culverin, worſe than a ſtruck-fowl, or a 'hurt wild duck. I preſs me none but ſuch toaſts and butter, 'with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins heads, and they 'have bought out their ſervices: and now my whole charge con-'ſiſts of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of compa-'nies, ſlaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where 'the glutton's dogs licked his ſores; and ſuch as indeed were 'never ſoldiers, but diſ-carded unjuſt ſervingmen, younger ſons 'to younger brothers: revolted tapſters, and oſtlers trade-fall'n, 'the cankers of a calm world and long peace; ten times more 'diſhonourably ragged, than an old-fac'd ancient; and ſuch

'have

'have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out 'their ſervices; that you would think I had a hundred and fifty 'tatter'd prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating 'draff and huſks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told 'me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. 'No eye hath ſeen ſuch skare-crows: I'll not march through *Co-*'*ventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march 'wide betwixt the legs, as if they had † gyves on; for indeed, 'I had the moſt of them out of priſon. There's but a ſhirt and 'a half in all my company; and the half ſhirt is two napkins 'tack'd together, and thrown over the ſhoulders like a herald's 'coat without ſleeves; and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtoll'n 'from my hoſt of St. *Albans*; or the red-nos'd Inn-keeper of '*Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find linnen enough on every 'hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, *and* Weſtmorland.

P. *Henry*. How now, blown *Jack?* how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal?* How now, mad wag, what a devil do'ſt thou in *Warwickſhire?* My good lord of *Weſtmorland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteal cream.

P. *Henry*. I think to ſteal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whoſe fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. *Henry*. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſs: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tuſh man, mortal men, mortal men.

Weſt.

† *ſhackles.*

Weſt. Ay, but Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſs, I am ſure they never learn'd that of me.

P. *Henry.* No, I'll be ſworn, unleſs you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haſte. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſt. He is, Sir *John*: I fear we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well,

The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feaſt,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen gueſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

At SHREWSBURY

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, *and* Vernon.

Hot. WE'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good couſin be adviſ'd, ſtir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Dow. You do not counſel well;
You ſpeak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, *Dowglas:* by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-reſpected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counſel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any *Scot* that lives.
Let it be ſeen to-morrow in the battel,
Which of us fears.

Dow. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; certain horſe
Of my couſin *Vernon*'s are not yet come up,
Your uncle *Worceſter*'s horſe came but to-day,
And now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is half, half of himſelf.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy
In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's ſake, couſin, ſtay 'till all come in.

[*The Trumpet ſounds a parley.*

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt:* and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well; and ev'n thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings, and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our quality;

But

But ſtand againſt us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heav'n defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You ſtand againſt anointed Majeſty.
But to my charge.-----The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breaſt of civil peace
Such bold hoſtility, teaching his dutious land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all ſpeed
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt:
And pardon abſolute for your ſelf, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knows at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My father and my uncle, and my ſelf,
Did give him that ſame royalty he wears:
And when he was not ſix and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law, ſneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And when we heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal;
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They more and leſs came in with cap and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,

Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages [c] following him
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as greatneſs knows it ſelf,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked ſhore at *Ravenſpurg:*
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and ſome ſtrait decrees,
That lay too heavy on the common-wealth;
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fav'rites that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the *Iriſh* war.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after that depriv'd him of his life:
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole ſtate.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his kinſman *March,*
(Who is, if every owner were right plac'd,
Indeed his King) to be engag'd in *Wales,*
There, without ranſom, to lie forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my uncle from the council-board,
In rage diſmiſs'd my father from the court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,

And

[c] *follow'd.*

And in concluſion drove us to ſeek out
This head of ſafety; and withal to pry
Into his title too, the which we find
Too indirect, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the King?
Hot. Not ſo, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw a while:
Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſurety for a ſafe return again;
And in the morning early ſhall my uncle
Bring him our purpoſes: and ſo farewel.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hot. It may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray heav'n you do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *and Sir* Michell.

York. HIE, good Sir *Michell*, bear this ſealed brief
With winged haſte to the Lord Mareſhal,
This to my couſin *Scroop*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you wou'd make haſte.
Sir *Mich.* My lord, I gueſs their tenour.
York. Like enough.
To-morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly giv'n to underſtand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raiſed power,
Meets with lord *Harry*; and I fear, Sir *Michell*,
What with the ſickneſs of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe pow'r was in the firſt proportion;

And what with *Owen Glendower*'s abſence thence,
Who with them was † a [f] rated ſinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies;
I fear the pow'r of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an inſtant tryal with the King.

Sir *Mich.* Why, my good lord, there's *Dowglas*, and lord *Mortimer*.

York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir *Mich.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*,
And there's my lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And ſo there is: but yet the King hath drawn
The ſpecial head of all the land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of eſtimation and command in arms.

Sir *Mich.* Doubt not, my lord, they ſhall be well oppos'd.

York. I hope no leſs: yet needful 'tis to fear:
And to prevent the worſt, Sir *Michell*, ſpeed;
For if lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Diſmiſs his power, he means to viſit us;
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write again
To other friends; and ſo farewel, Sir *Michell*. [*Exeunt.*

[f] *rated firmly.*

† *a* rated ſinew, *ſo the firſt edition, i. e. accounted* a ſtrong aid.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SHREWSBURY.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and* Falſtaff.

K. HENRY.

HOW bloodily the ſun begins to peer
Above yon buſky hill: the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.
P. *Henry.* The ſouthern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by his hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempeſt, and a bluſt'ring day.
K. *Henry.* Then with the loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeem foul to thoſe that win.

[*The trumpet ſounds.*

Enter Worceſter.

K. *Henry.* How now, my lord of *Wor'ſter?* 'tis not well,
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our truſts,
And made us doff our eaſie robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in ungentle ſteel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to't? will you again unknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,

A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached miſchief, to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours: for I do proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.
K. *Henry.* You have not ſought it, Sir? how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. *Henry.* Peace, †*Chevet*, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majeſty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from my ſelf, and all our houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you, my lord,
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends:
For you, my ſtaff of office did I break
In *Richard*'s time, and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſs your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate, as I:
It was my ſelf, my brother, and his ſon,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You ſwore to us,
And you did ſwear that oath at *Doncaſter*,
That you did nothing purpoſe 'gainſt the ſtate,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The ſeat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaſter*.
To this, we ſware our aid: but in ſhort ſpace
It rain'd down fortune ſhow'ring on your head,
And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you,
What with our help, what with the abſent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The ſeeming ſuff'rances that you had born,
And the contrarious winds that held the King

So

† Chevet, *fr. a bolſter.*

So long in the unlucky *Iriſh* wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarm of fair advantages
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the gen'ral ſway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaſter*;
And being fed by us, you us'd us ſo,
As that ungentle gull, the Cuckow's bird,
Uſeth the Sparrow; did oppreſs our neſt,
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulk,
That ev'n our love durſt not come near your ſight
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for ſafety's ſake to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head:
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch means
As you your ſelf have forg'd againſt your ſelf,
By unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. *Henry*. Theſe things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market croſſes, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor diſcontents;
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation:
And never yet did Inſurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor moody beggars, ſtarving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confuſion.

P. *Henry*. In both our armies, there is many a ſoul
Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
If once they join in tryal. Tell your nephew,

The

The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
In praiſe of *Henry Percy:* By my hopes,
(This preſent enterprize ſet off his head)
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's Majeſty,
I am content that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him, in a ſingle fight.

K. *Henry.* And, Prince of *Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it: No, good *Wor'ſter*, no,
We love our people well; even thoſe we love
That are miſ-led upon your couſin's part:
And will, they take the offer of our grace;
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your couſin, and return me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair, take it adviſedly. [*Exit* Worceſter.

P. *Henry.* It will not be accepted, on my life.
The *Dowglas* and the *Hot-ſpur* both together
Are confident againſt the world in arms.

K. *Henry.* Hence therefore, every leader to his charge.

For

For on their anſwer will we ſet on them:
And God befriend us, as our cauſe is juſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Manent Prince Henry *and* Falſtaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me down in the battel, and beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

P. *Henry.* Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that friendſhip: Say thy prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were bed time, *Hal,* and all well.

P. *Henry.* Why, thou oweſt heav'n a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on? 'how then? can ho-'nour ſet to a leg? no. or an arm? no. or take away the 'grief of a wound? no. honour hath no skill in ſurgery then? 'no. What is honour? a word. what is that word honour? 'Air; a trim reckoning. who hath it? he that dy'd a *Wed-'neſday.* doth he feel it? no. doth he hear it? no. is it 'inſenſible then? yea, to the dead. but will it not live with the 'living? no. why? Detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore I'll 'none of it. honour is a meer ſcutcheon, and ſo ends my 'catechiſm. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Worceſter, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew muſt not know, Sir *Richard,*
The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King ſhou'd keep his word in loving us;
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults:
Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes;
For treaſon is but truſted like the Fox,
Who ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his anceſtors.
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks;
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.
My nephew's treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath th' excuſe of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd *Hot-ſpur*, govern'd by a ſpleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's. We did train him on,
And his corruption being ta'en from us,
We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all.
Therefore, good couſin, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay 'tis ſo.
Here comes your couſin.

SCENE IV.

Enter Hot-ſpur *and* Dowglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Uncle, what news?
Wor. The King will bid you battel preſently.

Dow.

Dow. Defie him by the lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Hot. Lord *Dowglas*; go you then and tell him ſo.
Dow. Marry I ſhall, and very willingly. [*Exit* Dowglas.
Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty arms, this hateful name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arm, gentlemen, to arms; for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henry*'s teeth:
And *Weſtmorland* that was ingag'd did bear it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of *Wales* ſtept forth before the King,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to-day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth.* Tell me, tell me,
How ſhew'd his talking? ſeem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No by my ſoul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother dare,
To gentle exerciſe and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſervings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praiſe:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing †cital of himſelf,
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,

† cital, *for* taxation.

As if he maſter'd there a double ſpirit,
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly.
There did he pauſe; But let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.
Hot. Couſin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any Prince ſo wild a liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my courteſie.
Arm, arm with ſpeed. And fellows, ſoldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſuaſion.

SCENE V.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die; brave death, when Princes die with us.
Now for our conſciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,

For

For I profeſs not talking: only this,
Let each man do his beſt. And here draw I
A ſword, whoſe temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now †*Eſperance! Percy*, and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of war;
And by that muſick let us all embrace:
For (heav'n to earth) ſome of us never ſhall
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſie.

[*They embrace, then exeunt. The Trumpets ſound.*

SCENE VI.

The King entreth with his power; Alarm to the battel. Then enter Dowglas *and Sir* Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that thus in battel croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeek upon my head?

Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battel thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The lord of *Stafford* dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for inſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This ſword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford*'s death.

Fight, Blunt *is ſlain: then enter* Hot-ſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathleſs lies the King.

Hot.

† *This was the word of battel on* Percy's *ſide. See* Hall's *Chron. fol.* 22.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglas?* no: I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Dow. Ah! fool go with thy soul whither it goes,
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Dow. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats,
I'll murther all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarm, enter Falstaff *solus.*

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I fear the shot here: here's no scoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt?* there's honour for you; here's no vanity: I am as hot as moulten lead, and as heavy too: heav'n keep lead out of me, I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my rag-o-muffians where they are pepper'd; there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword,
Many a noble man lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe a while. Turk

Gregory

Gregory never did ſuch deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him ſure.

P. *Henry*. He is indeed, and living to kill thee:
I pr'ythee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword: but take my piſtol if thou wilt.

P. *Henry*. Give it me: what, is it in the caſe?

Fal. Ay *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will ſack a city.

[*The Prince draws out a bottle of Sack.*

P. *Henry*. What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, ſo; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Alarm, Excurſions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and the Earl of* Weſtmorland.

K. *Henry*. I pr'ythee, *Harry*, withdraw thy ſelf, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unleſs I did bleed too.

P. *Henry*. I do beſeech your Majeſty make up,
Leaſt your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. *Henry*. I will do ſo:
My lord of *Weſtmorland*, lead him to his tent.

Weſt. Come my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. *Henry*. Lead me, my lord! I do not need your help,
And heav'n forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The Prince of *Wales* from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd nobility lies trodden on,

And

And rebels arms triumph in maſſacres.

Lan. We breath too long; come couſin *Weſtmorland*,
Our duty this way lies, for heav'ns ſake come.

P. *Henry.* By heav'n thou haſt deceiv'd me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not think thee lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my ſoul.

K. *Henry.* I ſaw him hold lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown warrior.

P. *Henry.* Oh this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Ex.*

Manet K. Henry. *Enter* Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? they grow like *Hydra*'s heads:
I am the *Dowglas* fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?

K. *Henry.* The King himſelf, who, *Dowglas*, grieves at heart
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek *Percy* and thy ſelf about the field;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily
I will aſſay thee: ſo defend thy ſelf.

Dow. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I'm ſure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee. [*They fight: the King being in danger,*

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: the ſpirits
Of *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my arms;

It

It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiſeth, but means to pay.
[*They fight*, Dowglas *flyeth.*
Chearly, my lord; how fares your grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawſey* hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton:* I'll to *Clifton* ſtrait.

K. *Henry.* Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou haſt redeem'd my loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life,
In this fair reſcue thou haſt brought to me.

P. *Henry.* O heav'n, they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid I hearken'd for your death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
Th' inſulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the treach'rous labour of your ſon.

K. *Henry.* Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawſey.*
[*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Hot-ſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*

P. *Henry.* Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*

P. *Henry.* Then I ſee
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of *Wales*; and think not, *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keep not their motion in one ſphere,
Nor can one *England* brook a double reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales.*

Hot. Nor ſhall it, *Harry*, for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to heav'n
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine.

P. *Henry.* I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy creſt
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Well ſaid, *Hal*; to it, *Hal.* Nay, you ſhall find no boys play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, *he fights with* Falſtaff, *who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince kills* Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry* thou haſt robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts worſe than thy ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
But that the [a]earthy and cold hand of death,
Lyes on my tongue: no, *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for----- [*Dies.*

P. *Henry.* Worms, brave *Percy.* Fare thee well!
I'll-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough! this earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhow of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank my ſelf

For

[a] *earth, and the*

For doing theſe fair rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heav'n,
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph. [*He ſees* Falſtaff.
——What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? poor *Jack*, farewel.
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a Deer to-day,
Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by,
'Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lye. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Falſtaff *riſes.*

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to-morrow! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour, is diſcretion; in the which better part, I have ſaved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll make him ſure; yea, and I'll ſwear I kill'd him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me. Therefore, ſirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me.

[*Takes* Hot-ſpur *on his back.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry *and* John *of* Lancaſter.

P. *Henry.* Come brother *John,* full bravely haſt thou fleſht
Thy maiden ſword.

Lan. But ſoft, whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. *Henry.* I did, I ſaw him dead,
And breathleſs on the ground: art thou alive,
Or is it Fancy plays upon our eye-ſight?
I pr'ythee ſpeak, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I am not *Jack Falſtaff,* then am I a *Jack:* there is *Percy,* if your father will do me any honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelf. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can aſſure you.

P. *Henry.* Why, *Percy* I kill'd my ſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? lord, lord, how the world is given to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he; but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewsbury* clock: if I may be believed, ſo; if not, let them that ſhould reward valour bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e'er I heard.

P. *Henry.* This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *John.*
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have. [*A Retreat is ſounded.*
The trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours:
Come brother, let's to th' higheſt of the field,

To

To ſee what friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, heav'n reward him. If I do grow great I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a noble man ſhould do. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

The Trumpets ſound: Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *Priſoners.*

K. *Henry.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited *Wor'ſter*, did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three knights upon our party ſlain to-day,
A noble Earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If like a chriſtian thou had'ſt truly born
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. *Henry.* Bear *Worceſter* to death, and *Vernon* too.
Other offenders we will pauſe upon.
[*Exe.* Worceſter *and* Vernon.
How goes the field?

P. *Henry.* The gallant *Scot*, lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruis'd
That the purſuers took him. At my tent

The

The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your grace
I may diſpoſe of him.

K. *Henry*. With all my heart.

P. *Henry*. Then brother *John* of *Lancaſter*, to you
This honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure, ranſomleſs and free:
His valour ſhewn upon our creſts to-day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Ev'n in the boſom of our adverſaries.

* *Lan*. I thank your grace for this high courteſie,
Which I ſhall give away immediately.

K. *Henry*. Then this remains; that we divide our power.
You ſon *John*, and my couſin *Weſtmorland*,
Tow'rds *York* ſhall bend you, with your deareſt ſpeed,
To meet *Northumberland* and Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in arms.
My ſelf and my ſon *Harry* will tow'rds *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower* and the Earl of *Marche*.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the check of ſuch another day;
And ſince this buſineſs ſo far fair is done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won. [*Exeunt*.

* *Theſe two lines added out of the firſt edition.*

The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE

CORONATION

OF

King *HENRY* V.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*
Prince Henry, *afterwards crowned King* Henry *the Fifth.*

Prince John *of* Lancaſter,
Humphrey *of* Glouceſter,
Thomas *of* Clarence,
} *Sons to* Henry *the Fourth, and Brethren to* Henry *the Fifth.*

Northumberland,
The Arch-Biſhop of York,
Mowbray,
Haſtings,
Lord Bardolph,
Travers,
Morton,
Colevile,
} *Oppoſites againſt King* Henry *the Fourth.*

Warwick,
Weſtmorland,
Surrey,
Gower,
Harcourt,
Lord Chief Juſtice,
} *Of the King's Party.*

Falſtaff,
Poins,
Bardolph,
Piſtol,
Peto,
Page,
} *Irregular Humoriſts.*

Shallow *and* Silence, *Country Juſtices.*
Davy, *Servant to* Shallow.
Phang *and* Snare, *two Serjeants.*

Mouldy,
Shadow,
Wart,
Feeble,
Bulcalf,
} *Country Soldiers.*

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Doll Tear-ſheet.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

The

The SECOND PART of HENRY IV.

ACT I.

INDUCTION.

Enter RUMOUR, * *painted full of Tongues.*

PEN your ears: for which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when loud *Rumour* ſpeaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping weſt
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of [a] men with falſe reports:
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but *Rumour*, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters and prepar'd defence,
Whilſt the big year, ſwoln with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour* is a pipe

* *This direction, which is only to be found in the firſt edition in quarto of* 1600, *explains a paſſage in what follows, otherwiſe obſcure.* [a] *them.*

Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſie and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant-wavering multitude
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* here?
I run before King *Harry*'s victory,
Who in a bloody field by *Shrewsbury*
Hath beaten down young *Hot-ſpur* and his troops;
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak [b] ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noiſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the wrath of noble *Hot-ſpur*'s ſword;
And that the King before the *Dowglas* rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peaſant towns;
Between that royal field of *Shrewsbury*,
And this worm-eaten hole of ragged ſtone,
Where *Hot-ſpur*'s father, old *Northumberland*
Lies crafty-ſick. The poſts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumour*'s tongues,
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs. [*Ex.*

SCENE I.

Northumberland's Caſtle.

Enter Lord Bardolph, *and the Porter at one door.*

Bard. WHO keeps the gate here, hoa? where is the Earl?
Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard.

[b] *of truth.*

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.
Port. His lordſhip is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Pleaſe it your honour knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.
North. What news, lord *Bardolph?* ev'ry minute now
Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem.
The times are wild: Contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.
Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from *Shrewsbury.*
North. Good, if heav'n will!
Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my lord your ſon,
Prince *Harry* ſlain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*; young Prince *John*,
And *Weſtmorland*, and *Stafford*, fled the field.
And *Harry Monmouth*'s brawn, the hulk Sir *John*,
Is priſoner to your ſon. O, ſuch a day,
So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
Came not 'till now, to dignifie the times
Since *Cæſar*'s fortunes.
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewsbury?*
Bard. I ſpake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me theſe news for true.
North. Here comes my ſervant *Travers*, whom I ſent
On *Tueſday* laſt, to liſten after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

SCENE II.

Enter Travers.

North. Now *Travers*, what good tidings come with you?
Tra. My lord, Sir *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and being better hors'd
Out-rode me. After him came ſpurring hard
A gentleman, almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He ask'd the way to *Cheſter*; and of him
I did demand what news from *Shrewsbury?*
He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young *Harry Percy*'s ſpur was cold.
With that he gave his able horſe the head,
And bending forward, ſtruck his [c]agile heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.
North. Ha? again:
Said he young *Harry Percy*'s ſpur was cold?
Rebellion had ill luck?
Bard. My lord, I'll tell you.
If my young lord your ſon have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a ſilken point
I'll give my barony. Ne'er talk of it.
North. Why ſhould the gentleman that rode by *Travers*
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?
Bard. Who he?

He

[c] *able.*

He was ſome † hilding fellow, that had ſtol'n
The horſe he rode on; and upon my life
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

SCENE III.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragick volume:
So looks the ſtrond, [d] whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.
Say, *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from *Shrewsbury?*

Mort. I ran from *Shrewsbury*, my noble lord,
Where hateful death put on his uglieſt mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my ſon, and brother?
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priam*'s curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd:
But *Priam* found the fire, ere he his tongue:
And I, my *Percy*'s death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay: your ſon did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus: ſo fought the noble *Dowglas*.
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with brother, ſon, and all, are dead!

Mort. *Dowglas* is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord your ſon-----

North. Why, he is dead.

See

† hilding, *for* hinderling; *i. e. baſe, degenerate.*

[d] *when the*

See what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath;
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from other eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet *Morton*, ſpeak:
Tell thou thy Earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a ſweet diſgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mort. You are too great, to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet for all this, ſay not that *Percy*'s dead.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin that doth belie the dead,
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office: and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your ſon is dead.

Mort. I'm ſorry I ſhould force you to believe
That, which I would to heav'n I had not ſeen.
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To *Henry Monmouth*; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more ſprung up.
In few; his death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire
Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt temper'd courage in his troops.
For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;

Which

Which once in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in it ſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
So did our men, heavy in *Hot-ſpur*'s loſs,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our ſoldiers aiming at their ſafety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble *Wor'ſter*
Too ſoon ta'en priſoner: and that furious *Scot*,
The bloody *Dowglas* whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlain th' appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his ſtomach and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backs, and in his flight
Stumbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
Is, that the King hath won: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy pow'r t' encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young *Lancaſter*
And *Weſtmorland*. This is the news at full.

North. For this, I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In poiſon there is phyſick: and this news,
That would, had I been well, have made me ſick,
Being ſick, hath in ſome meaſure made me well.
And as the wretch whoſe feaver-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n ſo my limbs
Weaken'd with grief, being now inrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly gauntlet now with joints of ſteel
Muſt glove this hand. And hence thou ſickly quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes fleſh'd with conqueſt aim to hit.

Now

Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The ragged'ſt hour that time and ſpight dare bring,
To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland!*
' Let heav'n kiſs earth! now let not nature's hand
' Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
' And let this world no longer be a ſtage
' To feed contention in a ling'ring act:
' But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born *Cain*
' Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
' On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
' And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

[e] *Bard.* This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong, my lord;
Sweet Earl, divorce not wiſdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health, the which if you give o'er
To ſtormy paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
[f] You caſt th' event of war, my noble lord,
And ſumm'd the account of chance, before you ſaid
Let us make head: it was your preſurmiſe,
That in the dole of blows, your ſon might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd his fleſh was capable
Of wounds and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd:
Yet did you ſay, Go forth. And none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-born action. What hath then befall'n,

[e] *This line is only in the firſt edition, where it is ſpoken by* Umfreville, *who ſpeaks no where elſe. It ſeems neceſſary to the connection.*

[f] *The fourteen lines, from hence to* Bardolph's *next ſpeech, are not to be found in the firſt editions, 'till that in folio of* 1623. *A very great number of other lines in this play are inſerted after the firſt edition in like manner, but of ſuch ſpirit and maſtery, generally, that the inſertions are plainly by* Shakeſpear *himſelf.*

Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loſs,
Knew that we ventur'd on ſuch dang'rous ſeas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
Choak'd the reſpect of likely peril fear'd;
And ſince we are o'er-ſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and my moſt noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth:
[g] The gentle Arch-biſhop of *York* is up
With well appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.
My lord, your ſon, had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhews of men to fight.
For that ſame word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls;
And they did fight with queaſineſs, conſtrain'd
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide: but for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond. But now the biſhop
Turns inſurrection to religion;
Suppos'd ſincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind:
And doth enlarge his riſing with the blood
Of fair King *Richard*, ſcrap'd from *Pomfret* ſtones;
Derives from heav'n his quarrel and his cauſe;
Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land
Gaſping for life, under great *Bolingbroke:*
And more, and leſs, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before: but to ſpeak truth,

[g] *All the following lines to the end of this ſpeech are not in the firſt edition.*

This preſent grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counſel every man
The apteſt way for ſafety and revenge:
Get poſts, and letters, and make friends with ſpeed,
Never ſo few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street in London.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, *with his Page bearing his ſword and buckler.*

Fal. SIrrah, you giant, what ſays the doctor to my water?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, the water it ſelf was a good [h] healthy water. But for the party that own'd it, he might have more diſeaſes than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this fooliſh-compounded-clay, Man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my ſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath ovewhelmed all her litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to ſet me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whorſon mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agot 'till now: but I will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver, but in vile apparel, and ſend you back again to your maſter, for a jewel. The *Juvenil*, the Prince your maſter! whoſe chin is not yet fledg'd; I will ſooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he ſhall get one on his cheek: yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his face is a face-royal. Heav'n may finiſh it when it will, it is not a hair amiſs yet: he may keep it ſtill as a face-royal, for a barber ſhall never earn ſixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever ſince his

[h] *healing.*

his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him. What ſaid Mr. *Dombledon*, about the ſatten for my ſhort cloak and ſlops?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance than *Bardolph:* he would not take his bond and yours, he lik'd not the ſecurity.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton, may his tongue be hotter, a whorſon *Achitophel*, a raſcally-yea-forſooth-knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then ſtand upon *ſecurity?* the whorſon-ſmooth-pates do now wear nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honeſt taking up, then they muſt ſtand upon *ſecurity:* I had as lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to ſtop it with ſecurity. I looked he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty yards of ſatten, as I am a true knight, and he ſends me *ſecurity.* Well, he may ſleep in ſecurity, for he hath the horn of abundance. And the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolph?*

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your worſhip a horſe.

Fal. I bought him in *Pauls*, and he'll buy me a horſe in *Smithfield.* If I could get me but a wife in the ſtews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

SCENE V.

Enter Chief Juſtice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for ſtriking him, about *Bardolph.*

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Juſt. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falſtaff, and't pleaſe your lordſhip.

Ch. Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord. But he hath ſince done good ſervice at *Shrewsbury:* and, as I hear, is now going with ſome charge to the lord *John* of *Lancaſter.*

Ch. Juſt. What, to *York?* call him back again.

Serv. Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Juſt. I am ſure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the elbow. I muſt ſpeak with him.

Serv. Sir *John.*

Fal. What! a young knave and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack ſubjects? do not the rebels need ſoldiers? though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg, than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You miſtake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? ſetting my knight-hood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then ſet your knight-hood and your ſoldierſhip aſide, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo? I lay aſide that which grows to me? if thou gett'ſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'ſt leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: you hunt-counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John Falſtaff,* a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordſhip good time of day. I am glad to ſee your lordſhip abroad; I heard ſay, your lordſhip was ſick. I hope your lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack

of

of age in you: ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſs of time; and I moſt humbly beſeech your lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, I ſent for you before your expedition to *Shrewsbury*.

Fal. If it pleaſe your lordſhip, I hear his Majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his Majeſty: you would not come when I ſent for you?

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highneſs is fall'n into this ſame whorſon apoplexy.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n mend him. I pray let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your lordſhip, a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whorſon tingling.

Ch. Juſt. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from ſtudy and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cauſe of it in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Juſt. I think you are fall'n into that diſeaſe: for you hear not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſt'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I be your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my lord; but not ſo patient: your lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or indeed, a ſcruple it ſelf.

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to ſpeak with me.

Fal.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my counſel learned in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Juſt. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would my means were greater, and my waſte ſlenderer.

Ch. Juſt. You have miſ-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath miſ-led me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Juſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's ſervice at *Shrewsbury* hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on *Gads-hill.* You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o'er-poſting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Juſt. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Ch. Juſt. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A waſſel candle, my lord; all tallow: but if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Juſt. There is not a white hair on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Juſt. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his evil angel.

Fal. Not ſo, my lord, your ill angel is light: but I hope he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in ſome reſpects I grant, I cannot go;----- I cannot tell; Virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe coſtor-mongers days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapſter, and hath his quick wit waſted in giving recknings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age ſhapes them, are not worth

worth a gooſe-berry. You that are old, conſider not the capacities of us that are young; you meaſure the heat of our livers, with the bitterneſs of your galls; and we that are in the † va-ward of our youth, I muſt confeſs are wags too.

Ch. Juſt. Do you ſet down your name in the ſcrowl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? have you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind ſhort? [i] your chin double? your wit ſingle? and every part about you blaſted with antiquity? and will you yet call your ſelf young? fie, fie, fie, Sir *John*.

Fal. My lord, I was [k] born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and ſomething a round belly. For my voice, I have loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and underſtanding, and he that will caper with me for a thouſand marks, let him lend me the mony, and have at him. For the box o'th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a ſenſible lord. I have checkt him for it, and the young Lion repents: marry not in aſhes and ſack-cloth, but in new ſilk and old ſack.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n ſend the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heav'n ſend the companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the King hath ſever'd you and Prince *Harry*. I hear you are going with lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, againſt the Archbiſhop and the Earl of *Northumberland*.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it; but look you pray, all you that kiſs my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day: for I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but a bottle, would I might never ſpit white again. There

† va-ward, *i. e.* van-guard.

[i] *your wind ſhort, your wit ſingle.*

[k] *added from the firſt edition.*

There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it. Well, I cannot laſt ever.-----[1] but it was always the trick of our *Engliſh* nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common. If ye will needs ſay I am an old man, you ſhou'd give me reſt: I would to God my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heav'n bleſs your expedition.

Fal. Will your lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Ch. Juſt. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear croſſes. Fare you well. Commend me to my couſin *Weſtmorland.* [*Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a † three-man-beetle. A man can no more ſeparate age and covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and letchery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and ſo both the degrees prevent my curſes. Boy.

Page. Sir.

Fal. What mony is in my purſe?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of *Lancaſter*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Weſtmorland*, and this to old Mrs. *Urſula*, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry ſince I perceiv'd the firſt white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout, or a gout of this pox; for the one or th' other plays the rogue with my great toe: it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable: a good wit will make uſe of any thing; I will turn diſeaſes to commodity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[1] *Theſe following periods are reſtor'd from the firſt edition.*

† three-man-beetle, *i. e. a* rammer *big enough to require three men to lift it.*

SCENE VI.

YORK.

Enter Arch-biſhop of York, Haſtings, Thomas Mowbray (*Earl Marſhal*) *and Lord* Bardolph.

York. THUS have you heard our cauſe, and know our means:
Now my moſt noble friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And firſt, Lord Marſhal, what ſay you to it?

Mowb. I well allow th' occaſion of our arms,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied
How in our means we ſhould advance our ſelves,
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the pow'r and puiſſance of the King?

Haſt. Our preſent muſters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thouſand men of choice:
And our ſupplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whoſe boſom burns
With an incenſed fire of injuries.

Bard. The queſtion then, lord *Haſtings*, ſtandeth thus;
Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold up head without *Northumberland*?

Haſt. With him we may.

Bard. Ay marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we ſhould not ſtep too far
'Till we had his aſſiſtance by the hand.
For in a theam ſo bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and ſurmiſe
Of aids uncertain, ſhould not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord *Bardolph*; for indeed

It was young *Hot-ſpur*'s caſe at *Shrewsbury*.

Bard. It was, my lord, who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the air on promiſe of ſupply,
Flatt'ring himſelf with project of a power
Much ſmaller than the ſmalleſt of his thoughts;
And ſo, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his pow'rs to death,
And, winking, leap'd into deſtruction.

Haſt. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this preſent quality of war
[k] Impede the inſtant act; a cauſe on foot
Lives ſo in hope, as in an early ſpring
We ſee th' appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as deſpair
That froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the plot, then draw the model,
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the erection;
Which if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model
In fewer offices? at leaſt, deſiſt
To build at all? much more, in this great work,
(Which is almoſt to pluck a kingdom down,
And ſet another up) ſhould we ſurvey
The plot of ſituation, and the model;
Conſent upon a ſure foundation,
Queſtion ſurveyors, know our own eſtate,
How able ſuch a work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his oppoſite? or elſe,
We fortifie in paper and in figures,
Uſing the names of men inſtead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a houſe

Beyond

[k] *Indeed.*

Beyond his pow'r to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created coſt
A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,
And waſte, for churliſh winter's tyranny.

Haſt. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be ſtill-born; and that we now poſſeſt
The utmoſt man of expectation:
I think we are a body ſtrong enough,
Ev'n as we are, to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thouſand?

Haſt. To us no more; nay not ſo much, lord *Bardolph.*
For his diviſions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads; one pow'r againſt the *French*,
And one againſt *Glendower*; perforce a third
Muſt take up us: ſo is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his coffers ſound
With hollow poverty and emptineſs.

York. That he ſhould draw his ſev'ral ſtrengths together,
And come againſt us in full puiſſance,
Need not be dreaded.

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the *French* and *Welſh*
Baying him at the heels; never fear that.

Bard. Who is it like ſhould lead his forces hither?

Haſt. The Duke of *Lancaſter* and *Weſtmorland:*
Againſt the *Welſh*, himſelf and *Harry Monmouth.*
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the *French*,
I have no certain notice.

[m] *York.* Let us on:
And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The commonwealth is ſick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited.

[m] *This excellent ſpeech of* York, *was one of the paſſages added by* Shakeſpear *after his firſt edition.*

An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many! with what loud applauſe
Did'ſt thou beat heav'n with bleſſing *Bolingbroke*,
Before he was what thou would'ſt have him be?
And now being trim'd up in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thy ſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton-boſom of the royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What truſt in theſe times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud *London* he came ſighing on
After th' admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,
Cry'ſt now, O Earth yield us that King again,
And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurs'd,
Paſt, and to come, ſeem beſt; things preſent, worſt.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are time's ſubjects, and time bids, be gone.

ACT II. SCENE I.

LONDON.

Enter Hoſteſs, with two officers, Fang *and* Snare.

HOSTESS.

MR. *Fang*, have you enter'd the action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hoſt. Where's your yeoman? is he a luſty yeoman? Will he ſtand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare?*

Hoſt. Ay, ay, good Mr. *Snare.*

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we muſt arreſt Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Hoſt. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives: he will ſtab.

Hoſt. Alas-the-day; take heed of him; he ſtab'd me in mine own houſe, and that moſt beaſtly; he cares not what miſchief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil, he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fiſt him once; if he come but within my [a] vice.

Hoſt. I am undone by his going; I warrant you he is an infinitive thing upon my ſcore. Good Mr. *Fang*, hold him ſure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not ſcape. He comes continually to *Pie-corner*, ſaving your manhoods, to buy a ſaddle: and he is indited to dinner to the *Lubbar's-head* in *Lombard-ſtreet* to Mr. *Smooth's* the *Silkman.* I pray ye, ſince my action is enter'd, and my caſe ſo

[a] vice, *or* graſp, *a metaphor taken from a ſmith's* vice; *there is another reading in the old edition*, view, *which I think not ſo good.*

ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. A hundred mark is a long one, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have born, and born, and born: and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, unleſs a woman ſhould be made an Aſs and a beaſt, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and the boy.*

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmſey-noſe knave, *Bardolph* with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Mr. *Fang* and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arreſt you at the ſuit of Mrs. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away varlets; draw, *Bardolph:* cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the kennel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou hony-ſuckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? O thou hony-ſeed rogue, thou art a hony-ſeed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph*.

Fang. A reſcue, a reſcue!

Hoſt. Good people, bring a reſcue or two; thou wo't, wo't thou, thou wo't, wo't thou rogue: do, thou hempſeed.

Fal. Away you ſcullion, you rampallian, you fuſtilarian: I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.

SCENE II.

Enter Chief Juſtice.

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter? keep the peace here, hoa.

Hoſt. Good my lord, be good to me. I beſeech you ſtand to me.

Ch. Juſt.

Ch. Juſt. How now, Sir *John?* what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs?
You ſhould have been well on your way to *York.*
Stand from him fellow, wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful lord, an't pleaſe your grace I am a poor widow of *Eaſtcheap,* and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Juſt. For what ſum?

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome, my lord, it is for all; all I have; he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his; but I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Juſt. How comes this, Sir *John?* fie, what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? are you not aſham'd to inforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thy ſelf, and the mony too. Thou did'ſt ſwear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, ſitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, on *Wedneſday* in *Whitſon-week,* when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a ſinging-man of *Windſor;* thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? did not good-wife *Keech* the butcher's wife come in then, and call me goſſip *Quickly?* coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar; telling us ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby thou didſt deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? and didſt not thou, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people, ſaying that ere long they ſhould call me Madam? and didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath, deny it if thou can'ſt.

Fal.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad ſoul; and ſhe ſays up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you. She hath been in good caſe, and the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her; but for theſe fooliſh officers, I beſeech you I may have redreſs againſt them.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more than impudent ſawcineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration. I know you have practis'd upon the eaſie-yielding ſpirit of this woman.-----

Hoſt. Yes in troth, my lord.

Ch. Juſt. Pr'ythee, peace; pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her; the one you may do with ſterling mony, and the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this † ſneap without reply. You call honourable boldneſs impudent ſawcineſs: If a man will curt'ſie and ſay nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your ſutor: I ſay to you, I deſire deliverance from theſe officers, being upon haſty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Juſt. You ſpeak, as having power to do wrong: but anſwer in the effect your reputation, and ſatisfie the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*Aſide.*

SCENE III.

Enter Mr. Gower.

Ch. Juſt. Now, maſter *Gower*, what news?

Gower. The King, my lord, and *Henry* Prince of *Wales* Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman-----

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal.

† ſneap, *a yorkſhire word for* rebuke.

Fal. As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heav'nly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of the prodigal, or the *German* hunting in water work, is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangings, and theſe fly-bitten tapeſtries: let it be ten pound, if thou canſt. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in *England*. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy action: come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me; come, I know thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pr'ythee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty nobles, I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earneſt la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other ſhift; you'll be a fool ſtill.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to ſupper: you'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? go with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Hoſt. Will you have *Doll Tear-ſheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hoſt. and Sergeant.*

Ch. Juſt. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Juſt. Where lay the King laſt night?

Gower. At *Baſingſtoke*, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Juſt. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horſe,
Are march'd up to my lord of *Lancaſter*,
Againſt *Northumberland* and the Arch-biſhop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble lord?

Ch. Juſt. You ſhall have letters of me preſently.
Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.

Fal. My lord.

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, ſhall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I muſt wait upon my good lord here. I thank you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in the countreys as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, maſter *Gower?*

Ch. Juſt. What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *John?*

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and ſo part fair.

Ch. Juſt. Now the lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Continues in London.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* TRUST me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought wearineſs durſt not have attach'd one of ſo high blood.

P. *Henry.* It doth me, though it diſcolours the complexion of my greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vilely in me, to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

P. *Henry.* Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, ſmall beer. But indeed theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my greatneſs. What a diſgrace is it to me to remember thy name?

name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of ſilk ſtockings thou haſt? (*viz.* theſe, and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones;) or to bear the inventory of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluity, and one other for uſe; but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linnen with thee, when thou keepeſt not racket there, as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy low countreys have made a ſhift to eat up thy holland. † And God knows whether thoſe that bawl out of the ruins of thy linnen ſhall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives ſay the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idely? tell me how many good young Princes ſhould do ſo, their fathers lying ſo ſick as yours is.

P. *Henry.* Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins?*

Poins. Yes and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. *Henry.* It ſhall ſerve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. *Henry.* Why I tell thee, it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad now my father is ſick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleaſes me for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. *Henry.* Thou think'ſt me as far in the devil's book, as thou and *Falſtaff*, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is ſick; and keeping ſuch vile company as thou art hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poins. The reaſon?

P. *Henry.* What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

† *This period is ſupply'd out of the old edition.*

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. *Henry.* It would be every man's thought; and thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what excites your moſt worſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have [b] ſeem'd ſo lewd, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaff.*

P. *Henry.* And to thee.

Poins. Nay by this light I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worſt they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and thoſe two things I confeſs I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph.*

P. *Henry.* And the boy that I gave *Falſtaff*; he had him from me chriſtian, and ſee if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

SCENE V.

Enter Bardolph *and Page.*

Bard. Save your grace.

P. *Henry.* And yours, moſt noble *Bardolph.*

Poins. Come, you [c] virtuous aſs, you baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window; at laſt I ſpy'd his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wives new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. *Henry.* Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whorſon upright rabbet, away.

Page. Away you raſcally *Althea*'s dream, away.

P. *Henry.*

[b] *been.* [c] *pernicious.*

P. *Henry.* Inſtruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, *Althea* dream'd ſhe was deliver'd of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

P. *Henry.* A crowns-worth of good interpretation; there it is, boy. [*Gives him mony.*

Poins. O that this good bloſſom could be kept from cankers: well, there is ſix pence to preſerve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows ſhall be wrong'd.

P. *Henry.* And how doth thy maſter, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Well, my good lord; he heard of your grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

P. *Henry.* Deliver'd with good reſpect; and how doth the *Martlemas*, your maſter?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phyſician; but that moves not him; though that be ſick, it dies not.

P. *Henry.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place: for look you how he writes.

Poins reads. John Falſtaff, knight----- every man muſt know that, as oft as he hath occaſion to name himſelf: even like thoſe that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they ſay *there is ſome of the King's blood ſpilt.* How comes that? ſays he that takes upon him not to conceive: the anſwer is as ready as a borrowed cap; *I am the King's poor couſin, Sir.*

P. *Henry.* Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Japhet.* But to the letter:----- *Sir* John Falſtaff, *knight, to the ſon of the King, neareſt his father,* Harry *Prince of* Wales, *greeting.*

Poins. Why this is a certificate.

P. *Henry.* Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romans *in brevity.*

Poins. Sure he means brevity in breath; ſhort-winded. *I commend*

mend me to thee, I commend thee and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins, *for he miſuſes thy favours ſo much, that he ſwears thou art to marry his ſiſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou may'ſt, and ſo farewel. Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him,* Jack Falſtaff *with my familiars:* John *with my brothers and ſiſters: and Sir* John *with all* Europe.

My lord, I will ſteep this letter in ſack, and make him eat it.

P. *Henry.* That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you uſe me thus, *Ned?* muſt I marry your ſiſter?

Poins. May the wench have no worſe fortune. But I never ſaid ſo.

P. *Henry.* Well, thus we play the fool with the time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds and mock us: is your maſter here in *London?*

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Where ſups he? doth the old Boar feed in the old † frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in *Eaſt-cheap.*

P. *Henry.* What company?

Page. Epheſians, my lord, of the old church.

P. *Henry.* Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mrs. *Quickly,* and Mrs. *Dol Tear-ſheet.*

P. *Henry.* What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. *Henry.* Even ſuch kin, as the pariſh heifers are to the town Bull. Shall we ſteal upon them, *Ned,* at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my lord, I'll follow you.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph,* no word to your maſter that I am yet come to town. There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. *Henry.*

† frank, *i. e. a* Hog-ſty.

P. *Henry*. Fare ye well: go. This *Dol Tear-ſheet* ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. *Albans* and *London*.

P. *Henry*. How might we ſee *Falſtaff* beſtow himſelf to-night in his true colours, and not our ſelves be ſeen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, like drawers.

P. *Henry*. From a God to a Bull? a heavy[d] deſcenſion. It was *Jove*'s caſe. From a Prince to a prentice, a low transformation; that ſhall be mine: for in every thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me, *Ned*. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VI.

Northumberland.

Enter Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland, *and Lady* Percy.

North. I Pr'ythee loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs.
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be like them to *Percy*, troubleſome.

L. *North*. I have giv'n over, I will ſpeak no more:
Do what you will: your wiſdom be your guide.

North. Alas, ſweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. *Percy*. Oh yet, for heav'ns ſake, go not to theſe wars.
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it, than now;
When your own *Percy*, when my heart-dear *Harry*
Threw many a northward look, to ſee his father
Bring up his pow'rs: but he did long in vain!
Who then perſuaded you to ſtay at home?

There

[d] *declenſion*.

There were two honours loſt; yours and your ſon's.
For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it!
For his, it ſtuck upon him as the ſun
In the grey vault of heav'n: and by his light
Did all the chivalry of *England* move
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glaſs
Wherein the noble youth did dreſs themſelves.
[c] He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
And ſpeaking thick, which nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant:
For thoſe that could ſpeak low and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him. So that in ſpeech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book,
That faſhion'd others. And him, wond'rous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave
To look upon the hideous God of war
In diſadvantage, to abide a field
Where nothing but the ſound of *Hot-ſpur*'s name
Did ſeem defenſible: ſo you left him.
Never, O never do his ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your honour more preciſe and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhal and the Arch-biſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
To-day might I (hanging on *Hot-ſpur*'s neck)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth*'s grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my ſpirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient over-ſights.
But I muſt go and meet with danger there;

Or

[c] *The twenty two following lines, are of thoſe added by* Shakeſpear *after his firſt edition.*

Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

L. *North.* Fly to *Scotland*,
'Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

L. *Percy.* If they get ground and 'vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,
To make ſtrength ſtronger. But for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves. So did your ſon:
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a widow:
And never ſhall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heav'n,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind
As with the tide ſwell'd up unto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:
I will reſolve for *Scotland*; there am I,
'Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Tavern in Eaſtcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* WHAT the devil haſt thou brought there? Apple-*Johns*? thou know'ſt Sir *John* cannot endure an Apple-*John*.

2 *Draw.* Maſs! thou ſay'ſt true; the Prince once ſet a diſh of Apple-*Johns* before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Johns*; and, putting off his hat, ſaid, I will now take my

leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, wither'd knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then cover, and ſet them down; and ſee if thou can'ſt find out *Sneak*'s noiſe; Mrs. *Tear-ſheet* would fain hear ſome muſick. [f] Diſpatch! the room where they ſupt is too hot, they'll come in ſtrait.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Maſter *Poins* anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir *John* muſt not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old † *Utis*: it will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll ſee if I can find out *Sneak.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Hoſteſs and Dol.

Hoſt. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulſidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would deſire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe: but you have drank too much canary, and that's a marvellous ſearching wine; and it perfumes the blood ere we can ſay what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem.

Hoſt. Why, that was well ſaid: a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir *John.*

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. When Arthur *firſt in court*----- empty the jordan----- *and was a worthy King:* how now, Mrs. *Dol?*

Hoſt. Sick of a calm: yea, good ſooth.

Fal. So is all her ſect, if they be once in a calm they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat raſcals, Mrs. *Dol.*

Dol.

[f] *This period is from the firſt edition.*

† Utis, *an old word yet in uſe in ſome counties, ſignifying a* merry feſtival, *from the French* Huit; *octo, ab A S.* Eahta. *Octavæ Feſti alicujus.* Skinner.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the diſeaſes, *Dol*; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your † brooches, pearls and owches: for to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely-----

Dol. Hang your ſelf, you muddy Conger, hang your ſelf!

Hoſt. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet but you fall to ſome diſcord; you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick as two dry toaſts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year? one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel. [*To* Dol.

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bourdeaux* ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuft in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack:* thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again or no, there is no body cares.

SCENE IX.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, antient *Piſtol* is below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'dſt rogue in *England.*

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no by my faith: I muſt live amongſt my neighbours, I'll no ſwaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the door, there comes

† brooches, *were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks.* Owches *were boſſes of gold ſet with diamonds.*

comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have ſwaggering now: ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear, hoſteſs-----

Hoſt. Pray you pacifie your ſelf, Sir *John*, there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear-----it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me, your ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter *Tiſick* the deputy the other day; and as he ſaid to me-----it was no longer ago than *Wedneſday* laſt---neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he;----- maſter *Domb* our miniſter was by then:---neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he, receive thoſe that are civil; for, ſaith he, you are in an ill name: now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon; for, ſays he, you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what gueſts you receive: receive, ſays he, no ſwaggering companions.---There come none here. You would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid. No, I'll no ſwaggerers.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, hoſteſs; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may ſtroak him as gently as a puppey-grey-hound; he will not ſwagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him up, drawer.

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater; but I do not love ſwaggering; I am the worſe when one ſays ſwagger: feel, maſters, how I ſhake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, as if it were an aſpen leaf: I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

SCENE X.

Enter Piſtol, Bardolph *and Page.*

Piſt. Save you, Sir *John.*

Fal.

Fal. Welcome, ancient *Piſtol.* Here, *Piſtol*, I charge you with a cup of ſack: do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two bullets.

Fal. She is piſtol proof, Sir, you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion! what? you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-linnen mate; away, you mouldy rogue, away, I am meat for your maſter.

Piſt. I know you, miſtreſs *Dorothy*.

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe raſcal, you filthy bung away: by this wine, I'll thruſt my knife in your mouldy chaps if you play the ſawcy cuttle with me. Away you bottle-ale raſcal, you basket-hilt ſtale jugler you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. I will murther your ruff for this.

[g] *Fal.* No more, *Piſtol*; I wou'd not have you go off here: diſcharge your ſelf of our company, *Piſtol.*

Hoſt. No, good captain *Piſtol:* not here, ſweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd captain? if captains were of my mind they would truncheon you out [h] of taking their names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you ſlave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy houſe? he a captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! theſe villains will make the word captain [i] as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill ſorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, miſtreſs *Dol.*

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page.

[g] *This is from the old edition*, 1600. [h] *for.* [i] *out of the old edition.*

Page. Pray thee go down.

Piſt. I'll ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto*'s damned lake, to the infernal deep, where *Erebus* and tortures vile alſo. Hold hook and line, ſay I: down! down dogs, down fates: have we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good captain *Peeſel* be quiet, it is very late: I beſeech you now, aggravate your choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good humours indeed. Shall pack-horſes
And hollow-pamper'd jades of *Aſia*,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with *Cæſar*, and with *Cannibal*,
And *Trojan Greeks*? nay, rather damn them with
King *Cerberus*, and let the welkin roar:
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hoſt. By my troth, captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Piſt. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins: have we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. On my word, captain, there's none ſuch here. What the good-year? do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come, give me ſome ſack. *Si fortuna me tormente, ſperato me contente.*
Fear we broad ſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack: and ſweet-heart, lye thou there:
Come we to full points here; and are &c. *cætera*'s nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet knight, I kiſs thy † neif: what! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs, I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs? know we not galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling: nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here. *Bard.*

† neif, *from* nativa, *i. e. a woman ſlave that is born in one's houſe.*

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What ſhall we have inciſion? ſhall we embrew? then death rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful days: why then let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds, untwine the ſiſters three: come, *Atropos*, I ſay. [*Drawing his ſword.*

Hoſt. Here's goodly ſtuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, I pr'ythee do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs. [*Drawing, and driving* Piſtol *out.*

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forſwear keeping houſe, before I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So; murther, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, be quiet, the raſcal is gone: ah you whorſon, little valiant villain you.

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'th' groin? methought he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the raſcal's drunk: you have hurt him, Sir, in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcal to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little rogue you: alas, poor ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? come, let me wipe thy face----- come on you whorſon chops----- ah rogue, I love thee----thou art as valorous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better than the nine worthies: a villain!

Fal. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou do'ſt, I'll canvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſick.

Page. The muſick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, *Dol.* A raſcal, bragging ſlave! the rogue fled from me like quick-ſilver.

Dol.

Dol. I' faith and thou follow'dſt him like a church: thou whorſon little tydie *Bartholomew* Boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

SCENE X.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins *diſguis'd.*

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*, do not ſpeak like a death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They ſay *Poins* hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon, his wit is as thick as *Tewksbury* muſtard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs: and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles end for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint ſtools, and ſwears with a good grace, and wears his boot very ſmooth like unto the ſign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories; and ſuch other gambol faculties he hath, that ſhew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himſelf is ſuch another: the weight of an hair will turn the ſcales between their *Averdupois.*

P. *Henry.* Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. *Henry.* Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not ſtrange that deſire ſhould ſo many years outlive performance? *Fal.*

Fal. Kiſs me, *Dol.*

P. *Henry.* *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in conjunction! what ſays the almanack to that?

Poins. And look, whether the fiery *Trigon* his man be not liſping to his maſter's old tables, his note-book, his counſel-keeper?

Fal. Thou doſt give me flattering buſſes.

Dol. By my troth I kiſs thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I ſhall receive money on *Thurſday:* Thou ſhalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry ſong, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou wilt ſet me a weeping if thou ſay'ſt ſo: prove that ever I dreſs my ſelf handſom 'till thy return---- Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some ſack, *Francis.*

P. *Henry.* *Poins.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a baſtard ſon of the King's! and art not thou *Poins* his brother?

P. *Henry.* Why, thou globe of ſinful continents, what a life doſt thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. *Henry.* Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hoſt. Oh, the lord preſerve thy good grace. Welcome to *London.* Now heav'n bleſs that ſweet face of thine: what, are you come from *Wales?*

Fal. Thou whorſon-made compound of majeſty, by this light fleſh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon* Dol.

Dol. How! you fat fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. *Henry.* You whorſon candle-myne you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhe is by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

P. *Henry.* Yes; and you knew me as you did when you ran away by *Gads-hill*, you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think thou waſt within hearing.

P. *Henry.* I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal*, on my honour, no abuſe.

P. *Henry.* Not to diſpraiſe me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal.*

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, *Ned*, in the world; honeſt *Ned*, none. I diſprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and true ſubject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, *Hal*, none, *Ned*, none; no, boys, none.

P. *Henry.* See now whether pure fear and entire cowardiſe doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? is thine hoſteſs here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honeſt *Bardolph*, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead Elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer*'s privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt

roaſt mault-worms: for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil † out-bids him too.

P. *Henry.* For the women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhe in is hell already, and burns poor ſouls: for the other, I owe her mony; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Hoſt. All victuallers do ſo: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole *Lent?*

P. *Henry.* You, gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſays your grace?

Fal. His grace ſays that which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at door? look to the door there, *Francis.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Peto.

P. *Henry.* *Peto,* how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at *Weſtminſter,*
And there are twenty weak and wearied poſts
Come from the north; and as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir *John Falſtaff.*

P. *Henry.* By heaven, *Poins,* I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempeſt of commotion, like the South
Born with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

† *In the firſt Edition it is* the devil *blindes* him too.

Give me my ſword, and cloak: *Falſtaff*, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince and* Poins.

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the door? how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to court, Sir, preſently: a dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, Sirrah: farewel hoſteſs, farewel *Dol.* You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after; the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenches; if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak; if my heart be not ready to burſt----- well, ſweet *Jack*, have a care of thy ſelf.

Fal. Farewel, farewel. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty nine years, come peſcod-time; but an honeſter and truer-hearted man-----well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mrs. *Tear-ſheet.*

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtreſs *Tear-ſheet* come to my maſter.

Hoſt. O run, *Dol.* run; run, good *Dol.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

LONDON.

Enter King Henry *in his night-gown, with a Page.*

K. HENRY.

GO, call the Earls of *Surrey* and of *Warwick:*
But ere they come, bid them o'er-read theſe letters,
And well conſider of them: make good ſpeed.
[*Exit Page.*
How many thouſands of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep! ‘ O gentle Sleep,
‘ Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
‘ That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
‘ And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
‘ Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky cribs,
‘ Upon uneaſie pallets ſtretching thee,
‘ And huſht with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
‘ Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
‘ Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
‘ And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
‘ O thou dull God, why ly'ſt thou with the vile
‘ In loathſom beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch
‘ A watch-caſe, or a common larum-bell?
‘ Wilt thou upon the high and giddy maſt,
‘ Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
‘ In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
‘ And in the viſitation of the winds,
‘ Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

‘ Curling

' Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
' With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlip'ry ſhrouds,
' That with the hurley, death it ſelf awakes?
' Canſt thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repoſe
' To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude?
' And in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
' With all appliances and means to boot,
' Deny it to a King? then happy low! lye down;
Uneaſie lyes the head that wears a crown.

SCENE II.

Enter Warwick *and* Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majeſty.
K. *Henry.* Is it good-morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one a clock, and paſt.
K. *Henry.* Why then good-morrow to you all, my lords:
Have you read o'er the letters that I ſent you?
War. We have, my Liege.
K. *Henry.* Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body, yet diſtemper'd,
Which to his former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice and little medicine;
My lord *Northumberland* will ſoon be cool'd.
K. *Henry.* Oh heav'n, that one might read the book of fate,
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
Weary of ſolid firmneſs, melt it ſelf
Into the ſea; and other times, to ſee
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for *Neptune*'s hips: how chances mock

And

And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors. [a] O, if this were ſeen,
The happieſt youth viewing his progreſs through,
What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,
Wou'd ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years ſince *Richard* and *Northumberland*
Did feaſt together; and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years ſince
This *Percy* was the man neareſt my ſoul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea for my ſake ev'n to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. Which of you was by?
(You, couſin *Nevil*, as I may remember,) [*To* Warwick.
When *Richard* with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy.
'*Northumberland*, thou ladder by the which
'My couſin *Bolingbroke* aſcends my throne:
(Though then, heav'n knows, I had no ſuch intent,
But that neceſſity ſo bow'd the ſtate,
That I and greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs)
'The time ſhall come, (thus did he follow it,)
'The time will come, that foul ſin gathering head,
'Shall break into corruption: ſo went on,
Fore-telling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.

War. There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which obſerv'd, a man may propheſie
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their ſeeds
And weak beginnings lie intreaſured.

Such

[a] *Theſe four verſes are ſupply'd from the edition of* 1600.

Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the neceſſary form of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſs,
That great *Northumberland*, then falſe to him,
Would of that ſeed grow to a greater falſeneſs,
Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon,
Unleſs on you.

K. *Henry*. Are theſe things then neceſſities?
Then let us meet them like neceſſities;
And that ſame word even now cries out on us:
They ſay the Biſhop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Pleaſe it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my lord,
The pow'rs that you already have ſent forth
Shall bring this prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain inſtance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majeſty hath been this fortnight ill,
And theſe unſeaſon'd hours perforce muſt add
Unto your ſickneſs.

K. *Henry*. I will take your counſel:
And were theſe inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the holy-land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The COUNTRY.

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *Juſtices; with* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bull-calf.

Shal. COME on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir; an early ſtirrer, by the † rood. And how doth my good couſin *Silence?*

Sil. Good morrow, good couſin *Shallow.*

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bed-fellow? and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen?*

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin *Shallow.*

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay my couſin *William* is become a good ſcholar? he is at *Oxford* ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the Inns of court ſhortly: I was once of *Clement*'s-Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd luſty *Shallow* then, couſin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordſhire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squele* a *Cot'swold* man, you had not four ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in all the Inns of court again: and I may ſay to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the beſt of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falſtaff*, (now Sir *John*, boy) a page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk.*

Sil. This Sir *John*, couſin, that comes hither anon about Soldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir *John*, the very ſame: I ſaw him break *Schoggan*'s head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high;

† *the* rood, *i. e. the* croſs.

high; and the very ſame day I did fight with one *Sampſon Stock-fiſh*, a fruiterer, behind *Grays-Inn*. Oh the mad days that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine old acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very ſure, very ſure: death [b] (as the Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certain to all, all ſhall die. How a good yoke of Bullocks at *Stamford* fair?

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! ſee, ſee, he drew a good bow: and dead? he ſhot a fine ſhoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much mony on his head. Dead! He would have clapt in the clowt at twelve ſcore, and carried you a fore-hand ſhaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

SCENE IV.

Enter Bardolph *and Page.*

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falſtaff*'s men, as I think.

Shal. Good-morrow, honeſt gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Juſtice *Shallow?*

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Eſquire of this county, one of the King's Juſtices of the peace: what is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you: my captain Sir *John Falſtaff*; a tall gentleman by heav'n! and a moſt gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good back-ſword

[b] *Edition* 1600.

ſword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon, a ſoldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid indeed, too: better accommodated----- it is good, yea indeed is it; good phraſes ſurely are, and [c] ever were, very commendable. Accommodated--- it comes of *Accommodo*; very good, a good phraſe.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. Phraſe, call you it? by this day, I know not the phraſe: but I will maintain the word with my ſword, to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is as they ſay, accommodated; or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

SCENE V.

Enter Falſtaff.

Shal. It is very juſt: look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your hand, give me your worſhip's good hand: truſt me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter *Robert Shallow*: Maſter *Sure-card*, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my couſin *Silence*; in commiſſion with me.

Fal. Good maſter *Silence*, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fie, this is hot weather gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we, Sir: will you ſit?

[c] *every where.*

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: yea, marry, Sir. *Ralph Mouldy:* let them appear as I call: let them do ſo, let them do ſo. Let me ſee, where is *Mouldy?*

Moul. Here, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, Sir *John?* a good limb'd fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldy?*

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent i' faith. Things that are mouldy, lack uſe: very ſingular good. Well ſaid, Sir *John*, very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace *Mouldy*, you ſhall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace: ſtand aſide: know you where you are? for the other, Sir *John*. Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow.*

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow?*

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad. My mother's ſon, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's ſhadow: ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male: it is often ſo indeed, but not of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John?*

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for a ſummer; prick him; for we have a number of ſhadows to fill up the muſter-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart?*

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John?*

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble.*

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Shal. What trade art thou, *Feeble?*

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battel, as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good woman's tailor; well ſaid, courageous *Feeble:* thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful Dove, or moſt magnanimous Mouſe. Prick the woman's tailor well, maſter *Shallow*, deep, maſter *Shallow.*

Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible *Feeble.*

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble.* Who is the next?

Shal.

Shal. *Peter Bulcalf* of the green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us ſee *Bulcalf.*

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely fellow. Come prick me *Bulcalf*, 'till he roar again.

Bul. Oh good my lord captain.

Fal. What, doſt thou roar before th'art prickt?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whorſon cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his coronation day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy cold, and I will take ſuch order that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you muſt have but four here, Sir; and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good troth, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint *George*'s fields?

Fal. No more of that, good maſter *Shallow*, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: ſhe would always ſay ſhe could not abide maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. By the maſs I could anger her to the heart: ſhe was then a *Bona-roba.* Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chuſe but be old; certain ſhe's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement*'s-Inn.

Sil.

Sil. That's fifty five years ago.

Shal. Hah, couſin *Silence*, that thou hadſt ſeen that, that this knight and I have ſeen: hah, Sir *John*, ſaid I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith Sir *John* we have: our watch word was hem-boys. Come, let's to dinner; Oh the days that we have ſeen! come, come.

Bul. Good maſter corporate *Bardolph* ſtand my friend, and here is four *Harry* ten ſhillings in *French* crowns for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for mine own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather becauſe I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends, elſe, Sir, I did not care for mine own part ſo much.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good maſter corporal captain, for my old dame's ſake ſtand my friend: ſhe hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and ſhe's old and cannot help her ſelf: you ſhall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death. I will never bear a baſe mind: if it be my deſtiny, ſo: if it be not, ſo. No man is too good to ſerve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith I will bear no baſe mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*.

Fal. Go to: well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalf*, *Feeble* and *Shadow*.

Fal. *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*: for you, *Mouldy* ſtay at home 'till you are paſt ſervice: and for your part, *Bulcalf*, grow 'till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not your ſelf wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter *Shallow*, how to chuſe a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the ſtature, bulk and big ſemblance of a man? give me the ſpirit, maſter *Shallow*. Here's *Wart*, you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this ſame half-fac'd fellow *Shadow*, give me this man, he preſents no mark to the enemy, the fo-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: and, for a retreat, how ſwiftly will this *Feeble*, the woman's tailor, run off. O give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a † caliver into *Wart*'s hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold, *Wart*, traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver: ſo, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald ſhot. Well ſaid, *Wart*, thou art a good ſcab: hold, there's a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End-Green*, when I lay at *Clement*'s Inn, I was then Sir *Dagenet* in *Arthur*'s ſhow, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: rah, tah, tah, would he ſay; bounce, would he ſay, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I ſhall never ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellows will do well. Maſter *Shallow*, God keep you; farewel, maſter *Silence*. I will not uſe many words with you; fare

† Caliver, *a large gun.*

fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you, I muſt a dozen mile to-night. *Bardolph*, give the ſoldiers coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, heaven bleſs you, and proſper your affairs, and ſend us peace. As you return, viſit my houſe. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to: I have ſpoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Fal. Fare you well, gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*, lead the men away. As I return I will fetch off theſe Juſtices: I do ſee the bottom of Juſtice *Shallow*. How ſubject we old men are to this vice of lying! this ſame ſtarv'd Juſtice hath done nothing but prated to me of the wildneſs of his youth, and the feats he hath done about *Turnbal-ſtreet*; and every third word a lie, more duly paid to the hearer than the *Turk*'s tribute. I do remember him at *Clement*'s Inn, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe-paring. When he was naked he was for all the world like a forked radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carv'd upon it with a knife. He was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions, to any thick ſight were inviſible. He was the very *Genius* of famine, [d] yet leacherous as a Monkey, and the whores call'd him Mandrake: he came ever in the rereward of the faſhion; and ſung thoſe tunes to the over-† ſchutcht huſwives that he heard the carmen whiſtle, and ſware they were his *Fancies*, or his *Good-nights*. And now is this vice's dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John* of *Gaunt* as if he had been ſworn brother to him: and I'll be ſworn he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crouding among the Marſhal's men. I ſaw it, and told *John* of *Gaunt* he beat his own name, for you might have truſs'd him and all his apparel into an Eel-skin: the caſe of a treble hoboy was a manſion for him; and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it ſhall go hard but I will make him a philoſopher's two ſtones

[d] *added from the edition of* 1600. † *ſchutcht*, i.e. *whipt*, *over-ſwitch'd*, i. e. *carted*.

to me. If the young Dace be a bait for the old Pike, I ſee no reaſon in the law of nature but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

In YORKSHIRE.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, Mowbray, Haſtings, *and* Colevile.

YORK.

WHAT is this foreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis *Gaultree* foreſt.

York. Here ſtand my lords, and ſend diſcoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Haſt. We have ſent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in theſe great affairs,
I muſt acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from *Northumberland*;
Their cold intent, tenure and ſubſtance thus:
How he doth wiſh his perſon, with ſuch powers
As might hold ſortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To *Scotland:* and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over live the hazard
And fearful meeting of their oppoſite.

Mowb.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now, what news?
Meſſ. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.
Mowb. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
Let us ſway on, and face them in the field.

SCENE II.

Enter Weſtmorland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?
Mowb. I think it is my lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Weſt. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The Prince, lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaſter.*
York. Say on, my lord of *Weſtmorland*, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?
Weſt. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief addreſs
The ſubſtance of my ſpeech. If that rebellion
Came like it ſelf, in baſe and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I ſay, if damn'd Commotion ſo appear'd
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, reverend father, and theſe noble lords,
Had not been here to dreſs the ugly form
Of baſe and bloody inſurrection
With your fair honours. You, my lord Arch-biſhop,

Whoſe fee is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whoſe beard the ſilver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whoſe learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whoſe white inveſtments figure innocence,
The Dove and very bleſſed ſpirit of peace;
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate your ſelf,
Out of the ſpeech of peace, that bears ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boiſt'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to launces, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

[c] *York.* Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diſeas'd,
And with our ſurfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought our ſelves into a burning feaver,
And we muſt bleed for it: of which diſeaſe
Our late King *Richard* being infected, dy'd.
But, my moſt noble lord of *Weſtmorland*,
I take not on me here as a phyſician:
Nor do I as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But rather ſhew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, ſick of happineſs,
And purge th' obſtructions which begin to ſtop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance juſtly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We ſee which way the ſtream of time doth run,
And are inforc'd from our moſt quiet there,
By the rough torrent of occaſion;
And have the ſummary of all our griefs,
When time ſhall ſerve, to ſhew in articles;

Which

[c] *Moſt of this ſpeech inſerted ſince the firſt edition.*

Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no ſuit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd acceſs unto his perſon,
Ev'n by thoſe men that moſt have done us wrong.
The danger of the day's but newly gone,
Whoſe memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood; and the examples
Of every minute's inſtance, preſent now,
Hath put us in theſe ill-beſeeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to eſtabliſh here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

Weſt. Whenever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What Peer hath been ſuborn'd to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſs bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion, with a ſeal divine?

York. My brother General, the common-wealth
I make my quarrel in particular.

Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the days before,
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

[f] *Weſt.* O my good lord *Mowbray*,
Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay, indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Or from the King, or in the preſent time,

That

[f] *The two or three next ſpeeches were alſo of thoſe inſerted.*

That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk*'s ſeigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father loſt
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King that lov'd him, as the ſtate ſtood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to baniſh him.
And then, when *Henry Bolingbroke* and he
Being mounted and both rowſed in their ſeats,
Their neighing courſers daring of the ſpur,
Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of *Bolingbroke*;
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw,
Then threw he down himſelf, and all their lives,
That by indictment or by dint of ſword
Have ſince miſcarried under *Bolingbroke*.

Weſt. You ſpeak, lord *Mowbray* now, you know not what.
The Earl of *Hereford* was reputed then
In *England* the moſt valiant gentleman.
Who knows on whom fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had born it out of *Coventry*,
For all the country in a general voice
Cry'd hate upon him; all their prayers and love
Were ſet on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd and grac'd more than the King himſelf.
But this is meer digreſſion from my purpoſe.
Here come I from our princely General,

To

To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It ſhall appear that your demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them; every thing ſet off
That might ſo much as think you enemies.
Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
Weſt. *Mowbray*, you over-ween to take it ſo:
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For lo within a ken our army lyes;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battel is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the uſe of arms,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt;
Then reaſon wills, our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will we ſhall admit no parley.
Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten caſe abides no handling.
Haſt. Hath the Prince *John* a full commiſſion,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?
Weſt. That is intended in the General's name:
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.
York. Then take, my lord of *Weſtmorland*, this ſchedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each ſeveral article herein redreſs'd,
All members of our cauſe, both here and hence,
That are inſinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantial form;
And preſent executions of our wills,

To us, and to our purpoſes confin'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
Weſt. This will I ſhew the General. Pleaſe you, lords,
In ſight of both our battels, we may meet
At either end in peace; which heav'n ſo frame!
Or to the place of difference call the ſwords
Which muſt decide it.
York. My lord, we will do ſo. [*Exit* Weſt.

SCENE III.

Mowb. There is a thing within my boſom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.
Haſt. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon ſuch large terms and ſo abſolute,
As our conditions ſhall inſiſt upon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That ev'ry ſlight and falſe-derived cauſe,
Yea ev'ry idle, nice and wanton reaſon,
Shall to the King taſte of this action.
That, were our royal faiths, martyrs in love,
We ſhall be winnow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That ev'n our corn ſhall ſeem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
York. No, no, my lord, note this; the King is weary
Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and hiſtory his loſs

To

To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion;
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfaſten ſo and ſhake a friend.
So that this land, like an offenſive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very inſtruments of chaſtiſement:
So that his pow'r, like to a fangleſs Lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good lord Marſhal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will like a broken limb united,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it ſo.
Here is return'd my lord of *Weſtmorland.*

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. The Prince is here at hand: pleaſeth your lordſhip
To meet his grace, juſt diſtance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of *York* in God's name then ſet forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace, my lord, we come.

SCENE IV.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter.

Lan. You're well encounter'd here, my couſin *Mowbray*;

Good day to you, my gentle lord Arch-biſhop,
And ſo to you, lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My lord of *York*, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your flock aſſembled by the bell
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy text;
Than now to ſee you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to ſword, and life to death.
That man that ſits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the count'nance of the King,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſs? With you, lord Biſhop,
It is ev'n ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
To us, the ſpeaker in his parliament:
To us, th' imagin'd voice of heav'n it ſelf;
The very opener, and intelligencer
Between the grace, the ſanctities of heav'n,
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall believe
But you miſuſe the rev'rence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heav'n,
As a falſe favourite doth his Prince's name,
In deeds diſhon'rable? you've taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God
The ſubjects of his ſubſtitute, my father;
And both againſt the peace of heav'n and him
Have here up-ſwarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of *Lancaſter*,
I am not here againſt your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of *Weſtmorland*,
The time miſ-order'd doth in common ſenſe

Crowd

Crowd us and cruſh us to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-ſon of war is born,
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep
With grant of our moſt juſt and right deſire;
And true obedience, of this madneſs cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majeſty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fall down,
We have ſupplies to ſecond our attempt:
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
And ſo ſucceſs of miſchief ſhall be born,
And heir from heir ſhall hold this quarrel up,
While *England* ſhall have generation.

Lan. You are too ſhallow, *Haſtings*, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottom of the after-times.

Weſt. Pleaſeth your grace, to anſwer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And ſwear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purpoſes have been miſtook,
And ſome about him have too laviſhly
Wreſted his meaning and authority.
My lord, theſe griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt;
Upon my life they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your pow'rs unto their ſeveral counties,
As we will ours; and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored love and amity.

York. I take your princely word for theſe redreſſes.
Lan. I give it you; and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.
Haſt. Go captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well pleaſe them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit* Colevil.
York. To you, my noble lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Weſt. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew what pains
I have beſtow'd, to breed this preſent peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall ſhew it ſelf more openly hereafter.
York. I do not doubt you.
Weſt. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord, and gentle couſin *Mowbray.*
Mowb. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſudden ſomething ill.
York. Againſt ill chances men are ever merry,
But heavineſs fore-runs the good event.
Weſt. Therefore be merry Coz, ſince ſudden ſorrow
Serves to ſay thus; ſome good thing comes to-morrow.
York. Believe me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.
Mowb. So much the worſe, if your own rule be true.
Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they ſhout.
Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.
York. A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt;
For then both parties nobly are ſubdu'd,
And neither party loſer.
Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be diſcharged too. [*Exit* Weſt.
And good my lord, ſo pleaſe you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruſe the men
We ſhould have cop'd withal.

York.

York. Go, good lord *Haſtings:*
And ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by. [*Ex.* Haſt.
Lan. I truſt, lords, we ſhall lye to-night together.

SCENE X.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Now couſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtill?
Weſt. The leaders having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off until they hear you ſpeak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Re-Enter Haſtings.

Haſt. My lord, our army is diſpers'd already:
Like youthful Steers unyoak'd, they took their courſe
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth: or like a ſchool broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and ſporting-place.
Weſt. Good tidings, my lord *Haſtings*; for the which
I do arreſt thee, traitor, of high treaſon:
And you lord Arch-biſhop, and you lord *Mowbray*,
Of capital treaſon I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable?
Weſt. Is your aſſembly ſo?
York. Will you thus break your faith?
Lan. I pawn'd you none:
I promis'd you redreſs of theſe ſame grievances
Whereof you did complain; which by mine honour
I will perform with a moſt chriſtian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taſte the due
Meet for rebellion and ſuch acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.

Strike

Strike up our drums, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,
Heav'n and not we have ſafely fought to-day.
Some guard theſe traitors to the block of death,
Treaſon's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Colevile.

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir: and my name is *Colevile* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place, the dale. *Colevile* ſhall ſtill be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough: ſo ſhall you ſtill be *Colevile* of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir *John Falſtaff?*

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, who e'er I am: do ye yield, Sir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I do ſweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze up fear and trembling, and do obſervance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir *John Falſtaff*, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my name: an I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in *Europe:* my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Weſtmorland.

Lan. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now,
Call in the pow'rs, good couſin *Weſtmorland.* [*Exit* Weſt.

Now

Now *Falſtaff*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break ſome gallow's back.

Fal. I would be ſorry, my lord, but it ſhould be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I ſpeeded hither with the very extreameſt inch of poſſibility. I have founder'd nineſcore and odd poſts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir *John Colevile* of the dale, a moſt furious Knight and valorous enemy: but what of that? he ſaw me and yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome*, I came, ſaw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courteſie than your deſerving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beſeech your grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this day's deeds; or by the lord I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kiſſing my foot: to the which courſe if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I in the clear sky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full Moon doth the cynders of the element, which ſhew like pins heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let deſert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name *Colevile?*

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, *Colevile.*

Fal. And a famous true ſubject took him.

Cole.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'ſt thy ſelf away *gratis*; and I thank thee, for thee.

SCENE VII.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Lan. Now have you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and execution ſtay'd.

Lan. Send *Colevile* then with his confederates
To *York*, to preſent execution.
Blunt, lead him hence, and ſee you guard him ſure.
[*Ex. with* Colevile.
And now diſpatch we tow'rd the court, my lords;
I hear the King, my father, is ſore ſick:
Our news ſhall go before us to his Majeſty,
Which, couſin, you ſhall bear to comfort him:
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through *Glo'ſterſhire*; and when you come to court, 'pray, ſtand in your good report, my lord.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falſtaff*; I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedome. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded boy doth not love me; a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which

ſome

ſome of us ſhould be too; but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it; it aſcends me into the brain, dries me there all the fooliſh, dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehenſive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable ſhapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent Sherris, is the warming of the blood; which before cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardiſe; but the Sherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty ſpirits muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who great, and puft up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of Sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without Sack, for that ſets it a-work; and learning a meer hoard of gold kept by a devil, 'till ſack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good ſtore of fertil Sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt humane principle I would teach them ſhou'd be to forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now *Bardolph?*

Bard. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through *Gloceſterſhire*, and there will I viſit maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, *and* Glouceſter.

K. *Henry.* NOW lords, if heav'n doth give ſucceſsful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctify'd.
Our navy is addreſs'd, our power collected,
Our ſubſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lyes level to our wiſh:
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength:
And pauſe us, 'till theſe rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoak of government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. *Henry.* *Humphry*, my ſon of *Glouceſter*,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at *Windſor*.

K. *Henry.* And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

K. *Henry.* Is not his brother, *Thomas* of *Clarence*, with him?

Glou. No, my good lord, he is in preſence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. *Henry.* Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence*.
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, *Thomas*;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cheriſh it, my boy,
And noble offices thou may'ſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between

Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will.
For he is gracious if he be obſerv'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint,
As humourous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.
His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
'Till that his paſſions, like a Whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*,
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united veſſel of their blood,
(Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion,
As force, perforce, the age will pour it in)
Shall never leak, though it do work as ſtrong
As *Aconitum*, or raſh gun-powder.

Cla. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.

K. *Henry.* Why art thou not at *Windſor* with him, *Thomas?*

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in *London*.

K. *Henry.* And how accompanied? can'ſt thou tell that?

Cla. With *Poins*, and other his continual followers.

K. *Henry.* Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds:
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is over-ſpread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches it ſelf beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape

In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you ſhall look upon,
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors.
For when his head-ſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counſellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together,
Oh with what wings ſhall his affection fly
Tow'rds fronting peril and oppos'd decay?

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The Prince will in the perfectneſs of time
Caſt off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his grace muſt mete the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. *Henry.* 'Tis ſeldom, when the Bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.-----Who's here? *Weſtmorland?*

SCENE IX.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. Health to my ſoveraign, and new happineſs
Added to that, which I am to deliver.
Prince *John*, your ſon, doth kiſs your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Biſhop, *Scroop*, *Haſtings*, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's ſword unſheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive ev'ry where.

The

The manner how this action hath been born,
Here at more leiſure may your Highneſs read,
With every courſe, in his particular.

K. *Henry.* O *Weſtmorland*, thou art a ſummer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heav'n keep your Majeſty:
And when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of.
The Earl *Northumberland*, and the lord *Bardolf*,
With a great pow'r of *Engliſh* and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sh'riff of *Yorkſhire* overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, pleaſe it you, contains at large.

K. *Henry.* And wherefore ſhould theſe good news make me ſick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food;
(Such are the poor in health) or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach; ſuch the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I ſhould rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my ſight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill!

Glou. Comfort your Majeſty!

Cla. Oh, my royal father!

Weſt. My ſoveraign lord, chear up your ſelf, look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know theſe fits
Are with his highneſs very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air: he'll ſtrait be well.

Cla.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out theſe pangs;
Th' inceſſant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the † mure that ſhould confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glou. The people fear me; for they do obſerve
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The ſeaſons change their manners, as the year
Had found ſome months aſleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk (time's doting chronicles)
Say it did ſo a little time before
That our great Grandſire *Edward* ſick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. *Henry.* I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into ſome other chamber: ſoftly, 'pray.
Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends,
Unleſs ſome ſlow and favourable hand
Will whiſper muſick to my weary ſpirit.

War. Call for the muſick in the other room.

K. *Henry.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Leſs noiſe, leſs noiſe.

SCENE X.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* Who ſaw the Duke of *Clarence?*

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heavineſs.

P. *Henry.* How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the King?

Glou. Exceeding ill.

P. *Henry.*

† or wall.

P. *Henry*. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. *Henry*. If he be ſick with joy,
He'll recover without phyſick.

War. Not ſo much noiſe, my lords; ſweet Prince, ſpeak low;
The King, your father, is diſpos'd to ſleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't pleaſe your grace to go along with us?

P. *Henry*. No; I will ſit, and watch here by the King.

[*Exeunt all but P.* Henry.

Why doth the crown lye there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bed-fellow?
O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchful night: ſleep with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he whoſe brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night. O Majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That ſcald'ſt with ſafety. By his gates of breath
There lyes a downy feather which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs down
Perforce muſt move. My gracious lord! my father!
This ſleep is ſound indeed; this is a ſleep,
That from this golden † rigol hath divorc'd
So many *Engliſh* Kings. Thy due from me
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteouſly.
My due from thee is this imperial crown,

Which,

† rigol, *or circle*; *meaning the* crown.

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives it ſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,
Which heav'n ſhall guard: and put the world's whole ſtrength
Into one gyant arm, it ſhall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Warwick, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

K. *Henry.* *Warwick!* *Glouceſter!* *Clarence!*
Cla. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Majeſty? how fares your Grace?
K. *Henry.* Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?
Cla. We left the Prince my brother here my Liege;
Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.
K. *Henry.* The Prince of *Wales!* where is he? let me ſee him.
War. The door is open, he is gone this way.
Glou. He came not through the chamber where we ſtay'd.
K. *Henry.* Where is the Crown? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.
K. *Henry.* The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go ſeek him out.
Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleep my death? find him, my lord of *Warwick*,
And chide him hither ſtrait; this part of his
Conjoins with my diſeaſe, and helps to end me.
See, ſons, what things you are! how quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object?
For this, the fooliſh over-careful fathers
Have broke their ſleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with induſtry: for this engroſſed
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved gold:

For

For this, they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts and martial exerciſes:
When, like the Bee, culling from ev'ry Flow'r,
Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and like the Bees
Are murder'd for our pains! this bitter taſte
Yield his engroſsments to the [c] dying father.

Enter Warwick.

Now where is he? that will not ſtay ſo long,
'Till his friend, Sickneſs, hath determin'd me.

War. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Waſhing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quafft but blood,
Would by beholding him have waſh'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. *Henry.* But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, *Harry.*
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. [*Ex.*

P. *Henry.* I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.

K. *Henry.* Thy wiſh was father, *Harry*, to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the greatneſs that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.

[c] *ending.*

Thou haſt ſtoln that, which after ſome few hours
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifeſt thou lov'dſt me not,
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! can'ſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thy ſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my herſe
Be drops of balm to ſanctifie thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees:
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up vanity,
Down royal ſtate. All you ſage counſellors hence,
And to the *Engliſh* court aſſemble now
From ev'ry region, apes of idleneſs:
Now neighbour-confines, purge you of your ſcum;
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the Fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint, and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom! ſick with civil blows:
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,

What

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with Wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. *Henry.* O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
(The [d] moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,)
I had fore-ſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your Crown,
And he that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours; if I affect it more,
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! if I do feign,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my Liege, to think you were)
I ſpake unto the Crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold;
Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)

[d] *moſt.*

The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride,
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. *Henry.* O my ſon!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt [c] win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither *Harry*, ſit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this Crown; and I my ſelf know well
How troubleſome it ſate upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the ſoil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſt'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances,
Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-ſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace. All theſe bold fears
Thou ſeeſt with peril I have anſwered.
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene
Acting that argument: And now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer ſort.

So

[c] *join.*

So thou the garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively:
Yet though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe pow'r I well might lodge a fear
To be again diſplac'd: which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe now
To lead out many to the Holy land;
Leſt reſt and lying ſtill might make them look
Too near into my ſtate. Therefore, my *Harry*,
Be it thy courſe to buſy giddy minds
With foreign [f] wars; that action, hence born out,
May waſte the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the Crown, O God forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. *Henry*. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my poſſeſſion be;
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter *and* Warwick.

K. *Henry*. Look, look, here comes my *John* of *Lancaſter*.

Lan. Health, peace and happineſs to my royal father!

K. *Henry*. [g] Thou bring'ſt me happineſs and peace, ſon *John*;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk. Upon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſs makes a period.
Where is my lord of *Warwick?*

P. *Henry*.

[f] *quarrels.* [g] *Thou bring'ſt me happineſs, Son* John.

P. *Henry*. My lord of *Warwick*.

K. *Henry*. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jeruſalem*, my noble lord.

K. *Henry*. Laud be to God! ev'n there my life muſt end.
It hath been propheſy'd to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in *Jeruſalem:*
Which vainly I ſuppos'd the Holy land.
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lye:
In that *Jeruſalem* ſhall *Harry* die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

GLOSTERSHIRE.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaff, Bardolph, Page, *and* Davy.

SHALLOW.

BY cock and pye Sir, you ſhall not away to-night. What, *Davy*, I ſay.

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, maſter *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuſe you: you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve: you ſhall not be excus'd. Why *Davy*.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. *Davy*, *Davy*, *Davy*, let me ſee, *Davy*, let me ſee; *William* Cook, bid him come hither.------ Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: thoſe precepts cannot be ſerv'd; and again, Sir, ſhall we ſow the head-land with wheat?

Shal.

Shal. With red wheat, *Davy*. But for *William* Cook; are there no young Pidgeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir.----Here is now the Smith's note for ſhooing, and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt and paid-----Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Sir, a new link to the bucket muſt needs be had. And Sir, do you mean to ſtop any of *William*'s wages, about the ſack he loſt the other day at *Hinckley* fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it. Some Pidgeons, *Davy*, a couple of ſhort-legg'd Hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickſhaws: tell *William* Cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war ſtay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*. I will uſe him well. A friend i' th' court is better than a penny in purſe. Uſe his men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worſe than they are bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy buſineſs, *Davy*.

Davy. I beſeech you, Sir, to countenance *William Viſor* of *Woncot*, againſt *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, *Davy*, againſt that *Viſor*; that *Viſor* is an arrant knave on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worſhip that he is a knave, Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave ſhould have ſome countenance at his friend's requeſt. An honeſt man, Sir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a knave is not. I have ſerv'd your worſhip truly, Sir, theſe eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave againſt an honeſt man, I have but very little credit with your worſhip. The knave is mine honeſt friend, Sir, therefore I beſeech your worſhip let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to, I ſay he ſhall have no wrong: look about,

Davy.

Davy. Where are you, Sir *John?* come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, maſter *Bardolph.*

Bard. I am glad to ſee your worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind maſter *Bardolph*; and welcome, my tall fellow: [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir *John.*

Fal. I'll follow you, good maſter *Robert Shallow.* *Bardolph*, look to our horſes.---If I were ſaw'd into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded-hermites-ſtaves as maſter *Shallow.* It is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his mens ſpirits and his: they by obſerving of him do bear themſelves like fooliſh juſtices; he by converſing with them is turn'd into a juſtice-like ſervingman. Their ſpirits are ſo married in conjunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flock together in conſent like ſo many wild Geeſe. If I had a ſuit to maſter *Shallow*, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their maſter: If to his men, I would curry with maſter *Shallow*, that no man could better command his ſervants. It is certain that either wiſe bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in continual laughter the wearing out of ſix faſhions, which is four terms or two actions, and he ſhall laugh [a] without *Intervallums.* O, it is much, that a lie with a ſlight oath, and a jeſt with a ſad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his ſhoulders. O you ſhall ſee him laugh, 'till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. Sir *John.*

Fal. I come, maſter *Shallow*; I come, maſter *Shallow.*

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *with.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

LONDON.

Enter the Earl of Warwick *and the Lord Chief Juſtice.*

War. HOW now, my lord Chief Juſtice, whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature,
And to our purpoſes he lives no more.

Ch. Juſt. I would his Majeſty had call'd me with him.
The ſervice that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Juſt. I know he doth not, and do arm my ſelf
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideouſly on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſie.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter, Glouceſter *and* Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy iſſue of dead *Harry:*
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen:
How many Nobles then ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to ſpirits of vile ſort!

Ch. Juſt. Alas, I fear all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, couſin *Warwick.*

Glou. Clar. Good morrow, couſin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy.
Ch. Juſt. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier.
Glou. O, good my lord, you've loſt a friend indeed,
And I dare ſwear you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow, it is ſure your own.
Lan. Tho' no man be aſſur'd what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the ſorrier: would 'twere otherwiſe.
Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak Sir *John Falſtaff* fair,
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of quality.
Ch. Juſt. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th'[b] impartial conduct of my ſoul;
And never ſhall you ſee that I will beg
A ragged and foreſtall'd remiſſion.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my maſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.
War. Here comes the Prince.

SCENE III.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Juſt. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty.
P. *Henry.* This new and gorgeous garment, Majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſie on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear:
This is the *Engliſh*, not the *Turkiſh* court,
Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* ſucceeds,
But *Harry*, *Harry*. Yet be ſad, good brothers,
For to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then be ſad,

But

[b] *imperial.*

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint-burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by heav'n, I bid you be aſſur'd
I'll be your father and your brother too:
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that *Harry*'s dead, and ſo will I.
But *Harry* lives that ſhall convert thoſe tears
By number into hours of happineſs.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majeſty.

P. *Henry.* You all look ſtrangely on me; and you moſt.
You are, I think, aſſur'd I love you not. [*To the Ch. Juſt.*

Ch. Juſt. I am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

P. *Henry.* No! might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
Th' immediate heir of *England!* was this eaſie?
May this be waſh'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his pow'r lay then in me:
And in th' adminiſtration of his law,
While I was buſie for the common-wealth,
Your highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The majeſty and pow'r of law and juſtice,
The image of the King whom I preſented;
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment:
Whereon as an offender to your father
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at naught?
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench?
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword

That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon?
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
And mock your workings in a ſecond body?
Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon;
Hear your own dignity ſo much prophan'd;
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold your ſelf ſo by a ſon diſdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r ſoft ſilencing your ſon.
After this cold conſid'rance, ſentence me;
And as you are a King, ſpeak in your ſtate,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Liege's ſoveraignty?

P. *Henry.* You are right Juſtice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore ſtill bear the balance and the ſword:
And I do wiſh your honours may increaſe,
'Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words.
Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold
That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon;
And no leſs happy having ſuch a ſon,
That would deliver up his greatneſs ſo
Into the hand of juſtice. You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear,
With this remembrance that you uſe the ſame
With the like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents

To your well-practis'd wiſe directions.
And Princes all, believe me I beſeech you;
My father is gone [c] wail'd into his grave,
(For in his tomb lye my affections)
And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectations of the world,
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raſe out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. Tho' my tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity 'till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majeſty.
Now call we our high court of Parliament,
And let us chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our ſtate may go
In equal rank with the beſt govern'd nation;
That war or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.
[*To Lord Chief Juſtice.*
Our coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our ſtate,
And (Heav'n conſigning to my good intents)
No Prince nor Peer ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heav'n ſhorten *Harry*'s happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

[c] *wild.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Glocesterſhire.

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, *the Page, and* Davy.

Shal. NAY, you ſhall ſee mine orchard, where in an arbour we will eat a laſt year's pippin of my own graffing, with a diſh of carraways, and ſo forth: come couſin *Silence*; and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: beggars all, beggars all, Sir *John:* marry, good air. Spread *Davy*, ſpread *Davy*, well ſaid *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* ſerves you for good uſes; he is your ſerving-man and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir *John*. By th' Maſs I have drank too much Sack at ſupper. A good varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down: come, couſin.

Sil. Ah, ſirrah, quoth-a,

We ſhall do nothing but eat, and make good chear, [Singing.
And praiſe heav'n for the merry year;
When fleſh is cheap and females dear,
And luſty lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among, ſo merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good maſter *Silence*. I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. [d] Give Mr. *Bardolph* ſome wine, *Davy*.

Davy. Sweet Sir ſit; I'll be with you anon; moſt ſweet Sir ſit. Maſter Page, ſit: good maſter Page ſit: proface. What you want in meat we'll have in drink; but you muſt bear; the heart's all.

Shal.

[d] *Good Mr.* Bardolph, *ſome wine* Davy.

Shal. Be merry, maſter *Bardolph*, and my little ſoldier there be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,*
For women are ſhrews, both ſhort and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think maſter *Silence* had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Dav. There is a diſh of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy.

Dav. Your worſhip------I'll be with you ſtreight. A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [Singing.] *A cup of wine,*
That's briſk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, maſter *Silence.*

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, maſter *Silence.*

Sil. Fill the cup and let it come. I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honeſt *Bardolph*, welcome; if thou want'ſt any thing and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome my little tiny thief and welcome indeed too: I'll drink to maſter *Bardolph*, and to all the cavileroes about *London.*

Dav. I hope to ſee *London*, ere I die.

Bard. If I might ſee you there, *Davy.*

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? ha, will you not, maſter *Bardolph?*

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's liggens I thank thee; the knave will ſtick by thee,

thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, Sir. [*One knocks at the door.*

Shal. Why, there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at door there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me Knight,* Samingo. Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? why then say an old man can do somewhat.

Dav. If it please your worship there's one *Pistol* come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.

SCENE V.

Enter Pistol.

How now, *Pistol?*

Pist. Sir *John,* save you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Pistol?*

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man good, sweet Knight: thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think he be, but goodman *Puff* of *Barson.*

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!
Sir *John,* I am thy *Pistol* and thy friend;
And helter skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A footra for the world and worldlings base,
I speak of *Africa* and golden joys.

Fal. O base *Assyrian* Knight, what is thy news?
Let King *Cophetua* know the truth thereof.

Sil.

Sil. And *Robin-hood, Scarlet,* and *John.*

Piſt. Shall dunghil curs confront the *Helicons?*
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then *Piſtol* lay thy head in fury's lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the King, in ſome authority.

Piſt. Under which King? *Bezonian,* ſpeak or die.

Shal. Under King *Harry.*

Piſt. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Piſt. A footra for thine office.
Sir *John,* thy tender Lamb-kin now is King,
Harry the Fifth's the man. I ſpeak the truth.
When *Piſtol* lies, do this, and fig me like
The bragging *Spaniard.*

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Piſt. As nail in door: the things I ſpeak are juſt.

Fal. Away *Bardolph,* ſaddle my horſe. Maſter *Robert Shallow,* chuſe what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol,* I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry maſter *Silence* to bed: maſter *Shallow,* my lord *Shallow,* be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's ſteward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh, ſweet *Piſtol!* away *Bardolph:* come, *Piſtol,* utter more to me; and withal deviſe ſomething to do thy ſelf good. Boot, boot, maſter *Shallow.* I know the young King is ſick for me. Let us take any man's horſes: the

laws of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and wo to my Lord Chief Juſtice.

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo:
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they?
Why here it is, welcome this pleaſant day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

LONDON.

Enter Hoſteſs Quickly, Doll Tear-ſheet, *and Beadles.*

Hoſt. NO, thou arrant knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joint.

Bead. The conſtables have deliver'd her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie: come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-viſag'd raſcal, if the child I go with do miſcarry, thou hadſt better thou hadſt ſtruck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Hoſt. O that Sir *John* were come, he would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miſcarry.

Bead. If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of cuſhions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead that you and *Piſtol* beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a cenſor; I will have you as ſoundly ſwindg'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue; you filthy famiſh'd correctioner, if you be not ſwindg'd I'll forſwear half kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you ſhe-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. O, that right ſhould thus o'ercome might! Well, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a juſtice.

Hoſt. Yes, come, you ſtarv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones.

Hoſt. Thou [d] Atomy, thou.

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you raſcal.

Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter two Grooms, ſtrewing ruſhes.

1 *Groom.* MORE ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation: diſpatch, diſpatch. [*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolph, *and the Boy.*

Fal. Stand here by me, maſter *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you grace: I will lear upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Piſt. Bleſs thy lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, *Piſtol*, ſtand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtow'd the thouſand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matter, this poor ſhew doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. It ſhews my earneſtneſs of affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Fal. My devotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

[d] *Anatomy.*

Fal. As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with travel, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all affairs in oblivion, as if there were nothing elſe to be done but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*; for *abſque hoc nihil eſt.* 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage.
Thy *Dol* and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts
Is in baſe durance and contagious priſon;
Hauld thither by mechanick dirty hands.
Rowze up revenge from Ebon den, with fell *Alecto*'s ſnake,
For *Dol* is in. *Piſtol* ſpeaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piſt. There roar'd the ſea; and trumpet clangour ſounds.

SCENE VIII.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter the King and his train.

Fal. God ſave thy grace, King *Hal*, my royal *Hal.*

Piſt. The heav'ns thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame.

Fal. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy.

King. My Lord Chief Juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you ſpeak?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I ſpeak to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo profane;
But being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream. Make

Make leſs thy body hence, and more thy grace,
Leave gormandizing. Know, the grave doth gape
For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;
Preſume not that I am the thing I was:
For heav'n doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former ſelf,
So will I thoſe that kept me company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots;
'Till then I baniſh thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the reſt of my miſ-leaders,
Not to come near our perſon by ten miles.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And as we hear you do [e] reform your ſelves,
We will according to your ſtrength and qualities
Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Ex. King*, &c.

SCENE IX.

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay marry, Sir *John*, which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unleſs you give me your doublet and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal.

[e] *redeem.*

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I fear that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come lieutenant *Piſtol*, come *Bardolph*. I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Enter Chief Juſtice and Prince John.

Ch. Juſt. Go carry Sir *John Falſtaff* to the *Fleet*,
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord.

Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak, I will hear you ſoon. Take them away.

Piſt. Si fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lancaſter *and Chief Juſtice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are baniſh'd, 'till their converſations
Appear more wiſe and modeſt to the world.

Ch. Juſt. And ſo they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Juſt. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords and native fire
As far as *France*. I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe muſick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'ſie; laſt, my ſpeech. My fear is your diſpleaſure; my court'ſie, my duty; and my ſpeech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good ſpeech now, you undo me; for what I have to ſay is of mine own making, and what indeed I ſhould ſay will I doubt prove mine own marring. But to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing Play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a better. I did mean indeed to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle creditors, loſe. Here I promiſed you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and as moſt debtors do, promiſe you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to uſe my legs? and yet that were but light payment to dance out of your debt: but a good conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the gentlewomen here have [a]*forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly.*

One word more I beſeech you; if you be not too much cloid with fat meat, our humble author will continue the ſtory with Sir John *in it, and make you merry with fair* Katharine *of* France; *where for any thing I know* Falſtaff *ſhall die of a ſweat, unleſs already he be kill'd with your hard opinions: for* † Oldcaſtle *died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and ſo kneel down before you; but indeed to pray for the Queen.*

[a] *forgotten.*

† *This alludes to a play, in which Sir* John Oldcaſtle *was put for* Falſtaff.

The LIFE of

HENRY

THE

FIFTH.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fifth.*

Duke of Glouceſter, *Duke of* Bedford, *Duke of* Clarence, — *Brothers to the King.*

Duke of York, *Duke of* Exeter, — *Uncles to the King.*

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Weſtmorland.

Earl of Warwick.

Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury.

Biſhop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge, *Lord* Scroop, *Sir* Thomas Grey, — *Conſpirators againſt the King.*

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Mackmorris, Jamy, — *Officers in King* Henry's *Army.*

Nym, Bardolph, Piſtol, *Boy*, — *Formerly Servants to* Falſtaff, *now Soldiers in the King's Army.*

Bates, Court, Williams, — *Soldiers.*

Charles,

Charles, *King of* France.
The Dauphin.
Duke of Burgundy.
Conſtable, Orleans, Rambures, Bourbon, Grandpree, } French *Lords.*
Governor of Harfleur.
Mountjoy, *a Herald.*
Ambaſſadors to the King of England.

Iſabel, *Queen of* France.
Catharine, *Daughter to the King of* France.
Alice, *a Lady attending on the Princeſs* Catharine.
Hoſteſs.

Lords, Meſſengers, French *and* Engliſh *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

The Scene *at the beginning of the Play lyes in* England, *but afterwards wholly in* France.

PROLOGUE.

O For a Muſe of fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a ſtage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene!
Then ſhould the warlike Harry, *like himſelf,*
Aſſume the port of Mars, *and at his heels*
Leaſht in like hounds, ſhould famine, ſword and fire
Crouch for employments. Pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraiſed ſpirit that hath dar'd
On this unworthy ſcaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this Cock-pit hold
The vaſty field of France? *or may we cram*
Within this wooden O, the very caskes
That did affright the air, at Agincourt?
O pardon; ſince a crooked figure may
Atteſt in little place a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppoſe within the girdle of theſe walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
Whoſe high up-reared, and abutting fronts
The perillous narrow ocean parts aſunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puiſſance:
Think, when we talk of horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accompliſhment of many years
Into an hour-glaſs; for the which ſupply,
Admit me Chorus *to this hiſtory;*
Who prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our Play.

The

The LIFE of * King *HENRY* V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LONDON.

Enter the Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

‡ *Arch-Biſhop of* CANTERBURY.

Y lord, I'll tell you, that ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year o'th' laſt King's reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Ely. But how, my lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better part of our poſſeſſion:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the church,

* *This Play was writ (as appears from a paſſage in the Chorus to the fifth Act) at the time of the Earl of* Eſſex's *commanding the forces in* Ireland, *in the reign of Q.* Elizabeth; *and not 'till after* Henry *the Sixth had been play'd; as may be ſeen by the concluſion of this Play.*

‡ *This firſt Scene was added ſince the edition of* 1608, *which is much ſhort of the preſent editions, wherein the ſpeeches are generally enlarg'd and raiſed: ſeveral whole ſcenes beſides, and all the Chorus's alſo were ſince added by* Shakeſpear.

Would

Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain to the King's honour,
Full fifteen Earls and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to relief of lazars and weak age
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houſes, right well ſupply'd;
And to the coffers of the King beſide
A thouſand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not;
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs mortify'd in him
Seem'd to die too; yea at that very moment
Conſideration, like an angel, came,
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradiſe
T' invelope and contain celeſtial ſpirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood
With ſuch a heady current, ſcow'ring faults:
Nor ever *Hydra*-headed wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this King.

Ely. We're bleſſed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reaſon in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wiſh
You would deſire the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,

You'd

You'd ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy.
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battel render'd you in muſick.
Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unlooſe
Familiar as his garter. When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honied ſentences:
So that the art and practic part of life
Muſt be the miſtreſs to his theorique.
Which is a wonder how his grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to courſes vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and ſhallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, ſports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholſom berries thrive and ripen beſt
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs, which no doubt
Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.

Cant. It muſt be ſo; for miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? doth his Majeſty
Incline to it or no?

Cant. He ſeems indifferent:

Or rather ſwaying more upon our part,
Than cheriſhing th' exhibiters againſt us.
For I have made an offer to his Majeſty,
Upon our ſpiritual convocation,
And in regard of cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater ſum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predeceſſors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer ſeem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majeſty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
(As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done)
The ſeveral and unhidden paſſages
Of his true titles to ſome certain Dukedoms,
And generally to the crown of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward* his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The *French* ambaſſador upon that inſtant
Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is come
To give him hearing. Is it four a-clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embaſſie:
Which I could with a ready gueſs declare,
Before the *Frenchman* ſpeaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Weſtmorland, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry*. Where is my gracious lord of *Canterbury*?

Exe. Not here in preſence.

K. *Henry*.

K. *Henry*. Send for him, good uncle.

† *Weſt*. Shall we call in th' ambaſſador, my Liege?

K. *Henry*. Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and *France*.

Enter the Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it.

K. *Henry*. Sure we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul
With opening titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth.
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our perſon,
How you awake our ſleeping ſword of war:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
For never two ſuch kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one a woe, a ſore complaint
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrong gives edge unto the ſwords
That make ſuch waſte in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, ſpeak my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſht,
As pure as ſin with baptiſm.

† *Here began the old Play.*

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Soveraign, and you Peers,
That owe [a] your lives, your faith, and ſervices,
To this imperial throne. † There is no bar
To make againſt your highneſs' claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
No woman ſhall ſucceed in Salike *land:*
Which *Salike* land the *French* unjuſtly gloze
To be the realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land *Salike* lies in *Germany*,
Between the floods of *Sala* and of *Elve:*
Where *Charles* the great having ſubdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and ſettled certain *French:*
Who holding in diſdain the *German* women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſht then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in *Salike* land:
Which *Salike*, as I ſaid, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meiſen*.
Thus doth it well appear, the *Salike* law
Was not deviſed for the realm of *France*.
Nor did the *French* poſſeſs the *Salike* land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
(Idly ſuppos'd the founder of this law,)
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty ſix; and *Charles* the great
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did ſeat the *French*

[a] *your ſelves, your lives and ſervices.*

† *This whole ſpeech is copied (in a manner* verbatim*) from* Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry V. *year the ſecond, fol.* 4. xx. xxx. xl. *&c. In the firſt edition it is very imperfect, and the very hiſtory and names of the Princes are confounded, but this was afterward ſet right and corrected from his original,* Hall's *Chronicle.*

Beyond

Beyond the river *Sala*, in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their writers ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerick*,
Did as heir general (being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was daughter to King *Clothair*)
Make claim and title to the crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet alſo, who uſurp'd the crown
Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain* ſole heir-male
Of the true line and ſtock of *Charles* the great;
To fine his title with ſome ſhews of truth,
(Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught)
Convey'd himſelf as heir to th' lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the ſon
To *Lewis* th' Emperor, which was the ſon
Of *Charles* the great. Alſo King *Lewis* the [b]ninth,
Who was ſole heir to the uſurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience
Wearing the crown of *France*, 'till ſatisfy'd
That fair Queen *Iſabel* his grandmother
Was lineal of the lady *Ermengere*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of *Lorain*:
By the which match the line of *Charles* the great
Was re-united to the crown of *France*.
So that as clear as is the ſummer's ſun,
King *Pepin*'s title, and *Hugh Capet*'s claim,
King *Lewis* his [c]poſſeſſion, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the Kings of *France* [d]until this day.
Howbeit they would hold up this *Salike* law,
To bar your highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather chuſe to hide them in a net,
Than [e]openly imbrace their crooked titles,
Uſurpt from you and your progenitors.

[b] *tenth. See* Hall, *loco cit.* [c] *ſatisfaction.* Hall, *loco cit.* [d] *upon.* [e] *amply to.*

K. *Henry*. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread ſoveraign:
For in the book of *Numbers* it is writ,
When the [f] ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
Look back into your mighty anceſtors;
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandſire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit,
And your great uncle *Edward* the black Prince,
Who on the *French* ground play'd a Tragedy,
Making defeat on the full pow'r of *France*:
While his moſt mighty father on a hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lion's whelp
Forage in blood of *French* nobility.
O noble *Engliſh*, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pow'r of *France*,
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats!
You are their heir, you ſit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puiſſant Liege
Is in the very *May*-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterpriſes.

Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you ſhould rouze your ſelf,
As did the former Lions of your blood.

Weſt. They know your grace hath cauſe, and means and [might;
So hath your highneſs, never King of *England*
Had nobles richer, and more loyal ſubjects,
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in *England*,

And

[f] *man. See* Hall, *fol.* 5. x.

And lye pavillion'd in the field of *France.*

Cant. O let their bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With blood and ſword and fire to win your right:
In aid whereof we of the ſpirituality
Will raiſe your highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your anceſtors.

K. *Henry.* We muſt not only arm t' invade the *French,*
But lay down our proportions to defend
Againſt the *Scot,* who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of thoſe Marches
Shall be a wall ſufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. *Henry.* We do not mean the courſing ſnatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot,*
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to us:
For you ſhall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into *France,*
But that the *Scot* on his unfurniſht kingdom
Came pouring like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim-fulneſs of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot aſſays,
Girding with grievous ſiege caſtles and towns;
That *England* being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my Liege;
For hear her but exampled by her ſelf,
When all her chivalry hath been in *France*
And ſhe a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath her ſelf not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a ſtray
The King of *Scots;* whom ſhe did ſend to *France,*

To

To fill King *Edward's* fame with priſoner Kings;
And make his chronicle as rich with praiſe,
As is the ouzy bottom of the ſea
With ſunken wrack and ſum-leſs treaſuries.

Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
† *If that you will* France *win, then with* Scotland *firſt begin.*
For once the Eagle *England* being in prey,
To her unguarded neſt the Weazel, *Scot,*
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs,
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To tear and havock more than ſhe can eat.

Exe. It follows then the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a [g] curs'd neceſſity;
Since we have locks to ſafeguard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' adviſed head defends it ſelf at home:
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one conſent,
Congruing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like muſick.

Cant. Therefore heaven doth divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for ſo work the honey Bees;
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The [h] art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a King and officers of ſorts,
Where ſome like magiſtrates correct at home:
Others like merchants venture trade abroad:
Others, like ſoldiers armed in their ſtings,

Make

† Hall's *Chronicle*, Hen. 5. *year* 2. *fol.* 7. *page* 2. x.
[g] *cruſh'd.* [h] *act.*

Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds:
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who buſied in his majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſon building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanick porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:
The ſad-ey'd juſtice with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things having full reference
To one conſent, may work contrariouſly:
As many arrows looſed ſeveral ways
Come to one mark: as many ways meet in one town,
As many freſh ſtreams meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many lines cloſe in the dial's center;
So may a thouſand actions once a-foot
[i]End in one purpoſe, and be all well born
Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege.
Divide your happy *England* into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withal ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake:
If we with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation loſe
The name of hardineſs and policy.

K. *Henry*. Call in the meſſengers ſent from the *Dauphin*.
Now are we well reſolv'd, and by God's help
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. There we'll ſit,
Ruling in large and ample empery

O'er

[i] *And.*

O'er *France* and all her almoſt kingly Dukedoms;
Or lay theſe bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them.
Either our hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or elſe our grave,
Like *Turkiſh* mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth,
Not worſhipt with a waxen epitaph.

SCENE III.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin *Dauphin*; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Majeſty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off
The *Dauphin*'s meaning and our embaſſie.

K. *Henry.* We are no tyrant, but a chriſtian King,
Unto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our priſons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the *Dauphin*'s mind.

Amb. Thus then in few.
Your highneſs lately ſending into *France*,
Did claim ſome certain Dukedoms in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, *Edward* the third.
In anſwer of which claim, the Prince our maſter
Says that you ſavour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd: there's nought in *France*
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into Dukedoms there:
He therefore ſends you (meeter for your ſpirit)

This

This tun of treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you let the Dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* ſpeaks.

K. *Henry.* What treaſure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.

K. *Henry.* We're glad the *Dauphin* is ſo pleaſant with us.
His preſent and your pains we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to theſe balls,
We will in *France*, by God's grace, play a ſet
Shall ſtrike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him h'ath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the courts of *France* will be diſturb'd
With chaces. And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not meaſuring what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor ſeat of *England*,
And therefore living hence, did give our ſelf
To barb'rous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merrieſt when they are from home.
But tell the *Dauphin* I will keep my ſtate,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſail of greatneſs,
When I do rowze me in my throne of *France*.
For that I have laid by my Majeſty,
And plodded like a man for working days;
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glory,
That I will dazle all the eyes of *France*,
Yea ſtrike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.
And tell the pleaſant Prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-ſtones, and his ſoul
Shall ſtand ſore charged for the waſtful vengeance
That ſhall fly with them: many thouſand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their ſons, mock caſtles down:

And ſome are yet ungotten and unborn,
That ſhall have cauſe to curſe the *Dauphin*'s ſcorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal, and in whoſe name
Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace, and tell the *Dauphin*
His jeſt will ſavour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with ſafe conduct. Fare ye well.
[*Exeunt Ambaſſadors.*

Exe. This was a merry meſſage.

K. *Henry.* We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it:
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
For we have now no thoughts in us but *France*,
Save thoſe to God that run before our buſineſs.
Therefore let our proportions for theſe wars
Be ſoon collected, and all thought upon
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſs add
More feathers to our wings: for God before,
We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

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† SCENE IV.

Enter Corporal Nim, *and Lieutenant* Bardolph.

Bard. WELL met, Corporal *Nim.*

Nim. Good-morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph.*

† *Between this and the foregoing Scene, in all the editions hitherto is inſerted the Chorus which I have poſtpon'd. That Chorus manifeſtly is intended to advertiſe the Spectators of the Change of the Scene to* Southampton, *and therefore ought to be plac'd juſt before that Change, and not here, where the Scene is ſtill continued in* London.

Bard.

Bard. What, are ancient *Piſtol* and you friends yet?

Nim. For my part I care not: I ſay little; but when time ſhall ſerve there ſhall be ſmiles, but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron; it is a ſimple one, but what though? it will toaſt cheeſe, and it will endure cold as another man's ſword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friends, and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to *France:* let it be ſo, good corporal *Nim.*

Nim. Faith I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my reſt, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly*, and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things muſt be as they may; men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and ſome ſay knives have edges: it muſt be as it may; though patience be a tir'd name, yet ſhe will plod; there muſt be concluſions; well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piſtol *and* Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient *Piſtol* and his wife; good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine hoſt *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Baſe tyke, call'ſt thou me hoſt? now by this hand, I ſwear I ſcorn the term, nor ſhall my *Nel* keep lodgers.

Quick. No by my troth not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honeſtly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday lady, if he be not hewn now, we ſhall ſee wilful adultery and murther committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Piſh.

Piſt. Piſh for thee, *Iſland* dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of *Iſland.*

Quick. Good corporal *Nim*, ſhew thy valour and put up thy ſword.

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would have you *ſolus.*

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog! O viper vile;
The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face,
The *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea in thy maw perdy;
And which is worſe within thy naſty mouth.
I do retort the *ſolus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and *Piſtol*'s cock is up
And flaſhing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, *Piſtol*, I will ſcour you with my rapier as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Piſt. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The grave doth gape and [k] groaning death is near,
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I ſay: he that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroke, I'll run him up to the hilts as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An Oath of mickle might; and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy ſpirits are more tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Piſt. Coupe a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee again.
O hound of *Creet*, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
No to the ſpittle go,
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar Kite of *Creſſid*'s kind,
Dol Tear-ſheet, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe.
I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly*

For

[k] *doating.*

For th' only ſhe; and *pauca*, there's enough, go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt *Piſtol*, you muſt come to my maſter, and your hoſteſs: he is very ſick, and would to bed. Good *Bardolph*, put thy [1]noſe between his ſheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a pudding one of theſe days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good husband come home preſently. [*Exit Quick.*

Bard. Come, ſhall I make you two friends? we muſt to *France* together: why the devil ſhould we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Piſt. Let floods o'erſwell, and fiends for food howl on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings I won of you at betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the ſlave that pays.

Nim. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound, puſh home. [*Draw.*

Bard. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'll kill him; by this ſword I will.

Piſt. Sword is an oath, and oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bard. Corporal *Nim*, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too; pr'ythee put up.

Piſt. A noble ſhalt thou have and preſent pay,
And liquor likewiſe will I give to thee,
And friendſhip ſhall combine and brotherhood.
I'll live by *Nim*, and *Nim* ſhall live by me.
Is not this juſt? for I ſhall Suttler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nim. I ſhall have my noble?

Piſt. In caſh moſt juſtly paid.

Nim.

[1] *face.*

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir *John:* ah poor heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. Nim, thou haſt ſpoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as it may; he paſſes ſome humours and carreers.

Piſt. Let us condole the Knight; for, lambkins! we will live.

[*Exeunt.*

† ACT II. SCENE I.

SOUTH-HAMPTON.

Enter CHORUS.

NOW all the youth of *England* are on fire,
And ſilken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man.
They ſell the paſture now to buy the horſe,
Following the mirror of all chriſtian Kings,

† *I have divided the Acts of this Play differently from all the editions, by beginning here the ſecond Act, whereby each throughout the play begins with a Chorus, regularly; whereas before, this Chorus was ſtuck into a place where it interrupted the continuance of the Scene, and for want of this diviſion they were forc'd to ſplit the one day's battle at* Agincourt *into two acts, namely the third and fourth. See the note on Act* 4, *Scene* 13.

With

With winged heels, as *Engliſh Mercuries.*
For now ſits expectation in the air,
And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers.
The *French*, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the *Engliſh* purpoſes.
O *England!* model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart;
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee thy fault *France* hath in thee found out,
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills
With treach'rous crowns, and three corrupted men.
One, *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*; and the ſecond
Henry lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*; and the third
Sir *Thomas Gray* Knight of *Northumberland*,
Have for the gilt of *France* (O guilt indeed!)
Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful *France*,
And by their hands this grace of Kings muſt die,
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,
E'er he take ſhip for *France*. Then in *Southampton*
Linger your patience on, and [a] well digeſt
Th' abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from *London*, and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to *Southampton:*
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit,
And thence to *France* ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back: charming the narrow ſeas
To give you gentle paſs; for if we may,

We'll

[a] *we'll digeſt Th' abuſe of diſtance: force a play.*

We'll not offend one ſtomach with our play.
But 'till the King come forth, and not 'till then,
Unto *Southampton* do we ſhift our ſcene. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Weſtmorland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors.
Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.
Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves,
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſate,
Crowned with faith and conſtant loyalty.
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay but the man that was his bed-fellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours!
That he ſhould for a foreign purſe ſo ſell
His Soveraign's life to death and treachery. [*Trumpets ſound.*

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, *and* Grey.

K. *Henry.* Now ſits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of *Cambridge*, and my lord of *Maſham*,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the pow'rs we bear with us
Will cut their paſſage through the force of *France?*
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head aſſembled them.
Scroop. No doubt, my Liege; if each man do his beſt.
K. *Henry.* I doubt not that, ſince we are well perſuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair conſent with ours:
And leave not one behind, that doth not wiſh
Succeſs and conqueſt to attend on us.

Cam.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your Majeſty; there's not a ſubject
That ſits in heart-grief and uneaſineſs
Under the ſweet ſhade of your government.

Grey. True; thoſe that were your father's enemies
Have ſteept their gauls in honey, and obſerve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. *Henry.* We therefore have great cauſe of thankfulneſs,
And ſhall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſs.

Scroop. So ſervice ſhall with ſteeled ſinews toil,
And labour ſhall refreſh it ſelf with hope,
To do your grace inceſſant ſervices.

K. *Henry.* We judge no leſs. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rail'd againſt our perſon: we conſider
It was exceſs of wine that ſet him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd, Soveraign, leſt example
Breed by his ſuff'rance more of ſuch a kind.

K. *Henry.* O let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highneſs, and yet puniſh too.

Grey. You ſhew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.

K. *Henry.* Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy oriſons 'gainſt this poor wretch.
If little faults proceeding on diſtemper
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd and digeſted,
Appear before us? we'll enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop* and *Grey* in their dear care

And tender preſervation of our perſon,
Would have him puniſh'd. Now to our *French* cauſes,
Who are the late commiſſioners?

Cam. I one, my lord,
Your highneſs bad me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.

Grey. And I, my Soveraign.

K. *Henry.* Then *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge* there is yours:
There yours, lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*; and Sir Knight,
Grey of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours;
Read them, and know I know your worthineſs.
My lord of *Weſtmorland* and uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers that you loſe
So much complexion? look ye how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there
That hath ſo cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Camb. I confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. *Henry.* The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare for ſhame to talk of mercy,
For your own reaſons turn upon your boſoms,
As dogs upon their maſters, worrying you.
See you my Princes and my noble Peers,
Theſe *Engliſh* monſters! my lord *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of *France*

To

To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But O!
What ſhall I ſay to thee lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didſt bear the key of all my counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my ſoul,
That almoſt might'ſt have coin'd me into gold,
Would'ſt thou have practis'd on me for thy uſe?
May it be poſſible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſs
As black and white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
† Treaſon and murder ever kept together,
As two yoak-devils ſworn to either's purpoſe;
Working ſo groſly in a natural cauſe,
That admiration did not hoop at them.
But thou 'gainſt all proportion didſt bring in
Wonder to wait on treaſon, and on murther:
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſt'rouſly,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils that ſuggeſt by-treaſons
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetcht
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee bad thee ſtand up,
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lion-gate walk the whole world,
He might return to vaſty *Tartar* back,

† *What follows to the end of this ſpeech is additional ſince the firſt edition.*

And tell the legions, I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſie as that *Engliſhman*'s.
Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſie infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why ſo didſt thou. or ſeem they grave and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou. come they of noble family?
Why ſo didſt thou. ſeem they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou. or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſs paſſion or of mirth or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, nor ſwerving with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely †boulted didſt thou ſeem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To make [b] the full-fraught man, the beſt, endu'd
With ſome ſuſpicion. I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine methinks is like
Another fall of man-----Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices.

Exe. I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scroop. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beſeech your highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of *France* did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive

The

[b] *thee.*

† boulted *or ſifted*, [*i. e.*] refined, or purg'd from all faults.

The ſooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſuff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beſeeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er my ſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault but not my body, pardon Soveraign.

K. *Henry.* God quit you in his mercy; hear your ſentence;
You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon,
† Join'd with an enemy, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earneſt of our death;
Wherein you would have ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into deſolation.
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge,
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruin you three ſought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miſerable wretches to your death;
The taſte whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences. Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*
Now, lords, for *France*, the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous treaſon lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not
But every rub is ſmoothed in our way:
Then forth dear countrymen; let us deliver

Our

† *This ſpeech alſo has been inlarged by the author.*

Our puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtrait in expedition.
Chearly to ſea the ſigns of war advance,
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes again to London.

Enter Piſtol, Nim, Bardolph, *Boy, and Hoſteſs.*

Hoſt. PR'ythee honey ſweet husband, let me bring thee to *Staines.*

Piſtol. No, for my manly heart doth yern.
Bardolph, be blith: *Nim*, rouze thy vaunting veins:
Boy, briſtle thy courage up; for *Falſtaff* he is dead,
And we muſt yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him whereſome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

Hoſt. Nay, ſure he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur*'s boſom, if ever man went to *Arthur*'s boſom. He made a finer end, and went away an it had been any chriſtom child; a parted even juſt between twelve and one, even at the turning o'th' tide: For after I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets, and play with flowers, and ſmile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for †his noſe was as ſharp as a pen. How now, Sir *John?* quoth I: what man? be a good cheer: ſo a cried out, God, God, God, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble

† his noſe was as ſharp as a pen, and a table of green fields. *Theſe words* and a table of green fields *are not to be found in the old editions of* 1600 *and* 1608. *This nonſenſe got into all the following editions by a pleaſant miſtake of the Stage-editors, who printed from the common piecemeal-written Parts in the Play-houſe. A Table was here directed to be brought in, (it being a ſcene in a tavern where they drink at parting) and this direction crept into the text from the margin.* Greenfield *was the name of the Property man in that time who furniſh'd implements* &c. *for the actors. A* Table *of* Greenfield's.

himſelf

himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a bad me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nim. They ſay he cried out of ſack.

Hoſt. Ay that a did.

Bard. And of women.

Hoſt. Nay that a did not.

Boy. Yes that he did, and ſaid they were devils incarnate.

Hoſt. A could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He ſaid once, the deule would have him about women.

Hoſt. He did in ſome ſort indeed handle women; but then he was rheumatick and talk'd of the whore of *Babylon.*

Boy. Do you not remember he ſaw a Flea ſtick upon *Bardolph*'s noſe, and ſaid it was a black ſoul burning in hell.

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nim. Shall we ſhogg? the King will be gone from *Southhampton.*

Piſt. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips:
Look to my chattels, and my moveables;
Let ſenſes rule; the word is pitch and pay;
Truſt none, for oaths are ſtraws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-faſt is the only dog, my Duck,
Therefore *Caveto* be thy counſellor.
Go, clear thy cryſtals. Yoke-yoke-fellows in arms
Let us to *France*, like Horſe-leeches, my boys,
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that's but unwholſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth and march.

Bard. Farewel hoſteſs.

Nim. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Piſt.

Piſt. Let houſewifery appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.
Hoſt. Farewel; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to France.

Enter the French *King, the Dauphin, the Duke of* Burgundy, *and the Conſtable.*

Fr. King. THUS come the *Engliſh* with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns
To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry* and of *Britain,*
Of *Brabant* and of *Orleans* ſhall make forth,
And you, Prince *Dauphin,* with all ſwift diſpatch;
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For *England* his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the ſucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples,
Left by the fatal and neglected *Engliſh*
Upon our fields.
Dau. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace it ſelf ſhould not ſo dull a kingdom,
(Tho' war, nor no known quarrel were in queſtion)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore I ſay 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of *France:*
And let us do it with no ſhew of fear;

No

No, with no more than if we heard that *England*
Were buſied with a *Whitſon* morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically born,
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince *Dauphin*,
† You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your grace the late ambaſſadors,
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſie,
How well ſupply'd with noble counſellors,
How modeſt in exception, and withal
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the out-ſide of the *Roman Brutus*,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring and be moſt delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not ſo, my lord high conſtable.
But tho' we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he ſeems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth like a miſer ſpoil his coat with ſcanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* ſtrong;
And Princes look you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witneſs our too much memorable ſhame,
When *Creſſy* battel fatally was ſtruck,

† *This part much inlarg'd ſince the firſt writing.*

And all our Princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, *Edward* the Prince of *Wales:*
While that his mountain ſire, on mountain ſtanding,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,
Saw his heroick ſeed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by *French* fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a ſtem
Of that victorious ſtock; and let us fear
The native mightineſs and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Ambaſſadors from *Harry* King of *England*
Do crave admittance to your Majeſty. [them.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go, and bring
You ſee this chaſe is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit; for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when what they ſeem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my Soveraign,
Take up the *Engliſh* ſhort, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin
As ſelf-neglecting.

SCENE V.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother *England?*

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majeſty:
He wills you in the name of God Almighty,
That you diveſt your ſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long

To

To him and to his heirs; namely the crown,
And all the wide-ſtretch'd honours that pertain
By cuſtom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of *France*. That you may know
'Tis no ſiniſter nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion rak'd;
He ſends you this moſt memorable line,
In every branch truly demonſtrative,
Willing you over-look his pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then reſign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or elſe what follows?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the crown
Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
And therefore in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake like a *Jove:*
That if requiring fail, he may compell.
He bids you in the bowels of the lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor ſouls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vaſty jaws; upon your head
Turning the widows tears, the orphans cries,
The dead mens blood, the [c] pining maidens groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallow'd in this controverſie.
This is his claim, his threatning, and my meſſage;
Unleſs the *Dauphin* be in preſence here,
To whom expreſly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us we will conſider of this further:

[c] *privy maidens.*

To-morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother *England.*

Dau. For the *Dauphin,*
I ſtand here for him; what to him from *England?*

Exe. Scorn and defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſays my King; and if your father's highneſs
Do not in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you ſent his Majeſty;
He'll call you to ſo hot an anſwer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of *France*
Shall chide your treſpaſs, and return your mock
In ſecond accent to his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father [d] render fair reply,
It is againſt my will; for I deſire
Nothing but odds with *England*; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louvre* ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſs court of mighty *Europe:*
And be aſſur'd you'll find a difference,
As we his ſubjects have in wonder found,
Between the promiſe of his greener days
And theſe he maſters now; now he weighs time
Even to the utmoſt grain, which you ſhall read
In your own loſſes, if he ſtay in *France.*

Fr. King. To-morrow you ſhall know our mind at full.

[*Flouriſh.*

Exe. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our King
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay,
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You ſhall be ſoon diſpatch'd with fair conditions

A

[d] *tender.*

A night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. [*Exeunt.*

†ACT III. SCENE I.

FRANCE.

Enter CHORUS.

THUS with imagin'd wing our ſwift ſcene flies,
In motion of no leſs celerity
Than that of thought. Suppoſe that you have ſeen
The well-appointed King at *Dover* Peer
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young *Phœbus* fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle ſhip boys climbing,
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd; behold the threaden ſails,
Born with th' inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge. O, do but think
You ſtand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconſtant billows dancing;
For ſo appears this fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow.
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy,
And leave your *England*, as dead midnight ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies and old women,
Or paſt or not arriv'd to pith and puiſſance:
For who is he whoſe chin is but enrich'd

With

† *This whole act (and alſo the reſt of the play) very much enlarged and improved by the author ſince the editions of* 1600, *and* 1608.

With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to *France?*
Work, work your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages
With fatal mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur.*
Suppoſe th' ambaſſador from *France* comes back,
Tells *Harry*, that the King doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms:
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With lynſtock now the deviliſh cannon touches,
[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, *and* Glouceſter, *with ſcaling-ladders as before* Harfleur.

K. *Henry.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or cloſe the wall up with our *Engliſh* dead.
In peace there's nothing ſo becomes a man
As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger;
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the braſs cannon let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.

Now

Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit
To his full height. Now on, you nobleſt *Engliſh*,
Whoſe blood is fetcht from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Have in theſe parts from morn 'till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument:
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in *England*, ſhew us here
The mettle of your paſture: let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes;
I ſee you ſtand like Greyhounds in the ſlips,
Straining upon the ſtart. The game's a-foot:
Follow your ſpirit; and upon this charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, *England*, and St. *George*.

[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*

SCENE III.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, corporal, ſtay, the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a caſe of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain ſong of it.

Piſt. The plain ſong is moſt juſt; for humours do abound:
Knocks go and come: God's vaſſals drop and die;
And ſword and ſhield, in bloody field, doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Wou'd I were in an ale-houſe in *London*, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and ſafety. *Piſt.*

Piſt. *And I; if wiſhes would prevail,
I wou'd not ſtay, but thither would I hye.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs; avaunt, you cullions.

Piſt. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould,
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Good bawcock bate thy rage, uſe lenity ſweet chuck.

Nim. Theſe be good humours; your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerv'd theſe three ſwaſhers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would ſerve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three ſuch antiques do not amount to a man. For *Bardolph*, he is white liver'd and red fac'd, by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not. For *Piſtol*, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet ſword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For *Nim*, he hath heard that men of few words are the beſt men, and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his prayers, leſt he ſhould be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds, for he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was againſt a poſt when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing and call it purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a lute-caſe, bore it twelve leagues, and ſold it for three half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworn brothers in filching; and in *Calais* they ſtole a fire-ſhovel. I knew by that piece of ſervice, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with mens pockets as their gloves or their hand-kerchers; which makes much againſt my manhood, for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine; it is plain pocketting up of wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better ſervice; their villany goes againſt my weak ſtomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up.

[*Exit Boy.*

Enter

* *See edit. of* 1600, *and* 1608.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the Duke of *Glouceſter* would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the Duke it is not ſo good to come to the mines; for look you the mines are not according to the diſciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not ſufficient; for look you, th' athverſary (you may diſcuſs unto the Duke, look you) is dig'd himſelf four yards under the countermines; by *Cheſhu* I think a will plow up all, if there is not petter directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Glouceſter*, to whom the order of the ſiege is given, is altogether directed by an *Iriſh* man, a very valiant gentleman i' faith.

Flu. It is captain *Mackmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Flu. By *Cheſhu* he is an Aſs, as in the world; I will verifie as much in his beard; he has no more directions in the true diſciplines of the wars, look you of the *Roman* diſciplines, than is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris, *and Captain* Jamy.

Gower. Here he comes, and the *Scots* captain, captain *Jamy* with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheſhu* he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the diſciplines of the priſtine wars of the *Romans.*

Jamy. I ſay gudday, captain *Fluellen.*

Flu. Godden to your worſhip, good captain *James.*

Gower. How now, captain *Mackmorris*, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mack. By Chriſh law tiſh ill done; the work iſh give over, the trumpet ſound the retreat. By my hand I ſwear, and by my father's ſoul, the work iſh ill done; it iſh give over; I would have blowed up the town, ſo Chriſh ſave me law, in an hour. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done; by my hand tiſh ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I beſeech you now will you vouchſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the war, the *Roman* wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to ſatisfy my opinion, and partly for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military diſcipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It ſall be very gud, gud feith, gud captens bath, and I ſall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion; that ſall I marry.

Mack. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the King and the Duke; it is not time to diſcourſe, the town is beſeech'd; and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and by Chriſh do nothing, 'tis ſhame for us all; ſo God ſa' me 'tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill, it is ſhame by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there iſh nothing done, ſo Chriſh ſa' me law.

Jamy. By the meſs, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlomber ayle do gud ſervice, or aile ligge i'th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and Ile pay it as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſurely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation----

Mack. Of my nation? what iſh my nation? iſh a villain, and a baſtard, and a knave, and a raſcal? what iſh my nation? who talks of my nation?

Flu.

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, captain *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, look you, being as good a man as your ſelf both in the diſciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack. I do not know you ſo good a man as my ſelf, ſo Chriſh ſave me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Jamy. A, that's a foul fault. [*A Parley ſounded.*

Gower. The town ſounds a parley.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I'll be ſo bold as to tell you I know the diſciplines of war, and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter King Henry *and his train before the gates.*

K. *Henry.* How yet reſolves the governor of the town?
This is the lateſt parle we will admit:
Therefore to our beſt mercy give your ſelves,
Or like to men proud of deſtruction
Defie us to our worſt; as I'm a ſoldier,
(A name that in my thoughts becomes me beſt)
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*,
'Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up;
And the fleſh'd ſoldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand ſhall range
With conſcience wide as hell, mowing like graſs
Your freſh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,

Array'd in flames like to the Prince of fiends,
Do with his ſmircht complexion all fell feats,
Enlinkt to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you your ſelves are cauſe,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedneſs,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootleſs ſpend our vain command
Upon th' enraged ſoldiers in their ſpoil,
As ſend our precepts to th' *Leviathan*
To come a-ſhoar. Therefore you men of *Harfleur*,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
While yet my ſoldiers are in my command,
While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murther, ſpoil and villany.
If not; why in a moment look to ſee
The blind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
And their moſt rev'rend heads daſht to the walls;
Your naked infants ſpitted upon pikes,
While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds; as did the wives of *Jewry*,
At *Herod*'s bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or guilty in defence be thus deſtroy'd?

Enter Governor.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The *Dauphin*, of whom ſuccours we entreated,
Returns us, that his pow'rs are yet not ready

To

To raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

K. *Henry*. Open your gates: come, uncle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
And fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the *French:*
Uſe mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
Upon our ſoldiers, we'll retire to *Calais*.
To-night in *Harfleur* we will be your gueſt,
To-morrow for the march we are addreſt.

[*Flouriſh, and enter the town.*

† SCENE V.

Enter Katharine *and an old gentlewoman.*

Kath. *Alice, tu as eſté en angleterre, & tu parlois bien le language.*

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie de m' enſeigner, il faut que j' apprenne a parler. Comment appellé vous la main en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main, il eſt appellé, de hand.*

Kath. *De hand.*

Alice. *Et le doyt.*

Kath. *Le doyt, me foy je oublie le doyt, mais je me ſouviendra le doyt, je penſe qu'ils ont appellé des fingres, ouy de fingres.*

Alice. *La main, de hand; le doit, le fingres. Je penſe que je ſuis le bon eſcolier.*

Kath. *J' ay gaigné deuz mots d' Anglois viſtement, comment appellé vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles, les appellons de nayles.*

Kath. *De nayles. Eſcoutez: dites moy, ſi j e parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nayles.*

Alice.

† *I have left this ridiculous ſcene as I found it; and am ſorry to have no colour left, from any of the editions, to imagine it interpolated.*

Alice. *C' eſt bien dit madame, il eſt fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites moy en Anglois le bras.*

Alice. *De arme, madame.*

Kath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *D' elbow.*

Kath. *D' elbow: je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots que vous m' aviz apprins dès a preſent.*

Alice. *Il eſt trop difficile madame, comme je penſe.*

Kath. *Excuſe moy Alice, eſcoute, d'hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, de bilbow.*

Alice. *D' elbow, madame.*

Kath. *O Signeur Dieu, je m'en oublie d' elbow; comment appellé vous le col?*

Alice. *De neck, madame.*

Kath. *De neck; & le manton?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Kath. *De ſin: le col, de neck: le manton, de ſin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur en verité vous prononciés les mots auſſi droict, que le natifs d' angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d' apprende par le grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas deſia oublié ce que je vous ay enſeigné?*

Kath. *Non, je reciteray a vous promptement d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, madame.*

Alice. *De nayles, madame.*

Kath. *De nayles, de arme, de ilbow.*

Alice. *Sauf voſtre honneur d' elbow.*

Kath. *Ainſi de-je d' elbow, de neck, de ſin: comment appellé vous les pieds & de robe.*

Alice. *Le foot madame, & le count.*

Kath. *Le foot, & le count: O Segnieur Dieu! ce ſont des mots mauvais, corruptible & impudique, & non pour les damnes d' honneur d' uſer: je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de*

de France, pour tout le monde! il faut le foot, & le count, neantmoins. Je reciteray un autrefois ma leçon enſemble, d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, d' elbow, de neck, de ſin, de foot, de count.

Alice. *Excellent, madame.*

Kath. *C' eſt aſſez pour une fois, allons nous en diſner.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter the King of France, *the* Dauphin, *Duke of* Britain, *the Conſtable of* France, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath paſs'd the river *Some.*

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in *France*; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.

Dau. O dieu vivant! ſhall a few ſprays of us,
(The emptying of our fathers luxury,)
Our Syens, put in wild and ſavage ſtock,
[c]Sprout up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters?

Brit. Normans, but baſtard *Normans, Norman* baſtards.
Mort de ma vie, if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my Dukedom,
To buy a foggy and a dirty farm
In that [f]ſhort, nooky Iſle of *Albion.*

Con. Dieu de Batailles! why whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? can ſodden water,
A drench for ſur-reyn'd jades, their barly-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seem froſty? Oh! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen Iſicles

Upon

[c] *Spirt.* [f] *nook-ſhotten.*

Upon our houſe-tops, while more froſty people
Sweat drops of gallant [g] blood in our rich fields:
Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly ſay
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the luſt of *Engliſh* youth,
To new-ſtore *France* with baſtard warriors.

Bri. They bid us to the *Engliſh* dancing ſchools,
And teach *Lavalta's* high and ſwift *Curranto's*;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are moſt lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is *Montjoy* the herald? ſpeed him hence,
Let him greet *England* with our ſharp defiance.
Up Princes, and with ſpirit of honour edg'd
Yet ſharper than your ſwords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high conſtable of *France*;
You Dukes of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar* and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Rouſſie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloys*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords and Kings;
For your great ſeats now quit you of great ſhames:
Bar *Harry England*, that ſweeps through our land
With penons painted in the blood of *Harfleur:*
Ruſh on his hoſt, as doth the melted ſnow
Upon the vallies, whoſe low vaſſal ſeat
The *Alps* doth ſpit and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, you have pow'r enough,
And in a captive chariot into *Roan*
Bring him our priſoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry

[g] *youth.*

Sorry am I his numbers are ſo few,
His ſoldiers ſick, and famiſht in their march:
For I am ſure when he ſhall ſee our army,
He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,
And for atchievement offer us his ranſom.

Fr. King. Therefore Lord Conſtable, haſte on *Mountjoy*,
And let him ſay to *England*, that we ſend
To know what willing ranſom he will give.
Prince *Dauphin*, you ſhall ſtay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not ſo, I do beſeech your Majeſty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.
Now forth Lord Conſtable and Princes all;
And quickly bring us word of *England*'s fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gow. HOW now, captain *Fluellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you there is very excellent ſervices committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermoſt power. He is not, God be praiſed and pleſſed, any hurt in the world; he is maintain the pridge moſt valiantly with excellent diſcipline. There is an ancient lieutenant there, I think in my very conſcience he is as valiant a man as *Mark Antony*, and he is a man of no eſtimation in the world, but I did ſee him do gallant ſervices.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd ancient *Piſtol*.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Piſtol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours:
The Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praiſe God, and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Piſt. *Bardolph*, a ſoldier firm and ſound of heart
And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That Goddeſs blind that ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs ſtone---

Flu. By your patience, Ancient *Piſtol:* Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignifie to you that fortune is blind; and ſhe is painted alſo with a wheel, to ſignifie to you, which is the moral of it, that ſhe is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilities and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſpherical ſtone, which rowles and rowles and rowles; in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolph*'s foe, and frowns on him;
For † he hath ſtoln a *Pax*, and hanged muſt a be; damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe ſuffocate;
But *Exeter* hath given the doom of death
For *Pax* of little price. Therefore go ſpeak,
The Duke will hear thy voice;
And let not *Bardolph*'s vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
Speak captain for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Piſtol*, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would deſire the Duke to uſe his

† *This is conformable to hiſtory, a ſoldier* (Hall *tell us*, Hen. 5. *year* 3. *fol.* 14.) *being hang'd at this time for ſuch a fact.*

his good pleaſure and put him to executions, for diſciplines ought to be uſed.

Piſt. Die and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip.

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The fig of *Spain*----- [*Exit* Piſt.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal, I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, he utt'red as prave words at the pridge as you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; but it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf at his return into *London*, under the form of a ſoldier. Such fellows are perfect in the great commanders names, and they will learn you by rote where ſervices were done; at ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach, at ſuch a convoy; who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what terms the enemy ſtood on; and this they con perfectly in the phraſe of war, which they trick up with new-turned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid ſute of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-waſh'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain *Gower*; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhew to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind; hear you, the King is coming and I muſt [a] ſpeak with him.

SCENE VIII.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poor ſoldiers.

Flu. God pleſs your Majeſty.

[a] ſpeak with him from the bridge, *is added in the latter editions; but it is plain from the ſequel, that the ſcene here continues, and the affair of the bridge is over.*

K. *Henry.* How now *Fluellen*, cam'ſt thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty: the Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages; marry th' athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is maſter of the pridge: I can tell your Majeſty the Duke is a prave man.

K. *Henry.* What men have you loſt, *Fluellen?*

Flu. The perdition of th' athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonable great; marry for my part, I think the Duke hath loſt never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majeſty know the man: his face is all bubuckles and whelks and knobs, and flames of fire, and his lips blows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire, ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed and his fire's out.

K. *Henry.* We would have ſuch offenders ſo cut off,
And give expreſs charge that in all our march
There ſhall be nothing taken from the villages
But ſhall be paid for, and no *French* upbraided
Or yet abuſed in diſdainful language;
When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,
The gentler gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my habit.

K. *Henry.* Well then I know thee; what ſhall I know of thee?

Mount. My maſter's mind.

K. *Henry.* Unfold it.

Mount. Thus ſays my King: ſay thou to *Harry England*,
Although we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep:
Advantage is a better ſoldier than raſhneſs.
Tell him, we could at *Harfleur* have rebuk'd him,

But

But that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury
'Till it were ripe. Now ſpeak we on our cue,
With voice imperial: *England* ſhall repent
His folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire
Our ſuff'rance. Bid him therefore to conſider
What muſt the ranſom be, which muſt proportion
The loſſes we have born, the ſubjects we
Have loſt, and the diſgrace we have digeſted;
To anſwer which, his pettineſs would bow under.
Firſt for our loſs, too poor is his Exchequer;
For the effuſion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our diſgrace,
Ev'n his own perſon kneeling at our feet
A weak and worthleſs ſatisfaction.
To this defiance add; and for concluſion,
Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
Whoſe condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My King and maſter; and ſo much my office.

K. *Henry*. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. *Mountjoy*.

K. *Henry*. Thou do'ſt thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not ſeek him now,
But could be willing to march on to *Calais*
Without impeachment; for to ſay the ſooth,
(Though 'tis no wiſdom to confeſs ſo much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with ſickneſs much enfeebled,
My numbers leſſen'd; and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many *French*;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee herald,
I thought upon one pair of *Engliſh* legs
Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus; this your [b]air of *France*

Hath

[b] heir, *in the firſt edition.*

Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go therefore tell thy maſter here I am;
My ranſom is this frail and worthleſs trunk;
My army but a weak and ſickly guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though *France* himſelf and ſuch another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, *Mountjoy*.
Go bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
† We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour; and ſo *Mountjoy* fare you well.
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this;
We would not ſeek a battle as we are,
Yet as we are, we ſay we will not ſhun it:
So tell your maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliver ſo: thanks to your highneſs. [*Exit.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. *Henry.* We are in God's hand brother, not in theirs:
March to the bridge, it now draws toward night,
Beyond the river we'll encamp our ſelves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

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* SCENE IX.

Enter the Conſtable of France, *the Lord* Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, *with others.*

Con. TUT, I have the beſt armour of the world.

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horſe have his due.

' *Con.* It is the beſt horſe of *Europe*.

† Hall's *Chronicle*, *fol.* 14. Hen. 5. *year* 2.

* *This ſcene is ſhorter, and I think better, in the firſt editions of* 1600 *and* 1608. *But as the enlargements appear to be the author's own, I would not omit them; but have, for the reader's curioſity, marked them with ſmall comma's.*

' *Orl.*

'*Orl.* Will it never be morning?

'*Dau.* My lord of *Orleans* and my lord high Conſtable, you 'talk of horſe and armour?

'*Orl.* You are as well provided of both as any Prince in the world.

'*Dau.* What a long night is this? I will not change my horſe 'with any that treads but on four paſterns; he bounds from the 'earth, as if his entrails were hairs; when I beſtride him, I ſoar, 'I am a Hawk; he trots the air, the earth ſings when he tou-'ches it; the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more muſical than the 'pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of a nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beaſt for *Perſeus*; he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, 'but only in patient ſtilneſs while his 'rider mounts him; he is indeed a horſe, and all other jades 'you may call beaſts.

'*Con.* Indeed my lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent horſe.

'*Dau.* It is the prince of palfreys, his neigh is like the bid-'ding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

'*Orl.* No more, couſin.

'*Dau.* Nay the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riſing 'of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deſerved praiſe 'on my palfrey; it is a theme as fluent as the ſea: turn the ſands 'into eloquent tongues, and my horſe is argument for them all; '*tis a ſubject for a Soveraign to reaſon on, and for a Soveraign's 'Soveraign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and un-'known, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at 'him.' I once writ a ſonnet in his praiſe, and began thus, *Wonder of nature*----

Orl. I have heard a ſonnet begin ſo to one's miſtreſs.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courſer, for my horſe is my miſtreſs.

'*Orl.* Your miſtreſs bears well.

'*Dau.*

'*Dau.* Me well, which is the preſcript praiſe and perfection 'of a good and particular miſtreſs.

Con. Methought yeſterday your miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

'*Dau.* So perhaps did yours.

'*Con.* Mine was not bridled.

'*Dau.* O then belike ſhe was old and gentle, and you rode 'like a *Kerne* of *Ireland*, your *French* hoſe off, and in your ſtrait 'ſtroſſers.

'*Con.* You have good judgment in horſemanſhip.

'*Dau.* Be warn'd by me then; they that ride ſo and ride not 'warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horſe to my 'miſtreſs.

'*Con.* I had as lieve have my miſtreſs a jade.

Dau. I tell thee Conſtable my miſtreſs wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a Sow to my miſtreſs.

'*Dau. Le chien eſt retourné à ſon propre vomiſſement, & la 'truie lavée au bourbier*; thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

'*Con.* Yet do I not uſe my horſe for my miſtreſs, or any ſuch 'proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

'*Ram.* My lord Conſtable, the armour that I ſaw in your 'tent to-night, are thoſe ſtars, or ſuns upon it?

'*Con.* Stars, my lord.

'*Dau.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

'*Con.* And yet my sky ſhall not want.

'*Dau.* That may be, for you bear many ſuperfluouſly, and 'twere more honour ſome were away.

'*Con.* Ev'n as your horſe bears your praiſes, who would trot 'as well were ſome of your brags diſmounted.

'*Dau.* Would I were able to load him with his deſert.' Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with *Engliſh* faces.

Con.

Con. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhould be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the *Engliſh*.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty *Engliſh* priſoners?

Con. You muſt firſt go your ſelf to hazard ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis mid-night, I'll go arm my ſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The *Dauphin* longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *Engliſh*.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

' *Orl.* By the white hand of my lady he's a gallant Prince.

' *Con.* Swear by her foot, that ſhe may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is ſimply the moſt active gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry he told me ſo himſelf, and he ſaid he car'd not who knew it. *

* ——— who knew it.

' *Orl.* He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

' *Con.* By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body ſaw it but his lacquey; 'tis ' a hooded valour, and when it appears it will abate.

Orl. Ill-will never ſaid well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with, *There is flattery in friendſhip.*

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the Devil his due.*

Con. Well plac'd; there ſtands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with, *A pox of the devil.*

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much *a fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.*

Con. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were over-ſhot.

SCENE ———

SCENE X.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord high Conſtable, the *Engliſh* lye within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſſ. The lord *Grandpree.*

Con. A valiant and moſt expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas poor *Harry* of *England*, he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo far out of his knowledge?

Con. If the *Engliſh* had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear ſuch heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That Iſland of *England* breeds very valiant creatures; their maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Fooliſh curs that run winking into the mouth of a *Ruſſian* Bear, and have their heads cruſh'd like rotten apples. You may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea that dares eat his breakfaſt on the lip of a Lion.

Con. Juſt, juſt; and the men do ſympathize with the maſtiffs in robuſtious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and ſteel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay; but theſe *Engliſh* are ſhrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then ſhall we find to-morrow they have only ſtomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. 'Tis two a clock; but (let me ſee) by ten
We ſhall have each a hundred *Engliſhmen.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

AGINCOURT.

Enter CHORUS.

NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide veſſel of the univerſe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds,
That the fixt centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
Fire anſwers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battel ſees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers accompliſhing the knights,
With buſie hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And (the third hour of drouſie morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over-luſty *French*
Do the low-rated *Engliſh* play at dice;
And chide the criple-tardy-gated night,
Who like a foul and ugly witch does limp
So tediouſly. The poor condemned *Engliſh*,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate

The morning's danger: and their geſture ſad,
Inveſting lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Preſented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes and viſits all his hoſt,
Bids them good-morrow with a modeſt ſmile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freſhly looks and over-bears attaint,
With chearful ſemblance and ſweet majeſty:
That ev'ry wretch pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largeſs univerſal like the ſun
His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear; that mean and gentle all
Behold, (as may unworthineſs define)
A little touch of *Harry* in the night.
And ſo our ſcene muſt to the battel fly:
Where, O for pity! we ſhall much diſgrace,
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils
(Right ill diſpos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
The name of *Agincourt*. Yet ſit and ſee,
Minding true things by what their mock'ries be. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Bedford *and* Glouceſter.

K. *Henry*. *Glo'ſter*, 'tis true that we are in great danger,

The

The greater therefore ſhould our courage be.
Good-morrow brother *Bedford*: God Almighty!
There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.
Beſides they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing
That we ſhould dreſs us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himſelf.

Enter Erpingham.

Good-morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham:*
A good ſoft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churliſh turf of *France.*

Erping. Not ſo my Liege, this lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay, now lye I like a King.

K. *Henry.* 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pain
Upon example; ſo the ſpirit is eaſed:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowſie grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough and freſh celerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir *Thomas:* brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our camp:
Do my good-morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my pavillion.

Glou. We ſhall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your grace?

K. *Henry.* No, my good knight,
Go with my brothers to my lords of *England:*
I and my boſom muſt debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble *Harry.*

[*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* God-a-mercy old heart, thou ſpeak'ſt chearfully.

SCENE III.

Enter Piſtol.

Piſt. Qui va la?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou officer,
Or art thou baſe, common and popular?

K. *Henry.* I am a gentleman of a company.

Piſt. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?

K. *Henry.* Ev'n ſo: what are you?

Piſt. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. *Henry.* Then you are a better than the King.

Piſt. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kiſs his dirty ſhooe, and from my heart-ſtring
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. *Henry. Harry le Roy.*

Piſt. Le Roy! a *Corniſh* name: art thou of *Corniſh* crew?

K. *Henry.* No, I am a *Welſhman.*

Piſt. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen?*

K. *Henry.* Yes.

Piſt. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon St. *David*'s day.

K. *Henry.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours.

Piſt. Art thou his friend?

K. *Henry.* And his kinſman too.

Piſt.

Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then.

K. *Henry.* I thank you: God be with you.

Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* It ſorts well with your fierceneſs.

[*Manet King* Henry.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gow. Captain *Fluellen.*

Flu. So; in the name of Jeſu Chriſt ſpeak fewer: it is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of *Pompey* the great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble babble in *Pompey*'s camp: I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobrieties of it, and the modeſty of it to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an Aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an Aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in your own conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beſeech you, that you will. [*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* Tho' it appear a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this *Welſhman.*

SCENE IV.

Enter three ſoldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, *and* Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates,* is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates.

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Williams. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we ſhall never ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. *Henry.* Under Sir *John Erpingham.*

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman: I pray you what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. *Henry.* Even as men wrack'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. *Henry.* No; nor is it meet he ſhould: for though I ſpeak it to you, I think the King is but a man as I am: the Violet ſmells to him as it doth to me; the element ſhews to him as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedneſs he appears but a man; and tho' his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the like wing; therefore when he ſees reaſon of fears as we do, his fears out of doubt be of the ſame reliſh as ours are; yet in reaſon no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſhearten his army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in the *Thames* up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

K. *Henry.* By my troth I will ſpeak my conſcience of the King; I think he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and many poor mens lives ſaved.

K. *Henry.* I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this to feel other mens minds.

Methinks

Methinks I could not die any where ſo contented as in the King's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.

Wil. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhould ſeek after, for we know enough, if we know we are the King's ſubjects: if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Wil. But if the cauſe be not good, the King himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs and arms and heads chop'd off in a battel ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all *We dy'd at ſuch a place*; ſome ſwearing, ſome crying for a ſurgeon; ſome upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome upon the debts they owe; ſome upon their children rawly left. I am afear'd there are few die well that die in battel; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing when blood is their argument? now if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to diſobey were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

K. *Henry.* So if a ſon that is ſent by his father about merchandize, do [a] fall into ſome lewd action and miſcarry, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent him; or if a ſervant under his maſter's command tranſporting a ſum of mony, be aſſail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the buſineſs of the maſter the author of the ſervant's damnation; but this is not ſo: the King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their death when they [b] crave their ſervices. Beſides there is no King, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of ſwords, can try it out with all unſpotted ſoldiers: ſome peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murther; ſome of beguiling virgins with the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of peace with pillage

[a] *ſinfully miſcarry upon the ſea.* [b] *purpoſe.*

and robbery. Now if theſe men have defeated the law, and out-run native puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; ſo that here men are puniſh'd for [c] former breach of the King's laws in the King's quarrel now: where they feared the death, they have born life away, and where they would be ſafe, they periſh. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of thoſe impieties for which they are now viſited. Every ſubject's duty is the King's, but every ſubject's ſoul is his own. Therefore ſhould every ſoldier in the wars do as every ſick man in his bed, waſh every moth out of his conſcience: and dying ſo, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was [d] well ſpent wherein ſuch preparation was gained: and in him that eſcapes it were not ſin to think, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him out-live that day to ſee his greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Wil. 'Tis certain every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the King is not to anſwer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

K. *Henry.* I my ſelf heard the King ſay he would not be ranſom'd.

Wil. Ay he ſaid ſo to make us fight chearfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne'er the wiſer.

K. *Henry.* If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Wil. You pay him then; that's a perilous ſhot out of an Elder-gun, that a poor and private diſpleaſure can do againſt a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the ſun to ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacock's feather: you'll never truſt his word after! come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

K. *Henry.* Your reproof is ſomething too round, I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Wil.

[c] *before.* [d] *bleſſedly loſt.*

Wil. Let it be a quarrel between us if you live.

K. *Henry.* I embrace it.

Wil. How ſhall I know thee again?

K. *Henry.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then if ever thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Wil. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. *Henry.* There.

Wil. This will I alſo wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and ſay after to-morrow, this is my glove; by this hand I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. *Henry.* If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Wil. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

K. *Henry.* Well I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Wil. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you *Engliſh* fools, be friends; we have *French* quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

[*Exeunt ſoldiers.*

SCENE V. *

† K. *Henry.* Upon the King! let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children and
Our ſins, lay on the King; he muſt bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatneſs,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whoſe ſenſe
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,

*——SCENE V.

K. *Henry.* Indeed the *French* may lay twenty *French* crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their ſhoulders; but it is no *Engliſh* treaſon to cut *French* crowns, and to-morrow the King himſelf will be a clipper.
Upon the King! ——

† *This beautiful Speech was added after the firſt editions.*

That private men enjoy? and what have Kings
That privates have not too, ſave ceremony?
' And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
' What kind of God art thou? that ſuffer'ſt more
' Of mortal griefs than do thy worſhippers.
' What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
' O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
' What! is thy ſoul of adoration?
' Art thou ought elſe but place, degree and form,
' Creating awe and fear in other men?
' Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
' Than they in fearing.
' What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
' But poiſon'd flatt'ry? O be ſick, great greatneſs,
' And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
' Think'ſt thou the fiery feaver will go out
' With titles blown from adulation?
' Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
' Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
' Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
Thou play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a King's repoſe,
I am a King that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the ſcepter and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed title running 'fore the King,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhoar of this world;
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all theſe laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly; as the wretched ſlave,
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him toreſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread,

Never

Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell:
But like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of *Phœbus*; and all night
Sleeps in *Elyſium*; next day after dawn
Doth riſe, and help *Hyperion* to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And (but for ceremony) ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a King:
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs brain little wots
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace;
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.

SCENE VI.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. *Henry.* Good old Knight
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I ſhall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* O God of battels! ſteel my ſoldiers hearts,
Poſſeſs them not with fear: take from them now
The ſenſe of reck'ning of th' oppoſed numbers
Which ſtand before them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compaſſing the crown.
I *Richard*'s body have interred new,
And on it have beſtow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it iſſu'd forced drops of blood.

Five

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd heaven to pardon blood: and I have built
Two chauntries, where the ſad and ſolemn prieſts
Sing ſtill for *Richard*'s ſoul. More will I do;
Tho' all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glou. My Liege.

K. *Henry.* My brother *Glo'ſter*'s voice?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things ſtay for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures *and* Beaumont.

Orl. The ſun doth gild our armour, up my lords. *

Con. To horſe you gallant Princes, ſtrait to horſe.
Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,

* —— up my lords.
Dau. Monte Cheval: my horſe, *valet lasquay:* ha!
Orl. O brave ſpirit!
Dau. Voier les cieux & la terre.
Orl. Rien puis le air & feu.
Dau. Cien, Couſin *Orleans.*

Enter Conſtable.

Now my lord Conſtable!
Con. Hark how our Steeds for preſent ſervice neigh.
Dau. Mount them and make inciſion in their hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in *Engliſh* eyes,
And daunt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horſes blood?
How ſhall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. The *Engliſh* are embattell'd, you *French* Peers.
Con. To horſe ——

And

And your fair ſhew ſhall ſuck away their ſouls,
Leaving them but the ſhales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly veins
To give each naked cuttle-ax a ſtain,
That our *French* gallants ſhall to-day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let's but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exception, lords,
That our ſuperfluous lacqueys and our peaſants,
Who in unneceſſary action ſwarm
About our ſquares of battel, were enow
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding foe;
Tho' we upon this mountain's baſis by
Took ſtand for idle ſpeculation:
But that our honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little, little, let us do;
And all is done. Then let the trumpets ſound
The tucket ſonuance, and the note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
That *England* ſhall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Grand. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my lords of *France?*
' Yon Iſland carrions, deſp'rate of their bones,
' Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
' Their ragged curtains poorly are let looſe,
' And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
' Big *Mars* ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd hoſt,
' And faintly through a ruſty bever peeps.
' The horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,
' With torch-ſtaves in their hand; and their poor jades
' Lob down their heads, drooping the hide and hips:

The

The gum down roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the †jymold bitt
Lyes foul with chaw'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs;
And their executors the knaviſh Crows
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Deſcription cannot ſuit it ſelf in words,
To demonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle,
In life ſo liveleſs as it ſhews it ſelf.

Con. They've ſaid their prayers, and they ſtay for death.

Dau. Shall we go ſend them dinners and freſh ſutes,
And give their faſting Horſes provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I ſtay but for my guard: on to the field;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come away,
The ſun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham *with all the Hoſt*, Salisbury *and* Weſtmorland.

Glou. WHERE is the King?

Bed. The King himſelf is rode to view their battel.

Weſt. Of fighting men they have full threeſcore thouſand.

Exe. There's five to one, beſides they are all freſh.

Sal. God's arm ſtrike with us, 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you Princes all; I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet 'till we meet in heav'n,
Then joyfully my noble lord of *Bedford*,
My dear lord *Glo'ſter*, and my good lord *Exeter*,
And my kind kinſman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed.

† Jymold, *or rather* gimmald, *which ſignifies a ring of two rounds.* Gemellus, *Sk.*

Bed. Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with thee:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art [c] made of the firm truth of valour.

Exe. Farewel, kind lord: fight valiantly to-day. [*Ex.* Sal.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindneſs,
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

Weſt. O that we now had here
But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in *England*
That do no work to-day.

K. *Henry.* What's he that wiſhes ſo?
My couſin *Weſtmorland?* no my fair couſin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
God's will! I pray thee wiſh not one man more.
By *Jove* I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my coſt;
It yerns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.
No faith, my lord, wiſh not a man from *England:*
God's peace, I would not loſe ſo great an honour
As one man more methinks would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hopes I have. Don't wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it (*Weſtmorland*) through my hoſt,
That he which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart, his paſsport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.

[c] *fam'd.*

This day is call'd the feaſt of *Criſpian:*
He that out-lives this day and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouze him at the name of *Criſpian:*
He that ſhall [f] live this day, and ſee old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay to-morrow is Saint *Criſpian:*
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve and ſhew his ſcars:
Old men forget; [g] yet ſhall not all forget,
But they'll remember with advantages
What feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as houſhold words,
Harry the King, *Bedford*, and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glo'ſter*,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon:
And *Criſpine Criſpian* ſhall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that ſheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in *England* now a-bed
Shall think themſelves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks
That fought with us upon St. *Criſpian*'s day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My ſov'reign lord, beſtow your ſelf with ſpeed:
The *French* are bravely in their battels ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. *Henry.* All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt.

[f] *ſee this day, and live old age.*

[g] *yet all ſhall not be forgot,*
But he'll remember ——

Weſt. Periſh the man whoſe mind is backward now.
K. *Henry.* Thou doſt not wiſh more help from *England*, couſin?
Weſt. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone
Without more help could fight this royal battel.
K. *Henry.* Why now thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand men:
Which likes me better than to wiſh us one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

SCENE IX.

A Tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
If for thy ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured overthrow:
For certainly thou art ſo near the gulf,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Thus in mercy,
The Conſtable deſires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their ſouls
May make a peaceful and a ſweet retire
From off theſe fields; where, wretches, their poor bodies
Muſt lye and feſter.
K. *Henry.* Who hath ſent thee now?
Mount. The Conſtable of *France*.
K. *Henry.* I pray thee bear my former anſwer back.
Bid them atchieve me and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did ſell the Lion's skin,
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I truſt,
Shall witneſs live in braſs of this day's work.
And thoſe that leave their valiant bones in *France*,
Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghils,

They ſhall be fam'd; for there the ſun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n,
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a plague in *France*. *
Let me ſpeak proudly; tell the Conſtable,
We are but warriors for the working day;
Our gayneſs and our gilt are all be-ſmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather in our hoſt;
Good argument I hope we will not fly:
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry.
But, by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor ſoldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the *French* ſoldiers heads,
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do,
(As if God pleaſe they ſhall) my ranſom then
Will ſoon be levy'd. Herald, ſave thy labour.
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle herald,
They ſhall have none I ſwear but theſe my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall leave them little, tell the Conſtable.

Mon. I ſhall, King *Harry:* and ſo fare thee well.
Thou never ſhalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

Enter York.

York. My lord, moſt humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. *Henry.* Take it, brave *York.* Now ſoldiers march away.
And how thou pleaſeſt, God, diſpoſe the day. [*Exeunt.*

* ——— a plague in *France.*
Mark then abounding valour in our *Engliſh:*
That being dead, like to the bullets graſing,
Break out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief,
Killing in relapſe of mortality.
Let me ſpeak proudly; *&c.*

SCENE X.

Alarm, Excurſions. Enter Piſtol, French *ſoldier and Boy.*

Piſt. YIELD, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je penſe que vous eſtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualitè.*

Piſt. Quality calmy cuſture me, art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? diſcuſs.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Piſt. O Signieur Dewe ſhould be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark;
O Signieur Dewe, thou dieſt on point of fox,
Except, O Signeur, thou do give to me
Egregious ranſom.

Fr. Sol. *O prennez miſericorde, ayez pitie de moy.*

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have forty moys; for I will fetch thy rym out at thy throat, in drops of crimſon blood.

Fr. Sol. *Eſt-il impoſſible d' eſchapper la force de ton bras?*

Piſt. Braſs, cur?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain Goat, offer'ſt me braſs?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, Boy, ask me this ſlave in *French*,
What is his name.

Boy. *Eſcoute, comment eſtes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monſieur le Fer.*

Boy. He ſays his name is Mr. *Fer.*

Piſt. Mr. *Fer!* I'll fer him and ferk him, and ferret him: diſcuſs the ſame in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *ferk.*

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monſieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez preſt, car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſée tout a cette heure de couper voſtre gorge.*

Piſt. Owy, cuppelle gorge parmafoy peſant, unleſs thou give me crowns, brave crowns: or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my ſword.

Fr. Sol. *O je vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner, je ſuis gentilhome de bonne maiſon, garde ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents eſcus.*

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to ſave his life, he is a gentleman of a good houſe, and for his ranſom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Piſt. Tell him my fury ſhall abate, and I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monſieur que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon jurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier: neantmoins pour les eſcus que vous l'ay promettez, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté de franchiſe.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne milles remerciemens, & je me eſtime heureux que je ſuis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je penſe, le plus brave, valiant, & tres eſtimée Signeur d'Angleterre.*

Piſt. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thouſand thanks, and eſteems himſelf happy, that he hath fall'n into the hands of one as he thinks the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signeur of *England.*

Piſt. As I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew.
Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez le grand capitain.* [*Ex.* Piſt. *and Fr. Sol.*
I did never know ſo woful a voice iſſue from ſo empty a heart; but the ſong is true, The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound.

Bardolph

Bardolph and *Nim* had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'th' old play, every one may pair his nails with a wooden dagger: yet they are both hang'd, and ſo would this be if he durſt ſteal any thing advent'rouſly. I muſt ſtay with the lacqueys with the luggage of our camp, the *French* might have a good prey of us if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Conſtable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin *and* Rambures.

Con. O *Diable!*

Orl. O Signeur! le jour eſt perdu, toute eſt perdu.

Dau. Mort de ma vie, all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our plumes. [*A ſhort alarm.*
O meſchante fortune, do not run away.

Con. Why all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable ſhame, let's ſtab our ſelves:
Be theſe the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we ſent to for his ranſom?

Bour. Shame and eternal ſhame, nothing but ſhame!
The man that will not follow *Bourbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a baſe pander hold the chamber-door,
Whilſt by a ſlave, no gentler than my dog,
His faireſt daughter is contaminated.

Con. Diſorder, that hath ſpoil'd us, friend us now;
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To ſmother up the *Engliſh* in our throngs,

If

If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now, I'll to the throng;
Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Alarum. Enter the King and his train, with priſoners.

K. *Henry.* WELL have we done, thrice valiant countrymen,
But all's not done, the *French* yet keep the field.

Exe. The Duke of *York* commends him to your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the ſpur all [g] bleeding o'er.

Exe. In which array, brave ſoldier, doth he lye
Larding the plain; and by his bloody ſide
(Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of *Suffolk* alſo lyes.
Suffolk firſt dy'd, and *York* all haggled over
Comes to him where in gore he lay inſteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kiſſes the gaſhes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, tarry my couſin *Suffolk*,
My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to heav'n:
Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt;
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry.
Upon theſe words I came and cheer'd him up;
He ſmil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe ſays, dear my lord,
Commend my ſervice to my Soveraign;
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk*'s neck

He

[g] *blood he was.*

He threw his wounded arm, and kiſt his lips,
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtop'd,
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. *Henry.* I blame you not;
For hearing this I muſt perforce compound
With mixtful eyes, or they will iſſue too. [*Alarum.*
But hark, what new alarum is this ſame?
The *French* have re-inforc'd their ſcatter'd men:
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners.
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

† SCENE XIII.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage! 'tis expreſly againſt the law of arms; 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be [i] deſir'd in your conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly raſcals that ran away from the battel ha' done this ſlaughter: beſides they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's tent, wherefore the King moſt worthily hath caus'd ev'ry ſoldier to cut his priſoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King!

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth,* captain *Gower;* what call you the town's name where *Alexander* the pig, was born?

Gow. *Alexander* the great.

[i] *offer'd.*

† *Here in the other editions they begin the fourth Act, very abſurdly, ſince both the Place and Time evidently continue, and the words of* Fluellen *immediately follow thoſe of the King juſt before.*

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gow. I think *Alexander* the great was born in *Macedon*, his father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porn: I tell you captain, if you look in the maps of the orld, I warrant that you ſall find in the compariſons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the ſituations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in *Macedon*, there is alſo a river at *Monmouth*: it is called *Wye* at *Monmouth*, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander*'s life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth*'s life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations; and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his beſt friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſhed. I ſpeak but in figures and compariſons of it; as *Alexander* kill'd his friend *Clytus* being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet; he was full of jeſts and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falſtaff*.

Flu. That is he: I tell you there is good men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majeſty.

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

Alarum. Enter King Henry *and* Bourbon *with priſoners, Lords and Attendants. Flouriſh.*

K. *Henry.* I was not angry ſince I came to *France,*
Until this inſtant. Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our ſight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as ſwift as Stones
Enforced from the old *Aſſyrian* ſlings:
Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have,
And not a man of them that we ſhall take
Shall taſte our mercy. Go and tell them ſo.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the *French,* my Liege.
Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
K. *Henry.* How now, what means their herald? know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſom?
Mount. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable licence
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To ſort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and ſoak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbs
In blood of Princes, [k] while their wounded ſteeds

[k] *and with.*

Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave, great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.

K. *Henry.* I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horſemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. *Henry.* Praiſed be God and not our ſtrength for it:
What is this caſtle call'd that ſtands hard by?

Mount. They call it *Agincourt.*

K. *Henry.* Then call we this the field of *Agincourt,*
Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus.*

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, and your great uncle *Edward* the plack Prince of *Wales,* as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in *France.*

K. *Henry.* They did, *Fluellen.*

Flu. Your Majeſty ſays very true: if your majeſties is remember'd of it, the *Welſhmen* did good ſervice in a garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majeſty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice; and I do believe your Majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the Leek upon St. *Tavie*'s day.

K. *Henry.* I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am *Welſh* you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye* cannot waſh your Majeſty's *Welſh* plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pleſs and preſerve it as long as it pleaſes his grace and his majeſty too.

K. *Henry.* Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeſhu, I am your Majeſty's countryman, I care not who,

who know it: I will confeſs it to all the orld, I need not to be aſhamed of your Majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your Majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. *Henry.* God keep me ſo.

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him,
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

SCENE XV.

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the King.

K. *Henry.* Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Wil. And't pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. *Henry.* An *Engliſhman?*

Wil. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, a raſcal that ſwagger'd with me laſt night, who if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'th' ear; or if I can ſee my glove in his cap, which he ſwore as he was a ſoldier he would wear, (if alive) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. *Henry.* What think you, captain *Fluellen,* is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't pleaſe your Majeſty in my conſcience.

K. *Henry.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, ſee you now his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jackſawce, as ever his black ſhoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conſcience law.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Wil. So I will my Liege, as I live.

K. *Henry.* Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Wil. Under captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. *Henry.* Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Wil. I will, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* Here *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap; when *Alanſon* and my ſelf were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanſon* and an enemy to our perſons; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him if thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his ſubjects: I would fain ſee the man that has but two legs that ſhall find himſelf agriev'd at this glove; that is all; but I would fain ſee it once, an pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

K. *Henry.* Know'ſt thou *Gower?*

Flu. He is my dear friend, and pleaſe you.

K. *Henry.* Pray thee go ſeek him and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* My lord of *Warwick* and my brother *Glo'ſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heels,
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchaſe him a box o'th' ear.
It is the ſoldier's; I by bargain ſhould
Wear it my ſelf. Follow, good couſin *Warwick:*
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word;
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:

For

For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,
And touch'd with choler hot as gunpowder,
And quickly he'll return an injury.
Follow and ſee there be not harm between them.
Come you with me, uncle of *Exeter*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVI.

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Wil. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleaſure, captain, I beſeech you now come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Wil. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Wil. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant traitor as any's in the univerſal world, in *France* or in *England*.

Gower. How now, Sir? you villain.

Wil. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain *Gower*, I will give treaſon his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Wil. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majeſty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of *Alanſon*'s.

Enter Warwick *and* Glouceſter.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of *Warwick*, here is, praiſed be God for it, a moſt contagious treaſon come to light, look you as you ſhall deſire in a ſummer's day. Here is his Majeſty.

Enter

Enter King Henry *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has ſtruck the glove which your Majeſty is take out of the helmet of *Alanſon.*

Wil. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to ſtrike him if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty hear now, ſaving your Majeſty's manhood, what an arrant, raſcally, beggarly, lowſie knave it is; I hope your Majeſty is pear me [1]teſtimonies, and witneſſes, and avouchments, that this is the glove of *Alanſon* that your Majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

K. *Henry.* Give me thy glove, ſoldier; look, here is the fellow of it: 'twas me indeed thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike, and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An pleaſe your Majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. *Henry.* How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Wil. All Offences, my lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine that might offend your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* It was our ſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Wil. Your Majeſty came not like your ſelf; you appear'd to me but as a common man; witneſs the night, your garments, your lowlineſs; and what your highneſs ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beſeech your highneſs pardon me.

K. *Henry.* Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow. Keep it fellow,

[1] *teſtimony and witneſs, and will avouchment.*

And

And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
'Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And captain you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his body; hold there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to ſerve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Wil. I will none of your mony.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you it will ſerve you to mend your ſhooes; come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful; your ſhooes is not ſo good; 'tis a good ſilling I warrant you, or I will change it.

SCENE XVII.

Enter Herald.

K. *Henry.* Are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the ſlaughter'd *French.*

K. *Henry.* What priſoners of good ſort are taken, uncle?

Exe. † *Charles* Duke of *Orleans*, nephew to the King;
John Duke of *Bourbon*, and lord *Bouchiquald:*
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and 'Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

K. *Henry.* This note doth tell me of ten thouſand *French*
Slain in the field; of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing banners, there lye dead
One hundred twenty ſix; added to theſe,
Of Knights, Eſquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights;
So that in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,

† *This liſt is copied from* Hall.

And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of thoſe their nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, high conſtable of *France*;
Jaques of *Chatilion*, admiral of *France*;
The maſter of the croſs-bows, lord *Rambures*;
Great maſter of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin*;
John Duke of *Alanſon*, *Anthony* Duke of *Brabant*
The brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*;
And *Edward* Duke of *Bar*: Of luſty Earls,
Grandpree and *Rouſſie*, *Faulconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Leſtrale*.
Here was a royal fellowſhip of death!
Where is the number of our *Engliſh* dead?

Exe. *Edward* the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,
Sir *Richard Ketley*, *Davy Gam* Eſquire;
None elſe of name; and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. *Henry.* O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone
Aſcribe we all. When, without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock and ev'n play of battel,
Was ever known ſo great and little loſs
On one part and on th' other? take it, God,
For it is only thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. *Henry.* Come, go we in proceſſion to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. *Henry.* Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.

† K. *Henry.* Do we all holy rites;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te deum:*
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay.
And then to *Calais* and to *England* then,
Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy men. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS.

Ouchſafe to thoſe that have not read the ſtory,
That I may prompt them; and to ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here preſented. Now we bear the King
Tow'rd *Calais:* grant him there; and there being ſeen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the ſea: behold the *Engliſh* beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd ſea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King
Seems to prepare his way; ſo let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to *London.*
So ſwift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-heath:*
Where that his lords deſire him to have born
His bruiſed helmet and his bended ſword

† *The King (ſay the Croniclers) cauſed the pſalm* In exitu Iſrael de Ægypto (
according to the Vulgate is included the pſalm Non nobis domine, &c.) *to be ſu*
victory.

Before him through the city; he forbids it;
Being free from vainneſs and ſelf-glorious pride:
Giving full trophy, ſignal, and oſtent,
Quite from himſelf to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-houſe of thought,
How *London* doth pour out her citizens.
The Mayor and all his brethren in beſt ſort,
Like to the ſenators of antique *Rome*,
With the *Plebeians* ſwarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Cæſar* in.
As by a low, but loving likelihood,
† Were now the General of our gracious Empreſs
(As in good time he may) from *Ireland* coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his ſword;
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more (and much more cauſe)
Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him.
As yet the lamentation of the *French*
Invites the King of *England*'s ſtay at home:
The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, what ever chanc'd,
'Till *Harry*'s back return again to *France*:
There muſt we bring him; and my ſelf have play'd
The int'rim, by remembring you 'tis paſt.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, ſtrait back again to *France*. [*Exit.*

† *The Earl of* Eſſex, *in the reign of Queen* Elizabeth.

SCENE

SCENE II.

FRANCE.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gow. NAY, that's right; but why wear you your Leek to-day? St. *David*'s day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you as a friend, captain *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggarly, lowſie, pragging knave *Piſtol*, which you and your ſelf and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and bid me eat my Leek; it was in a place where I could breed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my cap 'till I ſee him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtol.

Gow. Why here he comes, ſwelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwelling, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleſſe you aunchient *Piſtol:* you ſcurvy lowſie knave, God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha! art thou bedlam? doſt thou thirſt, baſe *Trojan*,
To have me fold up *Parcas*' fatal web?
Hence, I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſie knave, at my deſires and my requeſts and my petitions, to eat, look you, this Leek, becauſe, look you, you do not love it, and your affections and your appetites and your digeſtions does not agree with it; I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you, [*Strikes him.*

Will

Will you be ſo good, ſcald knave, as eat it?

Piſt. Baſe *Trojan* thou ſhalt die.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcald knave, when God's will is: I will deſire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is ſawce for it---- [*Strikes him*] You call'd me yeſterday mountain-Squire, but I will make you to-day a Squire of low degree. I pray you fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain, you have aſtoniſh'd him.

Flu. I ſay I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days and four nights. Pite I pray you, it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Piſt. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes out of doubt and out of queſtions too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this leek I will moſt horribly revenge; I eat and ſwear-----

Flu. Eat I pray you; will you have ſome more ſawce to your leek? there is not enough leek to ſwear by.

Piſt. Quiet thy cudgel, thou doſt ſee I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, ſcald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your proken coxcomb: when you take occaſions to ſee leeks hereafter I pray you mock at 'em, that's all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. Ay, Leeks is good; hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily and in truth you ſhall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket which you ſhall eat.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing I will pay you in cudgels, you ſhall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; God pe wi' you and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Piſt.

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave: will you mock at an ancient tradition, began upon an honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceaſed valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have ſeen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak *Engliſh* in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an *Engliſh* cudgel; you find it otherwiſe, and henceforth let a *Welſh* correction teach you a good *Engliſh* condition: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Piſt. Doth fortune play the huſwife with me now?
News have I that my *Dol* is dead of malady of *France*,
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off:
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And ſomething lean to cut-purſe of quick hand:
To *England* will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal;
And patches will I get unto theſe ſcars,
And ſwear I got them in the *Gallia* wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, *and other Lords; at another, the* French *King, Queen* Iſabel, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *and other* French.

K. *Henry.* PEace to this meeting wherefore we are met:
Unto our brother *France*, and to our ſiſter,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wiſhes
To our moſt fair and princely couſin *Katharine*;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,
We do ſalute you Duke of *Burgundy*.

And

And Princes *French* and Peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy brother *England*, fairly met,
So are you Princes *Engliſh*, every one.

Q. *Iſa.* So happy be the iſſue, brother *England*,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes:
Your eyes, which hitherto have born in them
Againſt the *French* that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murthering baſilisks:
The venom of ſuch looks we fairly hope
Have loſt their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. *Henry.* To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.

Q. *Iſa.* You *Engliſh* Princes all, I do ſalute you.

Burg. My duty to you both on equal love;
Great Kings of *France* and *England*. That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial Majeſties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightineſſes on both parts can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted: let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this beſt garden of the world
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely viſage?
Alas! ſhe hath from *France* too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lye on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even pleach'd,
Like priſoners wildly over-grown with hair
Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon; while that the culter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavagery:
The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
Loſing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildneſs.
Even ſo our houſes, and our ſelves and children
Have loſt, or do not learn for want of time,
The ſciences that ſhould become our country;
But grow like ſavages, (as ſoldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood)
To ſwearing and ſtern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are aſſembled; and my ſpeech intreats
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel theſe inconveniences,
And bleſs us with her former qualities.

K. *Henry*. If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to th'imperfections
Which you have cited; you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands:
Whoſe tenures and particular effects

You have enſchedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no anſwer made.

K. *Henry.* Well then; the peace
Which you before ſo urg'd, lyes in his anſwer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaſeth your grace
T'appoint ſome of your council preſently
To ſit with us, once more with better heed
To re-ſurvey them; we will ſuddenly
Paſs our accept and peremptory anſwer.

K. *Henry.* Brother, we ſhall. Go, uncle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, brother *Glouceſter*,
Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King;
And take with you free Pow'r to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
And we'll conſign thereto. Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. *Iſa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be ſtood on.

K. *Henry.* Yet leave our couſin *Katharine* here with us,
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. *Iſa.* She hath good leave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manent King Henry, Katharine *and a Lady.*

K. *Henry.* Fair *Katharine*, moſt fair,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,

Such

Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majeſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak your *England.*

K. *Henry.* O fair *Katharine*, if you will love me ſoundly with your *French* heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your *Engliſh* tongue. Do you like me, *Kate?*

Kath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is *like me.*

K. *Henry.* An angel is like you, *Kate*, and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il, que je ſuis ſemblable à les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy verament* (*ſauf voſtre grace*) *ainſi dit-il.*

K. *Henry.* I ſaid ſo, dear *Katharine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes ſont pleines de tromperies.*

K. *Henry.* What ſays ſhe, fair one? that tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princes.

K. *Henry.* The Princeſs is the better *Engliſh* Woman. I' faith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding; I am glad thou canſt ſpeak no better *Engliſh*, for if thou could'ſt thou would'ſt find me ſuch a plain King, that thou would'ſt think I had ſold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay I love you; then if you urge me further than to ſay, do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer, i' faith do, and ſo clap hands and a bargain; how ſay you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf voſtre honneur*, me underſtand well.

K. *Henry.* Marry if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you undid me; for the one I have nei-

ther words nor meaſure; and for the other I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back; under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe 'till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth ſunburning; that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there; let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak plain ſoldier; if thou canſt love me for this, take me; if not, to ſay to thee that I ſhall die is true; but for thy love, by the lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt dear *Kate*, take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for theſe fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhime themſelves into ladies favours, they do always reaſon themſelves out again. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhime is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, *Kate*, is the ſun and the moon; or rather the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would'ſt have ſuch a one, take me; take a ſoldier; take a King: and what ſay'ſt thou then to my love? ſpeak my fair, and fairly I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould love de enemy of *France?*

K. *Henry.* No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me you ſhould love the friend of

France; for I love *France* ſo well that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it all mine; and *Kate*, when *France* is mine and I am yours, then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vhat is dat.

K. *Henry.* No *Kate?* I will tell thee in *French*, (which I am ſure will hang upon my tongue like a new married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be ſhook off) *quand j' ay le poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous aves le poſſeſſion de moi* (let me ſee, what then? St. *Dennis* be my ſpeed) *Donc voſtre eſt France, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the kingdom as to ſpeak ſo much more *French:* I ſhall never move thee in *French*, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf voſtre honneur, le François que vous parlez, eſt mellieur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. *Henry.* No faith is't not, *Kate*; but thy ſpeaking of my tongue and I thine, moſt truly falſly, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doſt thou underſtand thus much *Engliſh?* canſt thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. *Henry.* Can any of your neighbours tell, *Kate?* I'll ask them. Come, I know thou loveſt me; and at night when you come into your cloſe, you'll queſtion this gentlewoman about me; and I know *Kate* you will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart; but good *Kate* mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princeſs, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, (as I have ſaving faith within me tells me thou ſhalt) I get thee with ſcambling, and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: ſhall not thou and I between St. *Dennis* and St. *George*, compound a boy half *French*, half *Engliſh*, that ſhall go to *Conſtantinople* and take the *Turk* by the beard? ſhall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my fair Flower-de-luce?

Kath.

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. *Henry.* No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe; do but now promiſe, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of ſuch a boy; and for my *Engliſh* moiety take the word of a King and a batchelor. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deeſſe.*

Kath. Your Majeſtee ave fauſe Frenche enough to deceive de moſt ſage damoiſel dat is *en France.*

K. *Henry.* Now fie upon my falſe *French*; by mine honour in true *Engliſh* I love thee, *Kate*; by which honour I dare not ſwear thou loveſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempering effect of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them; but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is, that old age (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more ſpoil upon my face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, moſt fair *Katharine*, will you have me? Put off your maiden bluſhes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empreſs, take me by the hand and ſay, *Harry* of *England* I am thine; which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who tho' I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſick; for thy voice is muſick and thy *Engliſh* broken: therefore Queen of all, *Katharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *Engliſh*, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *le roy mon pere.*

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Kath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. *Henry.* Upon that I kiſs your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Kath. *Laiſſez mon ſeigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez, ma foy: je ne veus point que vous abbaiſſez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant le main d'une voſtre indigne ſerviteur; excuſez moy. Je vous ſupplie mon tres-puiſſant Seigneur.*

K. *Henry.* Then I will kiſs your lips, *Kate.*

Kath. *Les dames and damoiſels pour eſtre baiſée devant leur nopces il n'eſt pas le coutume de France.*

K. *Henry.* Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhion *pour le* ladies of *France*; I cannot tell what is *buiſſe* en *Engliſh.*

K. *Henry.* To kiſs.

Lady. Your Majeſty *entendre bettre que moy.*

K. *Henry.* Is it not a faſhion for the maids in *France* to kiſs before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. Ouy vrayement.

K. *Henry.* O *Kate*, nice cuſtoms curt'ſie to great Kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak liſt of a country's faſhion; we are the makers of manners, *Kate*; and the liberty that follows our places ſtops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice faſhion of your country in denying me a kiſs; therefore patiently and yielding. [*kiſſing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, *Kate*; there is more eloquence in a touch of them than in the tongues of the *French* council; and they ſhould ſooner perſuade *Harry* of *England* than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter the French *and the* Engliſh *Lords.*

Burg. God ſave your Majeſty! my royal couſin, teach you our Princeſs *Engliſh?*

K. *Henry.* I would have her learn, my fair couſin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *Engliſh.*

Burg. Is ſhe apt?

K. *Henry.* Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not ſmooth; ſo that having neither the voice nor the heart of hatred about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeneſs.

Burg. Pardon the frankneſs of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you muſt make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſs, he muſt appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimſon of modeſty, if ſhe deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked ſeeing ſelf? it were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to conſign to.

K. *Henry.* Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they ſee not what they do.

K. *Henry.* Then, good my lord, teach your couſin to conſent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to conſent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning. Maids well ſummer'd and warm kept, are like Flies at *Bartholomew*-tide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. *Henry.* This moral ties me over to time, and a hot ſummer;

mer; and ſo I ſhall catch the Flie your couſin in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. *Henry.* It is ſo; and you may ſome of you thank love for my blindneſs, who cannot ſee many a fair *French* city, for one fair *French* maid that ſtands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes my lord, you ſee them perſpectively; the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never enter'd.

K. *Henry.* Shall *Kate* be my wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

K. *Henry.* I am content, ſo the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; ſo the maid that ſtood in the way for my wiſh ſhall ſhew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have conſented to all terms of reaſon.

K. *Henry.* Is't ſo, my lords of *England?*

Weſt. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter firſt; and then in ſequel all,
According to their firm propoſed nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Majeſty demands, That the King of *France* having occaſion to write for matter of grant, ſhall name your highneſs in this form, and with this addition in *French: noſtre tres cher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre, heretier de* France; and thus in *latin: Præclariſſimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Yet this I have not (brother) ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.

K. *Henry.* I pray you then in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the reſt,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair ſon, and from her blood raiſe up

Iſſue to me, that theſe contending Kingdoms
England and *France*, whoſe very ſhoars look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet breaſts, that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

Lords. Amen.

K. *Henry.* Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witneſs all,
That here I kiſs her as my Soveraign Queen. [*Flouriſh.*

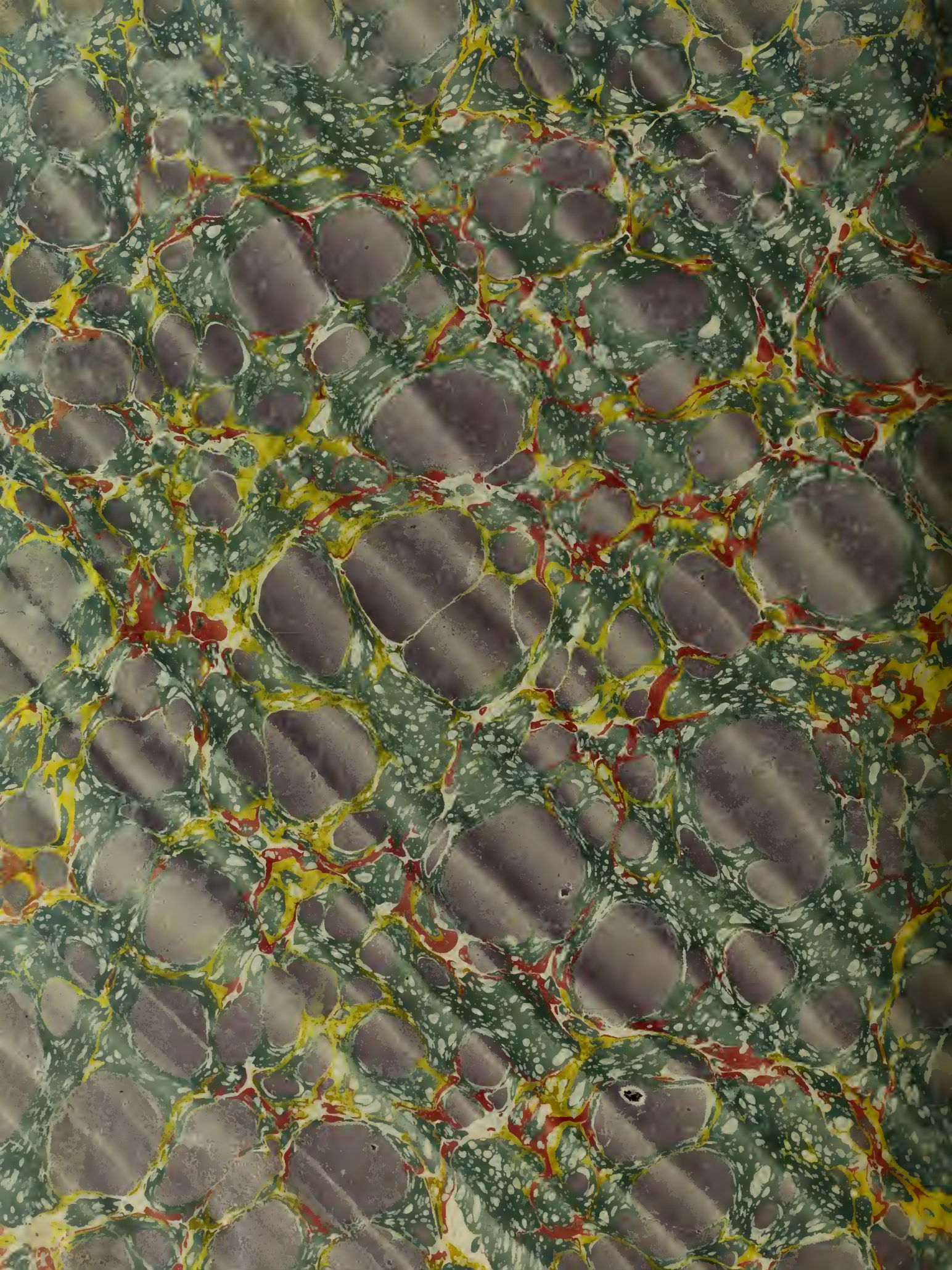
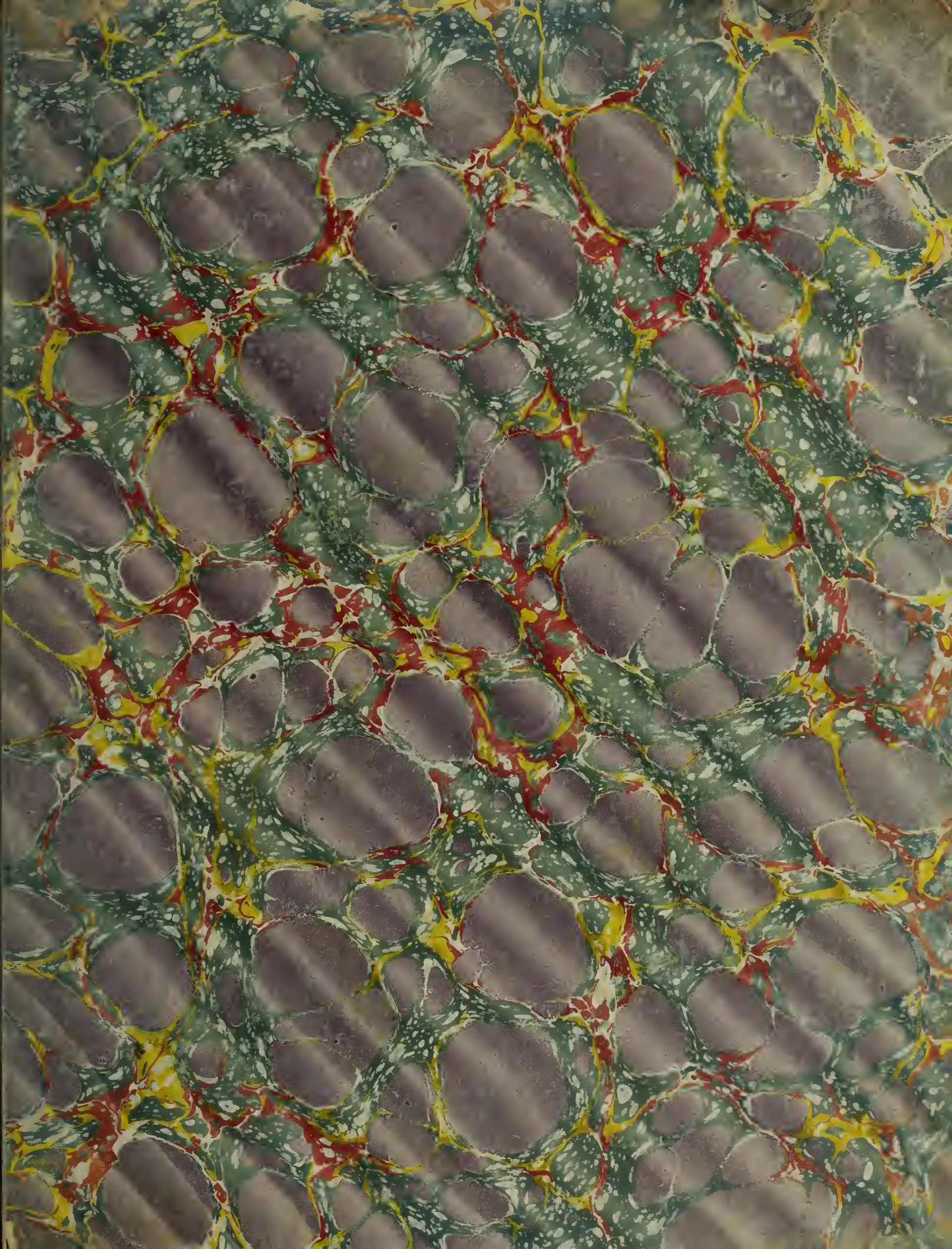
Q. *Iſa.* God, the beſt maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one:
As man and wife being two are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms ſuch a ſpouſal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealouſie
Which troubles oft the bed of bleſſed marriage,
Thruſt in between the paſſion of theſe kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league:
That *Engliſh* may as *French*, *French Engliſhmen*,
Receive each other. God ſpeak this Amen.

All. Amen.

K. *Henry.* Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My lord of *Burgundy*, we'll take your oath
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept and proſp'rous be. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough and all-unable pen
Our bending author hath purſu'd the ſtory,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory.
Small time, but in that ſmall moſt greatly liv'd
This ſtar of *England*. Fortune made his ſword;
By which the world's beſt garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his ſon imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt *France*, and made his *England* bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown; and for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

The End of the THIRD VOLUME.